PENTHOUSE

02242

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR M

JANUARY 1986 $4.00

U.S. EDITION

SPECIAL EDITION

NUDE MADONNA POSTER

15th ANNUAL PET OF THE YEAR ISSUE

$9.35 R

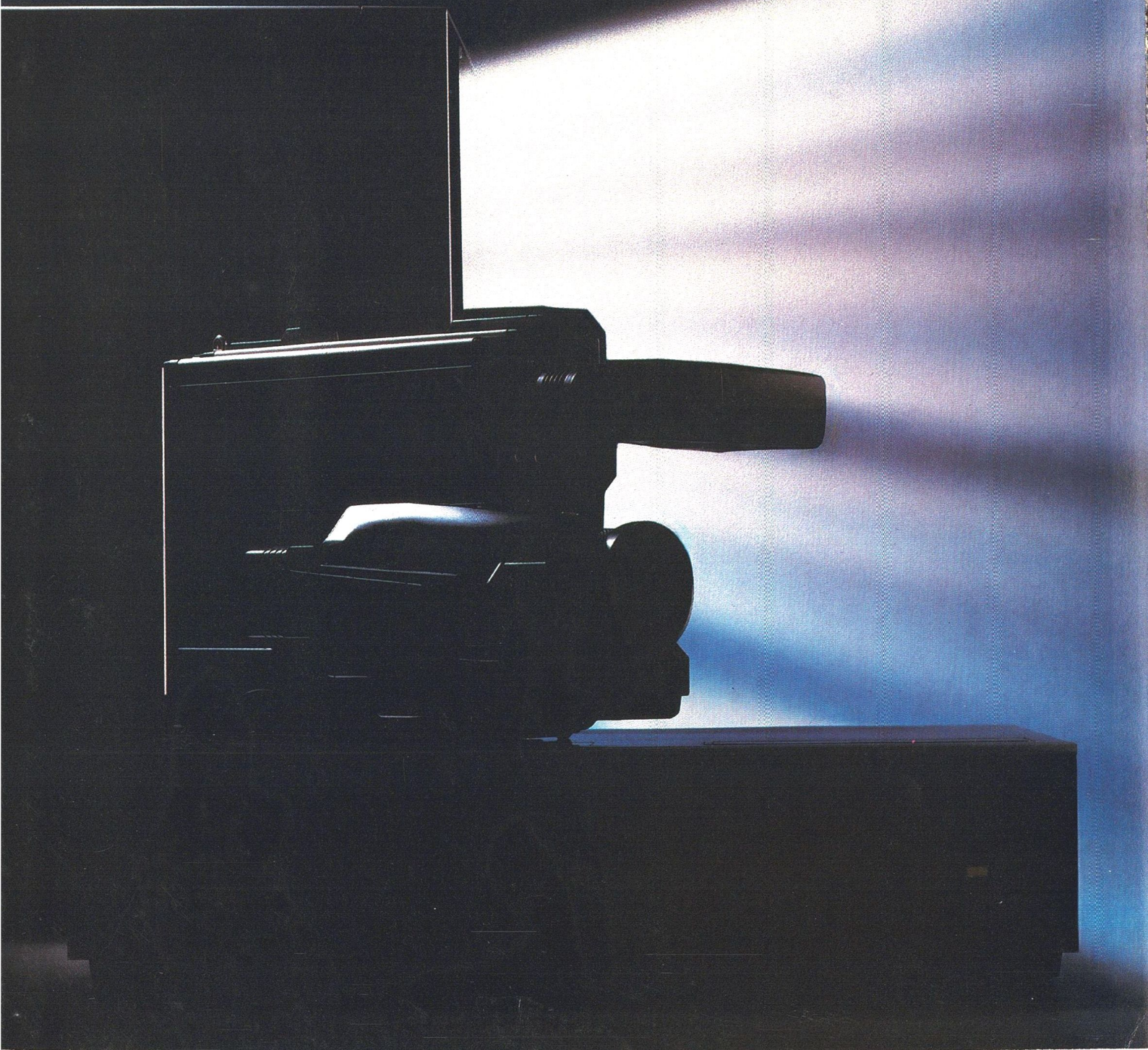
CATEGORY 1
RESTRICTED
NOT AVAILABLE
TO PERSONS
UNDER 18 YEARS

02242 0 778848 01

Austria AS 135.00
Finland FIM 37.00
France FF 42.00
Germany DM 20.00
Greece DRS 1,000
Italy LRS 11,500

YOU COULD SPEND A LIFETIME WONDERING IF YOU BOUGHT THE RIGHT VIDEO SYSTEM.

With so many different brands, systems and formats to choose from, how do you decide what to buy? Do you want to record TV programs to watch later? Not all systems can. Do you want to make home movies? You have two choices: all-in-one camcorders and portable components. Do you want to watch prerecorded movies? You should know that VHS™ movies are easier to find than other formats. What about the latest in video sound...Hi-Fi? Or stereo TV broadcasts? There are so many choices. And so much to know.



OR YOU COULD SPEND A FEW MINUTES WITH PANASONIC RIGHT NOW.

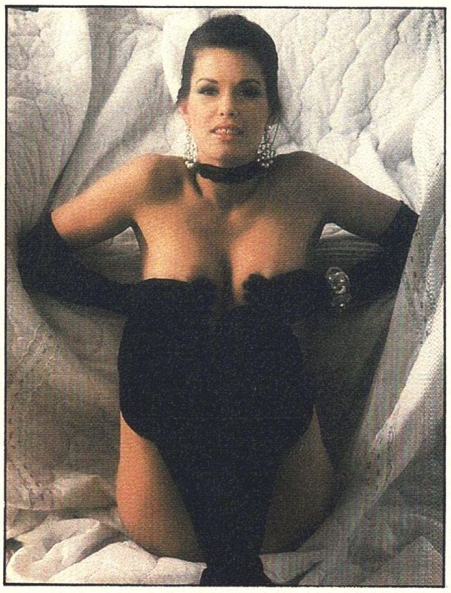
We'd like to tell you what's possible. In simple terms. What are our credentials? Panasonic video recorders are from the company that makes more VCRs than anyone else in the world. The Panasonic format, VHS, was chosen by 80 percent of VCR buyers last year. That's important when you want assurance that what you buy is here to stay. Panasonic has many ways to enjoy the VHS format. Our new all-in-one camcorder. Portable components. And home decks. Now let Panasonic help you choose the video system that's right for you.

PENTHOUSE®

The International Magazine for Men/January 1986 Worldwide sales: **5,000,000***

EDITOR & PUBLISHER: BOB GUCCIONE

VICE-CHAIRMAN: KATHY KEETON
EXECUTIVE EDITOR: PETER BLOCH
GRAPHICS DIRECTOR: FRANK DEVINO
MANAGING EDITOR: CLAUDIA VALENTINO
ART DIRECTOR, INT'L: JOE BROOKS
ART DIRECTOR: RICHARD BLEIWEISS



This month's cover features Pet of the Year Cody Carmack. Bob Guccione photographed her with a Canon T70 camera and Tiffen filters. For more information on the equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, see page 26.

CONTENTS

			PAGE
HOUSECALL	Introduction		6
FORUM	Correspondence		8
PET FORUM	Correspondence		30
FEEDBACK	Opinion		32
FITNESS	Service	Michael Colgan, Ph.D.	34
POWER GAME	Service	Michael Korda	36
CALL ME MADAM	Counsel	Xaviera Hollander	38
VIEW FROM THE TOP	Comment	Emily Prager	43
LAW		Alan M. Dershowitz	44
SCENES		Albert Gross	44
PEOPLE		Roger Mummert	45
SEX NEWS		Joseph Spear	46
THE DEVIL MADE ME DO IT	Article	Dr. Joel Norris and Jerry Allen Potter	48
MIDNIGHT DREAMER	Pictorial	Photos by Dieter Schmidt	54
MEDICAL GENOCIDE, PART FIVE: THE PROFITS AND POLITICS OF HEART DISEASE	Article	Gary Null	66
AFGHAN HOLY WAR	Reportage	Jeff B. Harmon	70
KATHY KEETON	Interview	Peter Bloch and Allan Sonnenschein	80
SARAH	Pet of the Month	Photos by Tina Rossi	83
VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER	Service	William R. Corson	116
WHEN "CHRISTIAN" SOLDIERS TAKE OVER YOUR HOMETOWN	Essay	Colonel Gains Hawkins	118
CODY	Pet of the Year	Photos by Bob Guccione	121
ORGY IN THE CATSKILLS	Article	Bob Spitz	136
PET OF THE YEAR GIFTS			140
HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE	Satire	Ori Hofmekler	146
DREAMS & DIVERSIONS	Lifestyles		149
THIGHSCRAPERS	Portfolio	Photos by Ed Seeman	154
HARD TIMES	Humor		167
X-RATED VIDEO	Service	Al Goldstein	172
HIGH-TECH BABIES	Questionnaire	Dr. Judianne Densen-Gerber	181
SWEET CHASTITY	Satire	Ron Embleton/Bob Guccione	200
GAMES	Diversions	Scot Morris	206

PENTHOUSE (ISSN 0090-2020) U.S. Volume 17, Number 5 © Copyright 1986 by Penthouse International, Ltd. All rights reserved. Published monthly in the United States and simultaneously in Canada by Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y., 10023-5965. Tel. (212) 496-6100. Printed in U.S.A. Distributed in U.S.A., Canada, U.S. territorial possessions, and the world by Curtis Circulation Company, 21 Henderson Drive, West Caldwell, N.J. 07006. Second-class postage paid New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: send address changes to *Penthouse* Magazine, P.O. Box 3039, Harlan, IA 51537. Tel. 1-800-247-5470 (Iowa: 1-800-532-1272). Editorial offices as above. Publisher disclaims all responsibility to return unsolicited editorial matter and all rights in portions published vest in publisher. Letters to *Penthouse* magazine or its editors are assumed intended for publication in whole or in part and may therefore be used for such purposes. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission from the publishers. Any similarity between persons or places mentioned in the fiction or semifiction and real places or persons living or dead is coincidental. **Subscriptions:** U.S., AFO—$36 one year; Canada—$46 one year; and elsewhere—$46 one year. Single copies $3.50 in U.S. and AFO ($4.00 December and January issues); $3.95 in Canada.
Advertising Offices: *New York:* Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Tel. (212) 496-6100; *Midwest:* Penthouse, 303 East Wacker Drive, Suite 1012, Chicago, Ill. 60601, Tel (312) 565-0466; *Washington, D.C.:* Penthouse, 1707 H St., NW, Suite 807, Washington, D.C. 20006; *West Coast:* Penthouse, 924 Westwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024, Tel. (213) 824-9831. Penthouse, the Penthouse keys, Pet of the Month, and Pet of the Year are trademarks of Penthouse International, Ltd., N.Y.
*Publisher's estimate (current average net sale)

Citadel Pass.
A rugged place for the Christmas spirit to start.

ALBERTA, CANADA

When my dad first brought me up here for Christmas, I didn't know what to make of it. No crowds. No shopping.

Just the snow, and the dogs, and a sense of peace so profound I could feel it months afterward.

When I was older, my dad introduced me to Windsor Canadian. They make it nearby.

I don't think they could make it anywhere else. They'd never match the glacier water, Alberta rye, or the mountain air—the things that make Windsor Canada's smoothest whisky.

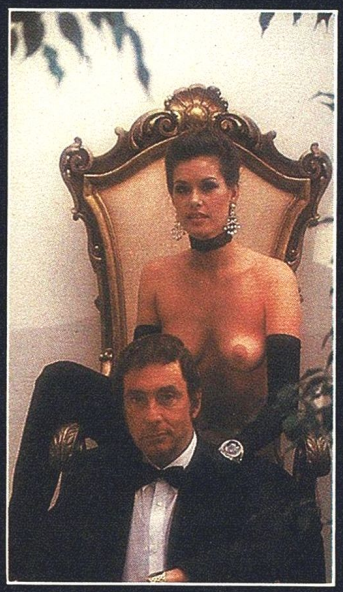
It's the smoothness that always brings back memories of this place. When he's older, I want my son to have memories like that.

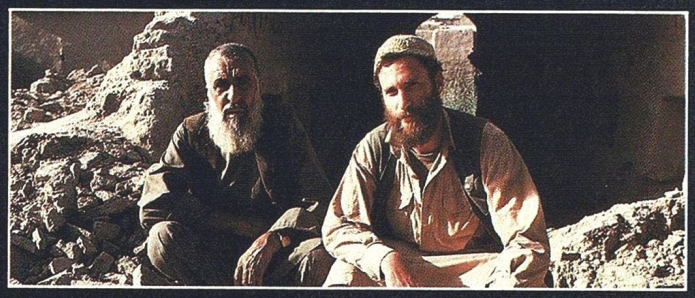
Give Windsor this holiday. Call toll free to arrange delivery of gift box anywhere in the U.S.: 1-800-621-5150 (Illinois residents call 312-334-0077). Void where prohibited by law.

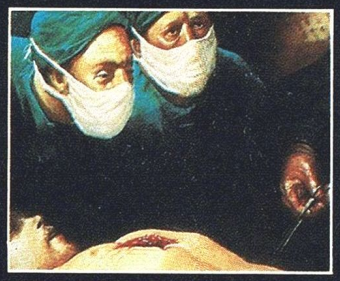
WINDSOR
CANADA'S SMOOTHEST WHISKY.

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND • 80 PROOF • IMPORTED AND BOTTLED BY THE WINDSOR DISTILLERY COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y. © 1985 NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CO.

HOUSECALL







AT LAST—OUR NEW PET OF THE YEAR!

It was probably the closest race ever, but the returns are all in and counted (including absentee ballots from our very many readers overseas) and we're thrilled to crown Miss Cody Carmack as our 15th Pet of the Year. As befits her royal station, we present Cody in an all-new pictorial photographed by Bob Guccione, as well as a queen's ransom of gifts and services, well worth almost a quarter of a million dollars. But the greatest prize of all is getting to savor Cody's beauty once again—and fortunately, like most natural wonders, it's a prize we all can share!

WOMAN OF TOMORROW

As president of our sister magazine, *Omni,* Kathy Keeton has been bringing scientific knowledge to a new and ever-expanding audience of young Americans. Her first book, *Woman of Tomorrow,* shows how women's opportunities are increasing in direct proportion to the technological advances of our age. In this month's interview, she explains how the benefits of science hold enormous promise for men and women alike, and how radical feminists are targeting the wrong goals and values and missing the real opportunities available to women today.

HOLY WARS—AND UNHOLY BORES

After six years of fighting against their Soviet occupiers, Afghan guerrillas have become used to war. But as our reporter/photographer Jeff Harmon discovered, this familiarity has only served to increase the violence and brutality on both sides. Harmon (pictured above on assignment) captures this "Afghan Holy War" in words and pictures you'll find difficult to forget. . . . Fanaticism, however, is not the exclusive preserve of Asian fundamentalists—we have our own homegrown crop right in America's backyard. Dealing with them is the subject of Colonel Gains Hawkins's "Advise & Dissent" this month, an angry reply by a man who fought for freedom in three wars, only to find that right-wing bigots were stripping away that freedom in his own hometown. . . . And in "The Devil Made Me Do It," Dr. Joel Norris and Jerry Allen Potter review the frightening rise in Satanic practices in the United States.

HEART DISEASE PAYOFFS

In his continuing series on "Medical Genocide," investigative science reporter Gary Null takes a look at "The Profits and Politics of Heart Disease," and finds that, once again, the medical establishment is passing over inexpensive but promising therapies in favor of techniques like coronary-bypass surgery, which is inordinately expensive and fails to help the vast majority of patients who undergo it. Heart disease is the nation's No. 1 killer—and Null shows why it's likely to remain so, unless and until we can radically change the medical profession's way of perceiving illness—and profits.

MORE HOLIDAY TREATS

We haven't forgotten that this is a Special Holiday Issue, and like conscientious stocking stuffers, we've filled it with sensational gifts of beauty, fantasy, and adventure. . . . Writer Bob Spitz recounts what happened when he fell for the promise of an "Orgy in the Catskills"—a hilarious account of a Borscht Belt Singles Weekend. . . . Michael Korda and Emily Prager share their very different sets of New Year's resolutions . . . and we conclude by happily sharing our own resolution—a dedication to continue to bring you the best, the brightest, and the most bountiful ever. *Salut!*

NEW TECHNOLOGY TAKES OVER IN RADAR DETECTION

Micro Eye Vector. The new technology in advance radar warning equipment. Now available exclusively from B.E.L-Tronics — the largest manufacturer of radar detectors.

LIGHT YEARS AHEAD

The **Micro Eye Vector** is the only radar detector — in fact the only consumer electronics product to incorporate Gallium Arsenide (GaAs) diodes. Formerly used only in sophisticated military radar receiving equipment, GaAs diodes have far superior receiving capabilities than conventional silicon diodes. They are much "cleaner" in their performance so that signals are processed more precisely and efficiently. By designing a new circuitry around GaAs diodes, B.E.L-Tronics has ensured that the benefits of this advanced technology are maximized.

RELIABILITY . . . TIME AFTER TIME

Now you can relax with the **Micro Eye Vector's** superior detection ability. Around bends, over hills and on the straightaway. City or highway. Against stationary, moving or pulsed radar, the **Micro Eye Vector** incorporates a degree of selectivity unmatched by any other radar detector on the market. It minimizes annoying nuissances of false alarms. When the unit sounds an alert, you know it is time to slow down.

COMPACT AND CONVENIENT

Easy to use, the **Micro Eye Vector** can be installed on your dash or visor in a snap. Just plug it into your lighter and you're on your way. The **Micro Eye Vector's** compact size and light weight makes it convenient to carry in your pocket when you want to transport it from one car to another — or from one city to another.

TEST DRIVE ONE TODAY

Without a doubt, 1986 is the year of the **Micro Eye Vector.** You can order yours today by calling the toll-free number. And, if you are not completely satisfied with your **Micro Eye Vector,** simply return the unit within 30 days for a FULL REFUND. (Mail order only)

CALL TODAY.
30 DAY TRIAL OFFER

Call Toll-free 1-800-341-1401
In New York: 1-800-845-4525
In Canada: 1-800-268-3994

MICRO EYE VECTOR $219.95

(NY residents add applicable tax.
Price higher in Canada.)

VISA MasterCard

FULL ONE YEAR WARRANTY ON PARTS AND LABOR.

EXPRESS DELIVERY
(At an additional charge)

Please allow an additional 15 days when paying by personal or company check.

B.E.L-TRONICS Limited
International Head Office:
2422 Dunwin Drive,
Mississauga, Ont. L5L 1J9
In U.S.:
255 Delaware Ave., Buffalo, NY 14202

Model 870 **B.E.L-TRONICS LIMITED** The radar detector innovators 800PH

"Thinking of Mark with no clothes on and being aroused gave me a rush of sexual excitement as I eased myself down into the steaming bathwater."

PENTHOUSE FORUM

VEGETABLE SALAD

I arrived home, at last, from a tiring day at school. I could hear my friend Mark in the kitchen busily making the dinner we had planned for tonight. But the only thing on my mind at that time was what my professor had said in writing class. He said if we ever wanted to be professional writers, which I do, we had to try getting our work published even at this early stage of our careers because anything published is better than nothing published. But I couldn't decide what to write on or how to get it published.

With this on my mind, I went into the kitchen to ask Mark what he thought I could do. Mark and I have been dear friends for about two years. I enjoy being around him because he's energetic and creative and also sensitive and gentle. Not surprisingly, he came up with an idea, but he'd only tell me that I'd have to do what he said and trust him. Interested in what his idea was, I agreed.

His first set of instructions required me to take a relaxing hot bath, do some of my dance stretches, and then, in the nude, go lie in the hammock (that's right, I have a hammock in my living room attached to the walls), and smoke a joint he'd prepare for me. An exaggerated expression of shock appeared on my face which prompted Mark to say, "Remember, trust me." I went to do as I was told.

As I was disrobing to take my prescribed bath, I wondered what Mark was up to. I could hear him whistling in the kitchen and working on what I assumed was dinner. I was suspicious of his intentions. I'd never thought of Mark in a sexual sense, not because he's not cute, but because he's always just been my friend. At that moment, thinking of Mark with no clothes on and being aroused gave me a rush of sexual excitement as I eased myself down into the steaming bathwater. After 15 minutes of just relaxing, I started doing my stretches right in the tub. Being five foot five, slender, and very flexible, this is not hard for me to accomplish.

After my bath and stretches, I walked out in the nude to the living room and lay down in the hammock. A joint and lighter were sitting on the floor beside me, so I picked them up. I was starting to get quite turned on by this mysterious idea of Mark's. My crotch was tingling and I could feel myself getting wet between the legs. I heard my heart pounding faster, so I lit the joint, hoping it would calm me. But after ten minutes of smoking, my sexual urges were intensified. I could feel my vaginal secretions continue to run and my nipples swell. Then, Mark's voice sounded, telling me to close my eyes. I could hear his footsteps approach me and then felt his hands on my head as he placed a blindfold on me. His next instruction was for me to masturbate. This time my reaction was more of embarrassment than shock because I don't even talk about masturbation with other people, let alone do it in front of anyone. I knew if I hesitated too long I was going to hear "Remember, trust me" again. This awkward moment was broken by Mark saying, "Don't fuss. I'm going to be in the kitchen preparing some things, so go to it," and then I heard him walk out. I was at first hesitant but decided, what the hell, I might as well enjoy it. It was at this point that I decided I was going to do whatever Mark had in store for me. I really could trust him not to hurt me or do anything that stopped being fun and became something undesirable.

So I slid one hand down my stomach and into my soaked crotch and the other hand moved to one of my small upturned breasts with its hardened nipple. I moaned as I eased my middle and index fingers into my vagina and then slowly pulled them out to lubricate my clitoris. I methodically started to rub circles around my love button with my middle finger and periodically made direct upward movements over it. The feeling was incredibly erotic as my finger quickened its pace while my other hand expertly fondled my breast and nipple. My muscles were tightening and I was on the final stretch to orgasmic pleasure when Mark called from the kitchen that he was coming in again. I instantly stopped my instrumental manipulation, even though I wanted to continue. But I was more anxious to feel Mark between my legs, so I cleared the way.

Mark had other ideas. Instead of jumping in the sack with me, he gently lifted one leg at a time over my head and asked me to hold them that way. When I was in position and relaxed, my legs were in a diamond shape over my head and my crotch was so spread apart that the air chilled it. So here I was, high from pot, eyes blindfolded, naked in a hammock with my legs over my head, my sex organ dripping wet and spread open, and I was as horny as ever. My excitement rose even further from the anticipation of Mark's next sensational move.

In a soft, gentle tone, he told me to relax my muscles as much as I could. He then started to rub what

In PENTHOUSE FORUM, editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. Letters should carry name and address (in capitals, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Finally, a cassette deck smart enough to play only the songs you want to hear.

The Technics programmable cassette deck with auto-reverse, dbx®, Dolby* B&C.

A remarkable achievement: developing a programmable stereo cassette deck to play the songs you want and skip the ones you don't. And it will do it on either side of the tape. In any order. Without your having to touch the tape.

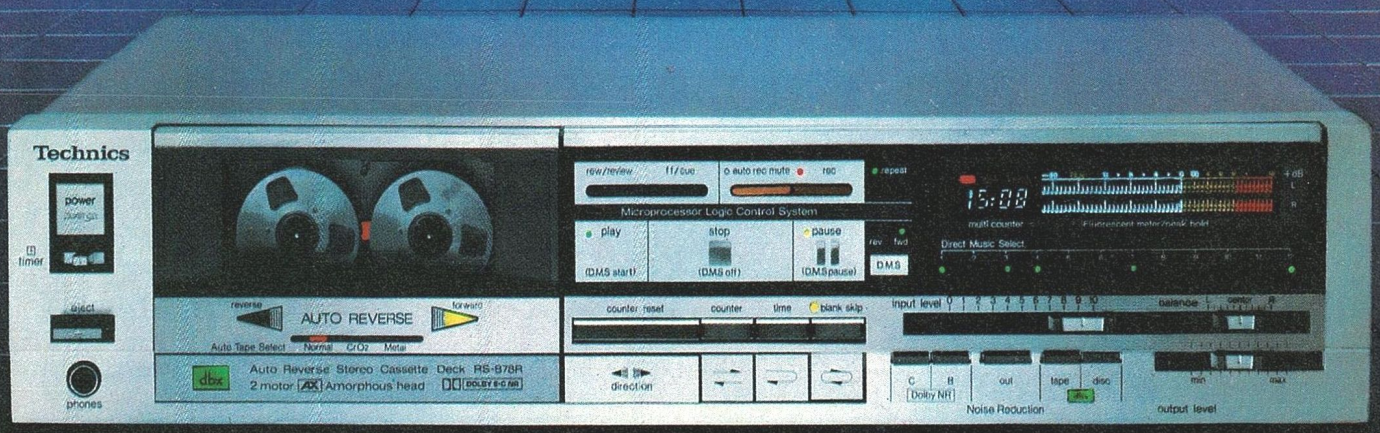
Beyond that, the Technics RS-B78R cassette deck has auto-reverse. So it not only plays the music you want to hear, but it will do so continuously. For uninterrupted musical pleasure.

And no matter which noise reduction system your tapes are encoded with, Technics can handle them all. With dbx and Dolby B and C.

So prove to yourself how smart you are by getting the cassette deck smart enough to play only the songs you want to hear. It's from Technics.

Technics
The science of sound

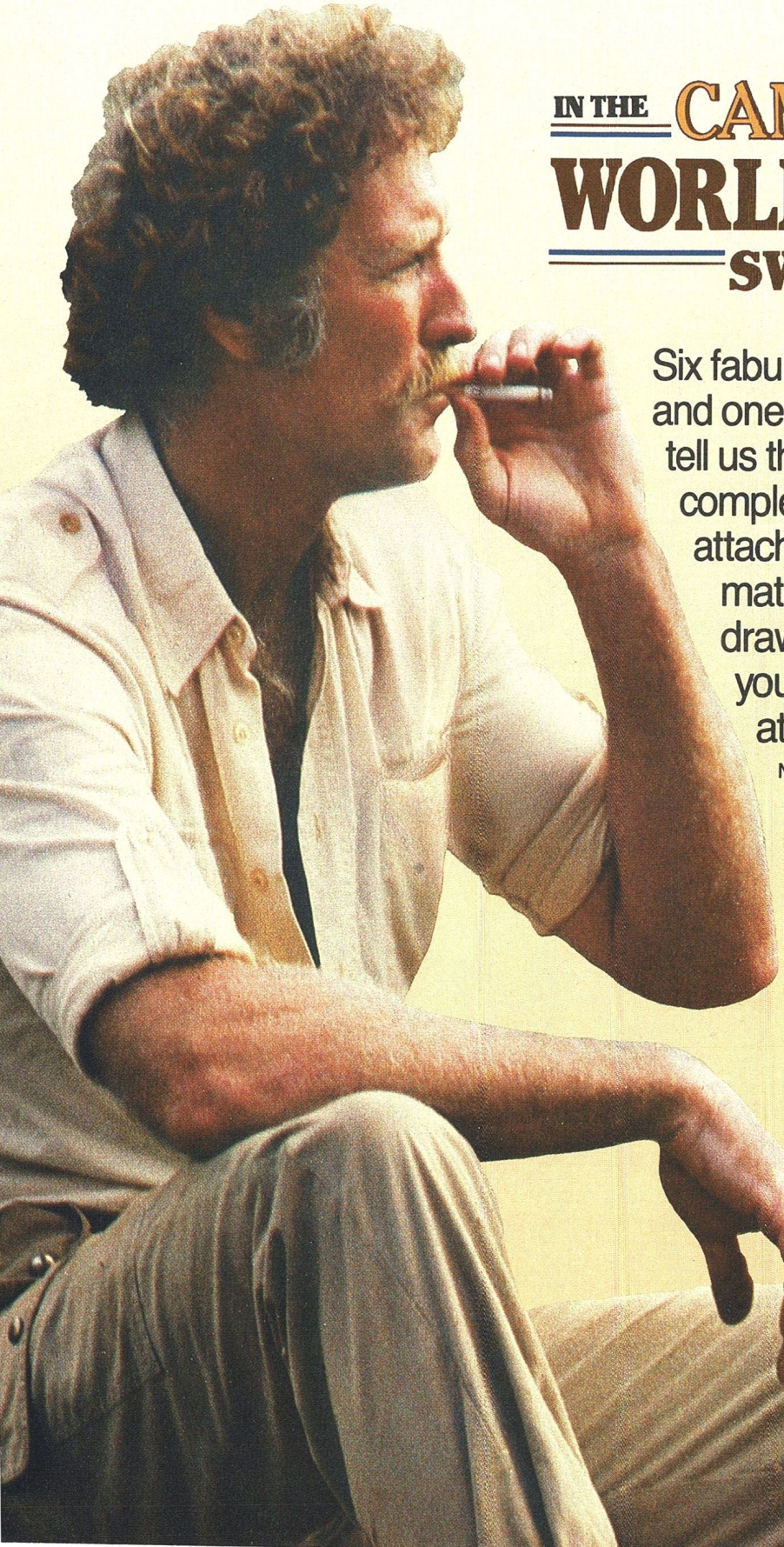
AUTO-REVERSE



® dbx is a registered trademark of dbx, Inc. *Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories.

Win Your Choice of a World-Class Sports Car

or one of 1,000 KENWOOD Car Stereo Systems

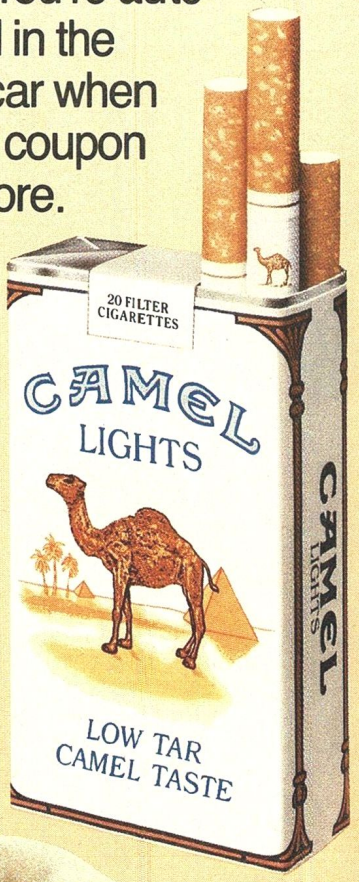


IN THE CAMEL LIGHTS

WORLD OF WHEELS SWEEPSTAKES

Six fabulous cars will be given away and one of them can be yours. Just tell us the car you'd like to win and complete the entry form on the attached coupon. You're automatically entered in the drawing for that car when you redeem the coupon at your local store.

No purchase necessary.
See rules.



CAMEL GT

AMERICA'S PREMIER ROAD RACING SERIES

© 1985 R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

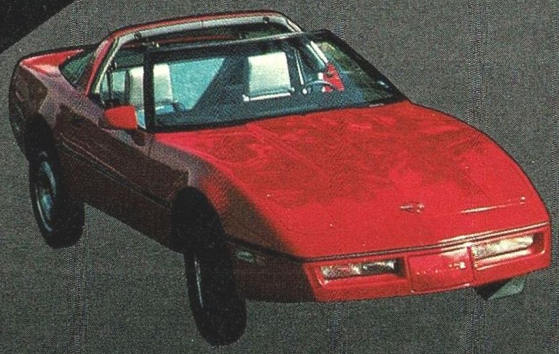
DRAWING #1

PORSCHE 928S

DRAWING #2

MERCEDES SL CONVERTIBLE

DRAWING #3



CORVETTE

DRAWING #4

JAGUAR XJ-S

DRAWING #5

MASERATI BITURBO

DRAWING #6

LOTUS TURBO ESPRIT

All promotional costs paid by manufacturer. Offer restricted to smokers 21 years of age or older. A store coupon was scheduled to be inserted here and if it is missing, we will investigate the matter. To assist our investigation, please send this page, your name, address, the magazine name, and location from which you obtained your magazine to: Consumer Relations Department, Lane Services, Inc., P.O. Box 3000, Winston-Salem, NC 27102.

LIGHTS 85. LIGHTS HARD PACK: 9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, LIGHTS 100's: 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine. FILTERS: 16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine. FILTERS HARD PACK: 17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, REGULAR: 21 mg. "tar", 1.6 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

PENTHOUSE®

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Founded March 1965

BOB GUCCIONE

editor & publisher

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD.

(U.S. edition)

THE CORPORATION

Bob Guccione *(chairman)*

Kathy Keeton *(vice-chairman)*

David J. Myerson *(chief operating officer)*

Anthony J. Guccione *(secretary-treasurer)*

EDITORIAL

Editor in Chief: Bob Guccione; *Executive Editor:* Peter Bloch; *Managing Editor:* Claudia Valentino; *Senior Editors:* Kathryn Green, Lynn Kearcher, Karen Schwarz; *National Affairs Editor:* William R. Corson; *Humor Editor:* Bill Lee; *Special Features Editor:* Allan Sonnenschein; *Ass't. Editor:* Shaina Hilsenrath; *Copy Chief:* Robert Sabat; *Copy Editors:* John Linder, Rosemary Rinaldi; *Literary Rights Manager:* B.C. Lefrak; *Ass't. to the Managing Ed.:* Karen Porush; *Editorial Assistants:* Laura Berland, Michelle Eaton; *Contributing Editors:* Al Goldstein, Heidi Handman, Xaviera Hollander, Mike Knepper (automotive), Katharine Lowry, Peter Manso, Scot Morris (games), Emily Prager, Sidney Siller (men's rights), Ben Stein, José Cheguí Torres (sports), Nick Tosches, Ernest Volkman, Timothy White; *West Coast Editor:* Toni Biggs

ART

Sr. VP/Graphics Director: Frank DeVino; *VP/Art Director, Int'l:* Joe Brooks; *Art Director:* Richard Bleiweiss; *Assistant Art Director:* Pablo Rodriguez; *Designers:* Daryl Phillips, Jo Ann Agress; *Staff Photographers:* Earl Miller, Pat Hill; *Associate Staff Photographer:* Randy Mayor; *Photo Editor:* Hildegard Kron; *Associate Photo Editor:* Lisa Shapiro; *Art Rights Editor:* Gwenn Lewis Norman; *Photo Librarian:* Eugene Mooney; *Special Assistant to Bob Guccione:* Jane Homlish

ADMINISTRATION

Executive Vice President: David J. Myerson; *Sr. VP/Administrative Services:* Jeri Winston; *Sr. VP/Production Director:* John Evans; *VP/Finance:* John C. Prebich; *VP/Publishing:* Don Myrus; *VP/Dir. of Public Relations:* Leslie Jay; *Controller:* Patrick J. Gavin; *Business Mgr.:* Cathe Charleston; *Dir., Newsstand Circulation:* Marcia Orovitz; *Circulation Marketing Mgrs.:* Maureen Sharkey, Bruce Mullinix; *Dir., Eastern Regional Sales:* Charles Anderson, Jr.; *Dir., Western Regional Sales:* Bruce Eldridge; *Dir., Circulation Int'l Sales:* Linda Fazio-Sprague; *Dir., Subscription Circulation:* Marcia Schultz; *Traffic Mgr.:* William Harbutt; *Production Mgr.:* Tom Stinson; *Ass't. Production Mgr.:* Nancy Rice; *Publicity Mgr.:* Joanne Zyontz; *Mgr., Marketing Research:* Roni Stein; *Dir. of Sales Promotion/Merchandising:* Beverly Greiper; *Foreign Editions Mgr.:* Suzanne Locatelli; *Pet Promotion Dir.:* Jeff Zelmanski; *Exec. Ass't. to Bob Guccione:* Diane O'Connell; *Ass't. to Bob Guccione:* Anna Castro; *Exec. Ass't. to David J. Myerson:* Teri Pisani

ADVERTISING

Sr. VP/Director of Advertising: Howard S. Plissner; *Assoc. Director of Advertising:* Nancy Kestenbaum; *Sr. VP/Corporate Director of New Business Development:* Beverley Wardale; *Sr. VP/Southern and Midwest Advertising Director:* Peter Goldsmith; *VP/Western Advertising Director:* Wendy Bloxham; *Director of Advertising Administration:* Leslie Krell Moses; *Advertising Production Director:* Toni Wagner; *Advertising Production Traffic Mgr.:* Pam Rizk. Offices: *New York* (Howard S. Plissner): 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965, Tel. (212) 496-6100, Telex 237128. *Midwest* (Peter Goldsmith): 303 East Wacker Drive, Suite 1012, Chicago, Ill. 60601, Tel. (312) 565-0466. *Detroit* (Gayle Champagne): 380 N. Woodward Ave., Suite 230, Birmingham, Mich. 48011, Tel. (313) 642-2522. *South* (Peter Goldsmith): 1707 H St., NW, Suite 807, Washington, D.C. 20006, Tel. (202) 298-6050. *West Coast* (Wendy Bloxham): 924 Westwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024. *Northeast and Canada:* The McCord Corp., 1200 Post Road East, Westport, Conn. 06880. *United Kingdom and Europe:* 14 Lisgar Terrace, London W14, England, Tel. 01-828-3336. *Japan:* Bancho Media Service 3-1 Kanda Tacho 2-Chome, Chiyoda-ku, Tokyo 101, Japan, Tel. 03-252-2721, Telex J25472. *Korea:* Leesoo Int'l. Advtsg. Co., Ltd., C.P.O. Box 3046, Seoul, Korea, Tel. 267-8152/3, Telex K26688 LIACO

EDITORIAL OFFICES

New York: 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965, Tel. (212) 496-6100, Telex 237128. *West Coast:* 924 Westwood Blvd., Suite 1002, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024, Tel. (213) 824-9831

FOREIGN EDITIONS

Sr. VP/Foreign Editions: John Evans; *Australia:* Penthouse Editorial Services, Pty., Ltd., P.O. Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062; *Germany:* Redaktion PH, Walter Greminger Presse AG, Postfach CH8021, Zurich, Switzerland; *Japan:* Kodansha, Ltd. 2-12-21 Otowa, Bunkyo-Ku, Tokyo 112; *Spain:* Editorial Formentera, Rocafort 104, Barcelona; *United Kingdom:* Sightline Publications, Ltd., Northern & Shell Bldg., P.O. Box 381, Mill Harbour, London E14 9PB, Eng.

JANUARY

seemed like a huge heated dildo on my wet lips. I asked him what it was, and he said, "It's the cucumber that was going to be for the salad, but I thought you'd enjoy it more in another way. I heated it for your pleasure."

At this point nothing was going to surprise me, but I was incredibly turned on by this warmed vegetable and awaited its splendid entrance. He nuzzled the end of my organic dildo in between my inner lips and slowly started to apply pressure. It was bigger than I had imagined, and my lips spread farther and farther apart. Whenever I gasped from any stretching pain, Mark would halt the penetration until I could accommodate its size without the pain.

It felt like he had carved small ribs all the way up the intruding object, and so it entered me one rib at a time. After what seemed forever and like nine or ten huge inches, Mark stopped the advance. By now I felt so filled up I doubt if I could have walked. But it sure felt good; I could feel my juices flowing.

Finally, the natural dildo was sunk into my crotch. The wonderful warmth and enormous size were making all my muscles tremble in a sexual frenzy. My breathing was shallow and my pulse was racing when Mark slowly pulled out the cucumber. I could feel each rib slip past my lips. It felt like all of my insides were repositioning themselves because of this withdrawal. I could hear myself making small whimpering sounds, but I didn't care how I might have sounded or appeared to Mark at this point, I was in my own world. I could only experience the immense pleasure this delightful object was giving me.

With only three inches left inside, the motion reversed and the inward motion began again, but this time without any pain. When the cucumber had made its full entrance the direction changed again. The feeling was overwhelmingly intense and after only three reversed movements, I was making the final approach to the best orgasm ever. I was half moaning and half screaming and gasping for air after each sound.

All my muscles were tensing up and trembling. I gripped both sides of the hammock. Orgasmic pleasure raced through my body and centered itself up in my groin. My breathing had stopped except for a few panting intakes of air. Tears were forming in my eyes. The final climactic peak seemed to hesitate and keep me in a state of ecstasy much longer than usual. But finally, the moment of bliss passed and my body relaxed into a listless condition. Mark carefully removed my lover from my body and told me I could let my legs down.

As I still lay in the hammock in a numbed state, Mark tenderly bent down to whisper in my ear. He said, "You now have something to write about, and I think I know a magazine that will publish it."—*Name and address withheld*

THE GIRLS' ROOM

I am a five-foot-five, 110-pound cheerleader at a major midwestern university. Last week the cheerleading squad went with the team to an away game. My sorority sister Rita is also a sophomore cheerleader, and we chose to share a hotel room. I know Rita well and looked forward to our weekend together. I had often seen her at the sorority house and in the locker room, nude. She is petite and muscular with small but well-shaped breasts and prominent dark nipples. She has a slender waist, a nice ass, and great legs. She has short dark hair and short, dark, well-trimmed pubic hair. Our boyfriends are both on the team.

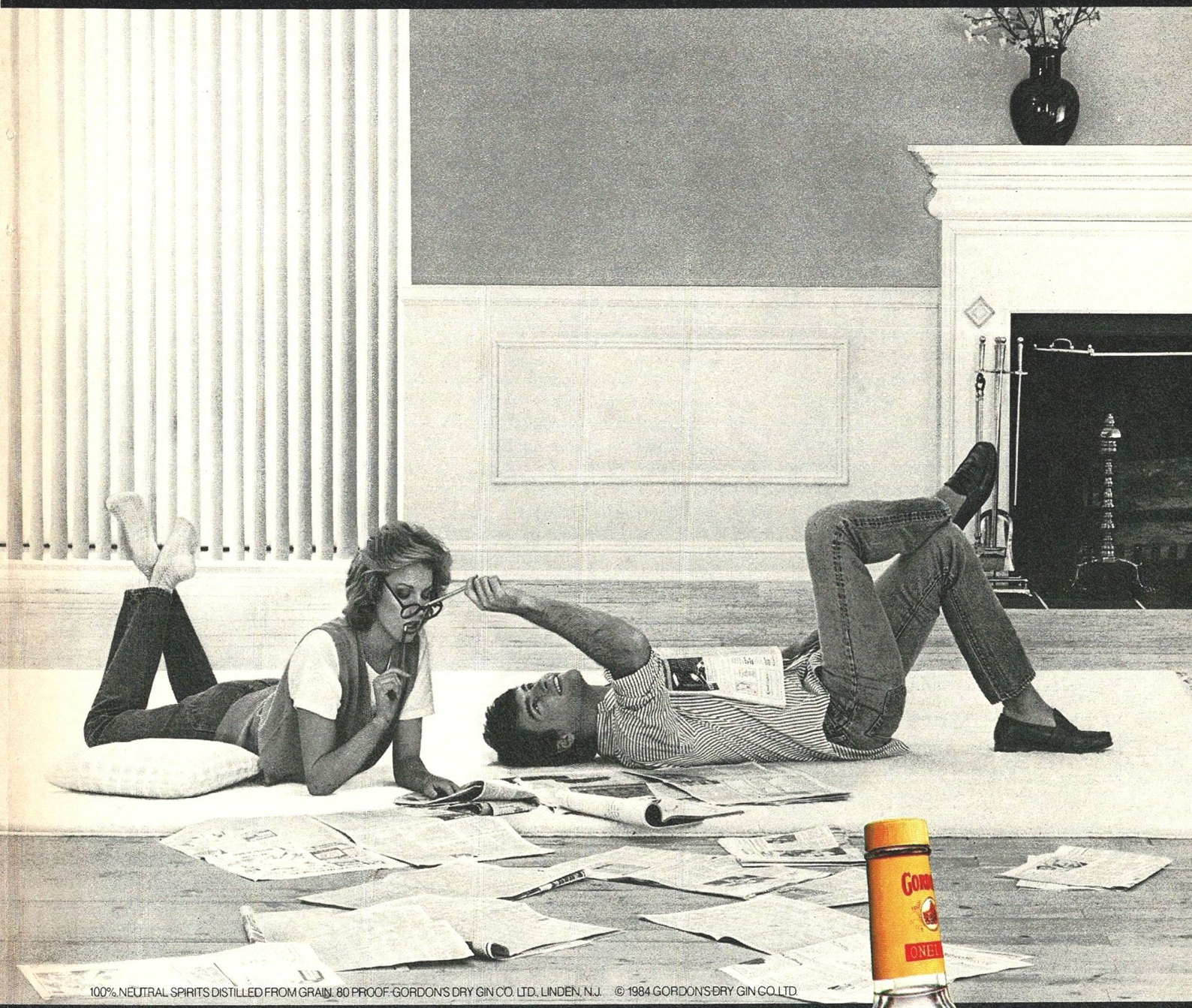
We arrived at the hotel late the night before the game and the team had a 10 P.M. curfew. So we only had a few minutes to wish our boyfriends good luck before the game with a quickie. The boys were sharing a room so my boyfriend and I used the boys' room and Rita and her boyfriend used our room. When I got back to our room with a full load of hot come in my cunt, Rita was lying on the bed nude on her stomach with her cunt in the same condition after her quickie.

Rita said she felt tight and hot, so I offered to rub her back to help her relax. I was still dressed, but since Rita was nude and I was going to use oil for her rub (and I usually sleep in the buff), I too undressed to feel more comfortable. I began massaging her shoulders and lower back. She had a dark tan and a white ass where her bikini bottom would be. I then massaged her ass and thighs. In order to better massage her, I straddled her ass, which was already covered with oil.

As I continued, my cunt lips opened up, exposing my still-swollen clit. As I rubbed my clit against her back, I could tell from her hip movements and moaning that she, too, was excited. I began to come, and with each spasm of my cunt the load of my boyfriend's come spurted out down Rita's back. I felt down between my legs, past her velvet ass hole to her hot wet cunt and, as she opened her legs farther, I felt her clit, which was as swollen as mine.

She rolled over and her tits were flushed with the nipples standing up. We looked into each other's eyes and knew what to do next. Rita was lying on her back now. I turned around and was face-to-face for the first time ever with a beautiful soft cunt with a swollen clit and gaping lips. I couldn't resist sucking and licking the clit as Rita did the same thing to me. I could feel her fingers inside my cunt pulling my clit closer to her tongue. I was tasting the tartness of her cunt hole and nibbling on her cunt lips and licking up to her clit. As I sucked Rita's love hole I felt her spasms and got a surprise mouthful of come that was left there shortly before by her boyfriend.

Rita and I had several more orgasms that night with our newfound game, and afterward we slept in each other's arms,



100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 80 PROOF. GORDON'S DRY GIN CO. LTD., LINDEN, N.J. © 1984 GORDON'S DRY GIN CO. LTD.

"I could go for something Gordon's®"

The possibilities are endless

covered with oil, cunt juice, and come.—*Name and address withheld*

MARVELOUS MONOPOLY

My husband and I have a very unique way of playing Monopoly. We'd like to describe one of our recent games for you. Usually, we start out playing by the original rules, then after all the property is purchased, we play by our rules.

A few rules of our game are: a limit of three hotels per person to build on his or her chosen properties; when you land on a hotel of your opponent you pay the amount owed and you also pay with your body. The person holding the deed to the property then tries to make you come by the method of his or her choice. If you come you lose, if you wish to hold out you tell the other person to stop.

The other evening we had a game under way and my hotels were placed on Boardwalk, St. James Place, and Kentucky. Scott, my husband, had his hotels on Oriental, Marvin Gardens, and Pennsylvania. Scott started out our love game by landing on Boardwalk. I went to his side of the table, took his pants down, and started licking his balls. I then proceeded by sticking the head of his cock into my mouth and darting my tongue around it several times. Scott had a problem holding back when I did this. Though he wanted to shoot his hot come into my mouth and down my throat, he held back.

As I returned to my seat, the game continued. Ten minutes later I had the joy of landing on Marvin Gardens. Scott asked me to sit at the very edge of my chair. He went to our room and returned with a dildo. He knew that I would have a hard time holding back with this treatment. He slowly entered the dildo into my hot pussy and then put his mouth on my clit and started nibbling ever so gently. After only five minutes I asked him to stop. I intended to win this game. Besides, I wanted to land on a few more hotels. Each time was a different experience.

It always seemed to take so long to land on a hotel when you wanted to. Sweet luck, I finally landed on Oriental Avenue. I then moved to the living room floor as my lover had instructed me to do. After moving the dildo in and out of my love hole for a few minutes, Scott then stuck his hot cock into me. I almost exploded at the thought. At this point Scott was the one to pull away; he couldn't accept victory when I was the one who landed on his hotel. The next time was a different story. Scott landed on Boardwalk. I went to him and licked the jism off that had seeped out. Then I took his throbbing cock and let it slide all the way down my throat, a skill I have that he couldn't resist. He shot his load, full force.

Then Scott carried me to our bedroom and placed me on our waterbed. We assumed the sixty-nine position, being the one we prefer the most. Scott likes the idea of fucking my mouth and eating my sweet pussy at the same time. I've got to admit I enjoy it just as much. After climaxing, we just lay next to each other discussing the game we played earlier, and before too long we were ready to go again. We assumed the sixty-nine position and this time Scott had a little more planned. He was busy fucking my mouth and tonguing my dripping cunt when I felt our seven-inch dildo, equipped with balls, slipping ever so gently into my pussy, pushing a little harder and a little faster. I soon felt the balls banging against my ass.

What a pleasure to have my man sucking my clit and fucking my pussy at the same time with our dildo. After a series of multiple orgasms, I then gave my lover's love muscle my undivided attention. After sliding his hot rod down my throat a few times, he pulled out quickly and shot his wad all over my tits. Too tired to continue at the time, we decided to sleep, only to wake up a few hours later to make mad, passionate love.

Scott and I only allow ourselves to play Monopoly once a month. That way, when our game night arrives we are always ready, willing, and more than able.

Just a piece of advice for those of you reading this: After playing a few times by our rules, don't chance playing a game with friends or family. It's a little risky when you land on someone's property and expect to pay with your body.—*Name and address withheld*

"It's Rover. Try not to act surprised."

BIRTHDAY BONUS

I'm about to share my wildest fantasy-come-true with you. I work at a college with a guy I will call Danny. Although we mainly share a fine working relationship and friendship, our animal instincts occasionally lead to bouts of what I call no-holds-barred sex. It has nothing to do with or against our respective mates. It's usually just a very satisfying, physically intense, highly erotic, kinky release, and once complete, it's over and all that remains is a warm memory.

Danny was out of the office for a week and was due to return on his birthday. Due to the fact that I was low on money, I decided to put on my creative-thinking cap and provide him with a present he would be sure to appreciate. The results went something like this:

After reviewing the week's activities with him, I presented him with an X-rated birthday card in which I had composed several naughty limericks, leaving no doubt as to my intentions. I also gave him the latest edition of your magazine and suggested he look through it. I hoped that by reading the "Forum" section it would arouse him and spark some desire to receive his present. I then announced that I had to go to our auditorium to check out a problem in the film room and asked him to join me in a few minutes.

I had dressed carefully for the day by

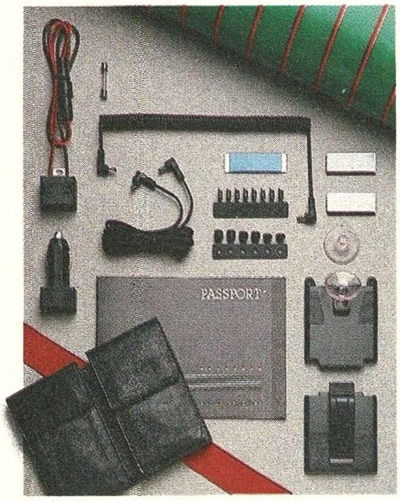
Pure Joy*

Imagine a superbly crafted electronic instrument, powerful enough to protect against traffic radar, miniaturized enough to slide into a shirt pocket, beautiful enough to win an international design award—an instrument so sought after by knowledgeable car enthusiasts that we know of scalpers making a special market (their usual mark-up is $100).

Then imagine finding one with your name on it.

Pure Joy is a PASSPORT of your very own

PASSPORT has exactly what the discerning driver needs, superheterodyne performance in a low-profile package. It's about the size of a cassette tape, the smallest detector ever made. This miniaturization is possible only with SMDs (Surface Mounted Devices), micro-electronics common in satellites but unprecedented in radar detectors. The result is Pure Joy. Others may put it differently. "In a word, the PASSPORT is a winner," said the experts at *Car and Driver.* But you get the idea.



PASSPORT comes complete with all accessories.

PASSPORT is packaged for presentation with the same care that went into its engineering. Everything is included: visor clip, windshield mount, straight cord, coiled cord—even a leather travel case. Each item is positioned in its own foam-padded compartment to assure safe arrival. Rather like traveling first class, we think. And this will be the impression when the box is opened.

Installing PASSPORT is as easy as the unwrapping. Just clip to visor or windshield, plug into the lighter, and PASSPORT is on duty.

* Pure Joy is our commitment to you. If PASSPORT doesn't live up to your highest hopes—for any reason—within 30 days, just send it back. We'll refund all of your money and your return shipping costs. No exceptions. No hidden charges. Just a straight commitment.

Pure Joy is the gift you'll save till last

One more PASSPORT advantage. It's available from us exclusively. We make it and we can answer your questions about it. Call toll-free. No parking hassles. No crowded stores. No waiting in lines. We're as quick as UPS, and we pay for shipping and handling. If that's not fast enough, Federal Express costs just a bit extra.

With shopping this simple, it's easy to experience the joy of giving PASSPORT. But the best part is that special moment when the package is opened...Pure Joy.

$295 (OH res. add $16.23 tax)
Slightly higher in Canada

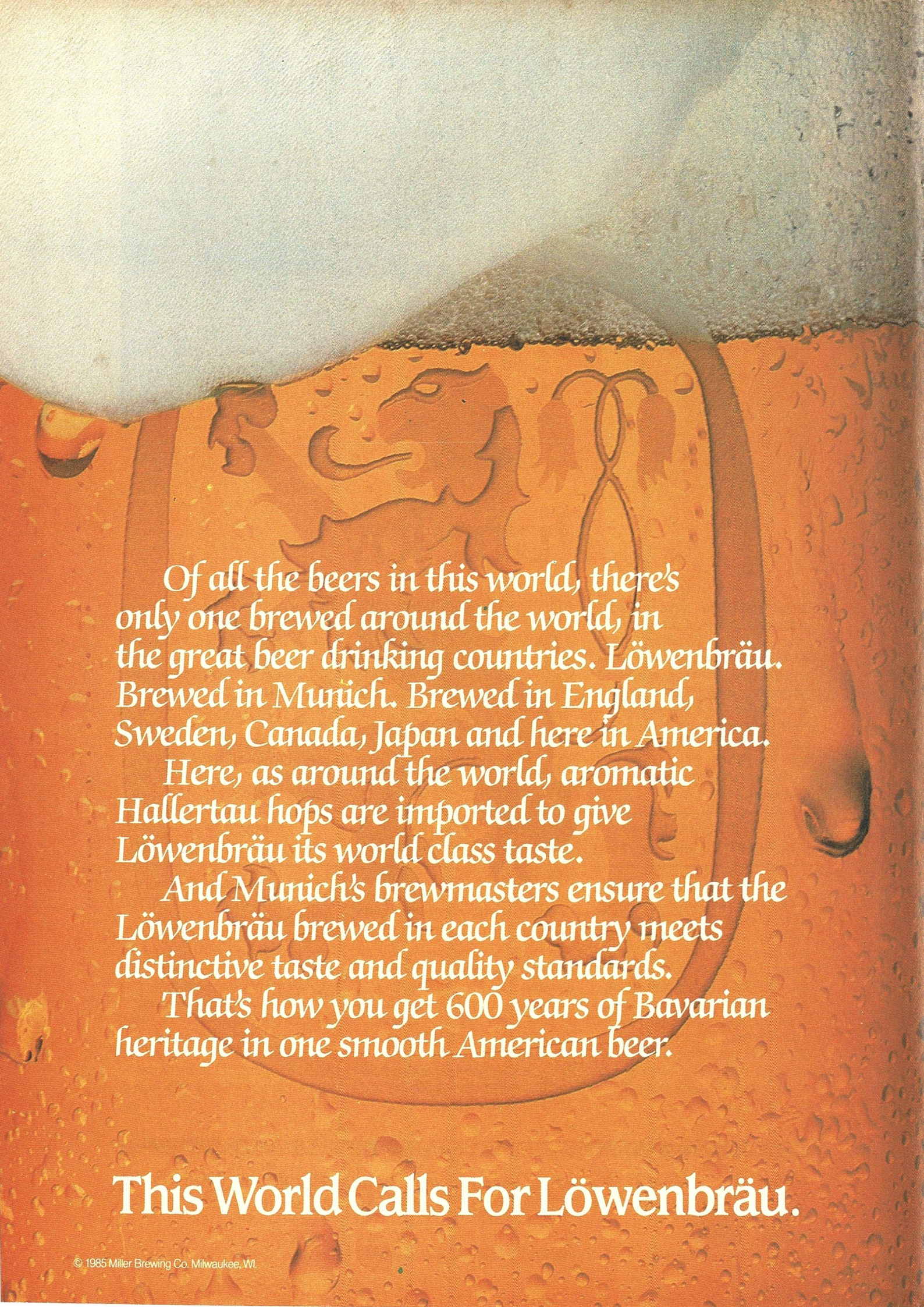
VISA MasterCard

© 1985 Cincinnati Microwave, Inc.

PASSPORT™
RADAR • RECEIVER

Call Toll Free 800-543-1608

Cincinnati Microwave
Department 100-005-C13
One Microwave Plaza
Cincinnati, Ohio 45296-0100



© 1985 Miller Brewing Co. Milwaukee, WI.

1895
BREMEN
Beer
Brewed under
License and
Authority of
Löwenbräu
Munich
Löwenbräu
Established
1383
Munich
Germany
LÖWENBRÄU

wearing a loose-fitting dress without underwear. When Danny joined me several minutes later, I was already wet and dripping with anticipation. I had dimmed the lights and he had to call my name when he entered the room. I called back and, as the sound of his footsteps approached, my clit throbbed harder and harder. I motioned for him to join me on the carpeted floor. With a few hurried movements, I rapidly undid his zipper and pulled his pants down. I gave him a deep birthday kiss and tickled his throat with my tongue. I reminded him that although it was his birthday, it is better to give than to receive. As I hoped he could see my logic, I huskily informed him that I certainly wanted to receive every last drop of love juice that could be drained from his now-erect cock.

I did feel that since it was his birthday, some birthday cake or goodies were in order. His pulsating cock was as firm and hot as any birthday candle, so I felt it appropriate to quickly decorate it with some whipped cream I had stashed earlier in the room. After covering it completely and singing a shortened chorus of "Happy Birthday," I told him I was going to blow out his cock candle and asked him to think of a wish I could help come true. As he closed his eyes and relaxed, I began to clean his magnificent nine-inch dick with quick, catlike licks. Moving my mouth slowly up and down, I began to ready my throat for the eagerly awaited final result. Slowly his hips began to match the movements of my head and mouth. Several small, quiet groans began to escape from the both of us, and time seemed to stand still as I felt his hot and sticky love juice pump into the back of my throat.

After a few moments of blissful recovery, I asked if I had made his birthday wish come true. His reply was that although I was close, he did have something else in mind. Imagine my moan of pleasure as he produced a small bottle of baby oil and proceeded to liberally anoint my clitoris. I kiddingly chided him about his ability to perform again so soon, at his age, and he quickly informed me that although he was older, he was indeed getting better. He turned me over and, as I looked over my shoulder, I shuddered and saw that once again his huge cock stood at proud attention. My imagination of the pleasure this throbbing organ would bring me was nothing compared to reality when Danny entered me from behind. We bucked and fucked like dogs in heat and, after what seemed like an eternity in heaven, I felt his cock once again pump oodles and oodles of come into me.

A few moments of relaxation enabled us to collect our wits and rearrange our clothing. We then proceeded back to work and our day-to-day routines. Only, we knew the day was hardly routine.

I can't wait until my birthday comes. I'm sure Danny will think of something I'll like as much as he liked my birthday present to him.—*Name and address withheld*

EMULATING AUNTIE

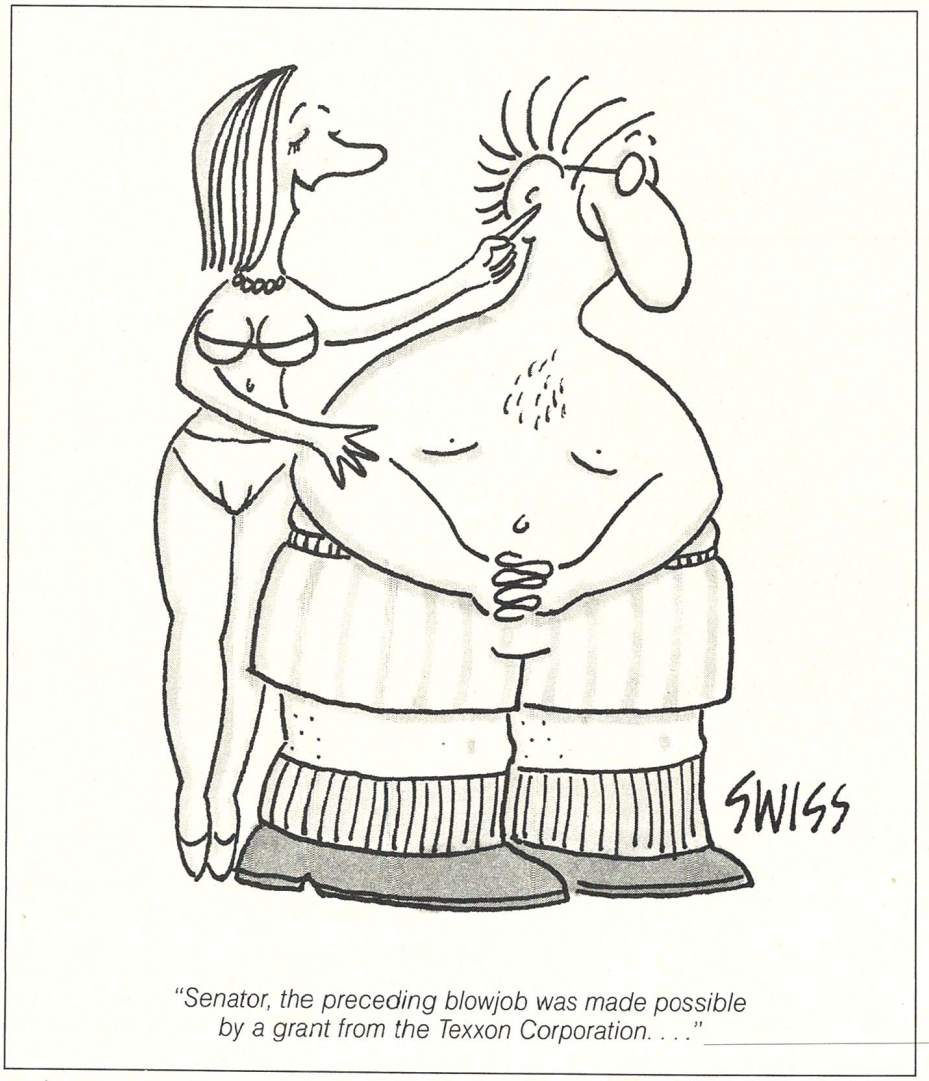
Over the past ten years I've come a long way from a sweet, innocent, extremely naive 18-year-old from the Bible Belt to, with the possible exception of my Aunt Sally, the best cocksucker and blowjob artiste to be found. I left home when I was 18 to attend college in southern California. My parents were very strict; my father is a Baptist minister and my mother teaches Sunday school and leads the church choir. They only agreed to my going to school there if I stayed with Aunt Sally, who lived within a few blocks of the college. Sally was only ten years older than me but had a master's degree in library science with a minor in economics. Mom and Dad approved of her highly and felt that she, despite being only 28, would be a fit guardian for their sweet little virgin daughter. How little we knew.

I arrived at Aunt Sally's house in June, two and a half months before my freshman classes were to begin. She was very sweet and nice and gave me the very best she had. She didn't look at all like the photographs we had of her back home. Aunt Sally was a foxy woman, and after she taught me how to fix myself up a bit we looked so much alike that men often thought we were sisters. Sally lived in a nice house in a quiet suburban neighborhood and drove a fire-engine-red Corvette. When I asked her how she could afford all of these nice things living by herself, she just smiled and didn't say much. All she would say was that she was in the "entertainment" industry and she didn't bother to elaborate. She was somewhat mysterious about her work and odd hours. But I was to learn soon enough.

It all started about three weeks after I moved in. Aunt Sally had gone out, dressed to kill and carrying her purple gym bag, as she always did. Alone in the house, I was in her bedroom looking through her drawers for a pair of pantyhose when I found a ten-inch vibrator underneath some of her black-lace panties. I couldn't believe what I had found. I'd heard about dildos and vibrators from some of the girls back home, but I'd never actually seen one before, let alone used one. As I switched it on, its vibrations sent a shiver through me and gave me a knot in my stomach. Not expecting Aunt Sally to come home for a few hours, I let curiosity and temptation get the best of me. I was soon almost hypnotized by the rhythmic vibrations of my new find.

Holding the vibrator to my breasts, I could feel my nipples getting harder and my crotch and panties getting wetter and wetter. This was all so new to me, but it felt so good that I just couldn't help exploring my entire body with it.

Well, I can tell you it didn't take long for



"Senator, the preceding blowjob was made possible by a grant from the Texxon Corporation. . . ."

Casio gives you the best seat in the house.

Simulated TV picture

With the new color TV-1000 or black and white TV-21, Casio makes taking a TV to the game as easy as taking along your wallet. So now you can catch all the action, even from deep in the stands.

What makes these tiny TVs so flat amazing is Casio's flat screen LCD technology. This, coupled with its automatic tuning system and the latest antenna technology, gives you a bright picture and reception that's razor sharp.

In fact, for such small sets, their picture is so remarkable, that you simply have to see them in action yourself.

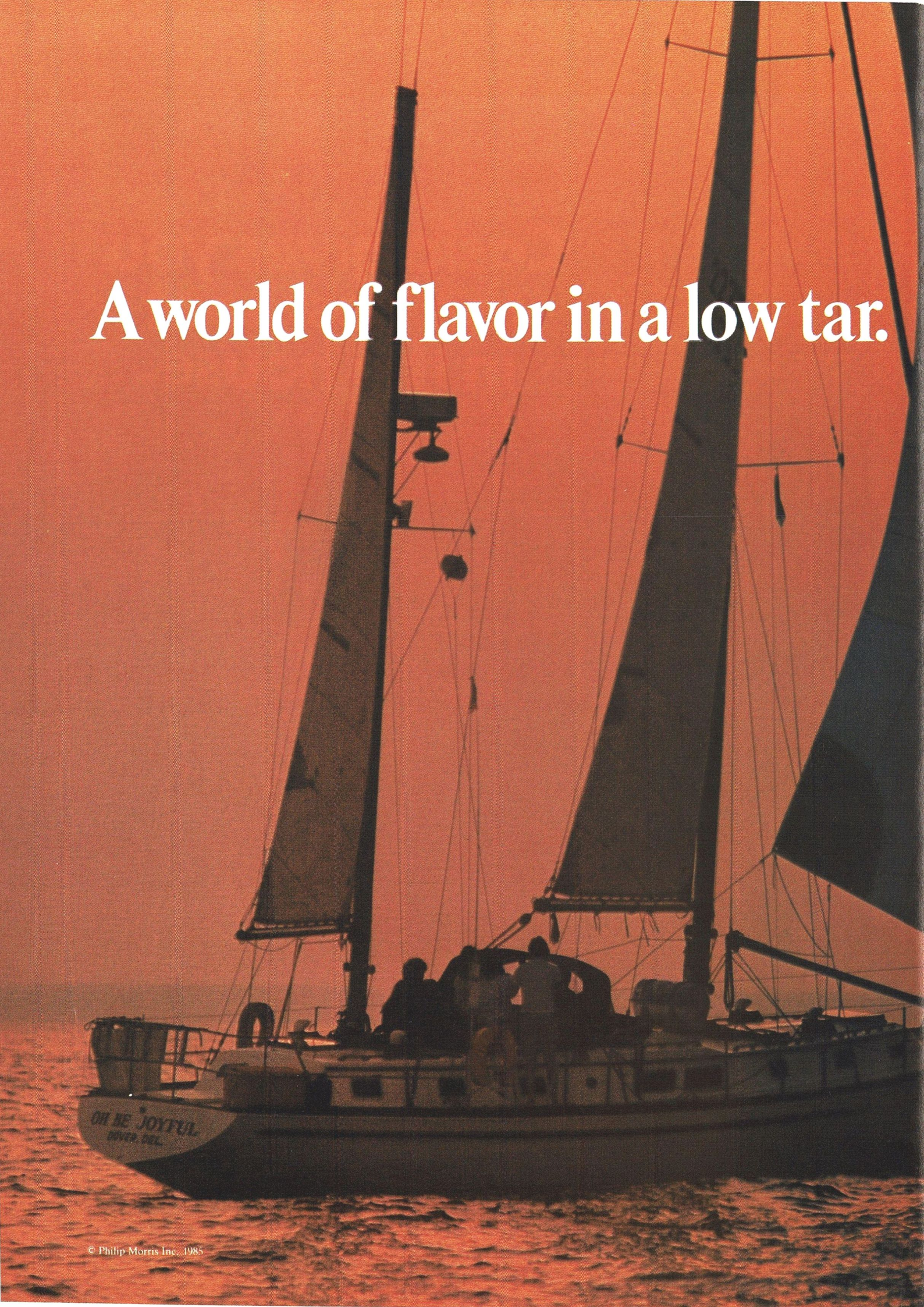
And while you're watching, focus on the fact that, at $299 and $99 respectively, our TV-1000 and TV-21 are the wallet-size TVs that leave the most money in your wallet.

Whether you're in a stadium or not, when it comes to getting you in on the action, Casio takes a back seat to no one.

CASIO®

Where miracles never cease

Casio, Inc. Audio-Video Division: 15 Gardner Road, Fairfield, N.J. 07006 New Jersey (201) 882-1493, Los Angeles (213) 803-3411.


A world of flavor in a low tar.
OH BE JOYFUL
© Philip Morris Inc. 1985

Merit

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

8 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb.'85

me to strip naked and fall back on Sally's big brass bed with my new toy. I even tilted her big mirror in such a way that I could watch myself.

After teasing myself with it, I placed the tip of the vibrator into my moist, steaming crack and pushed gently. As I watched it slowly slip into me, I could feel my vaginal muscles tighten around it. I had been masturbating with my finger for years already but I'd never felt anything like this before. With both hands working that vibrator in and out of my hot little cunt, I was soon beside myself in ecstasy. That afternoon I came in one loud and thundering orgasm after another.

It was great! I felt so deliciously wicked and nasty watching myself masturbate in that big mirror. I was like an addict who couldn't stop.

I must have been at it for quite some time. I was so absorbed with ramming that humming fucker in and out of my tunnel of love and moaning like an animal that I didn't hear my aunt come into the house. You can just imagine my embarrassment when I finally looked up and saw her with one arm up leaning in the doorway, staring at me with a rather wry grin on her face. (She later told me that she had been standing there enjoying my "performance" for about ten minutes.) Before I could open my mouth to say anything to her, I was wracked by another mind-blowing orgasm. I thought I was going to just die, but all Sally said to me was, "When you're finished, come downstairs and we'll have dinner. I brought home Chinese." She didn't say anything about what she had caught me doing, but carried on as usual—except that every time she looked at me she had that same smile on her face. We made an early night of it, and all she said to me before turning in was, "Sweet dreams, baby." I went to bed that night red with embarrassment, but drifted off to sleep rubbing and fingering my cunt, thinking about the next time I could get that vibrator up my now yearning snatch.

I was out of the house for much of the next afternoon, still feeling quite embarrassed. When I returned home around six o'clock, I saw my aunt's car in the driveway and went straight to my room. As I entered the doorway I was surprised to find a brightly wrapped package on my bed. Attached to the package was a note which read: "Since you seemed to enjoy mine so much, I thought it was time you had one of your own, baby. With love, Sally." I ripped into the package to find a beautiful ten-inch vibrating dildo.

I rushed downstairs to find Sally waiting for me in the living room. She was standing there, feet apart, hands on hips, and wearing a short purple silk robe that barely covered her shapely ass or her proud, jutting, 38-inch breasts. She had that by-now-familiar coy, seductive smile on her face. She stood before me—wanton, raw sex personified. Rushing up to her, we embraced. I knew this was going to be quite a night, one that I'd never forget and that would change me forever.

After our touching embrace, Aunt Sally went to the kitchen and returned with a silver tray of shucked and iced oysters on the half-shell, two chilled glasses, and a bottle of wine. Next she dimmed the lights, lit some candles, and put a tape on the stereo. I shouldn't have been surprised that it wasn't a musical tape, but the erotic sounds of heavy fucking and sucking that Sally and one of her lovers had made.

For the next half hour I sat on the sofa opposite Sally as she made an erotic show of eating those oysters. Occasionally, between slurping oysters and sipping wine, she would slip her hand down to finger her twat, then slowly suck the pussy juice from her fingers. After some more of this, she stood up and said, "It's time we expanded your horizons, sweet baby."

She took me by the hand and led me downstairs into her finished basement. The lights were dimmed real low except for some stage light–type lamps hung from the ceiling, which bathed the pool table in a warm, pinkish glow. The pool table was covered with an orchid-color satin quilt, and Sally had about a dozen of her favorite vibrators and dildos lined up along the edge of it within easy reach. She placed me in a big leather easy chair, which had been pushed up to where I had an unobstructed view. She put on a tape of rock music, with a slow, heavy beat and a lot of sax. She lit some incense and said, "You wanted to know what I do in the entertainment industry. Well, Aunt Sally's gonna entertain you."

I was so excited. Sally walked around behind the pool table and stood with her back to me. She shot me a sultry "fuck me" smile over her shoulder as she deftly slipped off her robe, letting it fall to the floor around her ankles. She mounted the table in one swift, catlike motion. There she was, kneeling in front of me, resting on her knees, legs bent under and her thighs spread wide. Her thatch of brown pubic hair was neatly trimmed into the shape of a heart. Sally reached back without looking, and selected a 14-inch vibrator that not only moved in and out like a piston but also made small circular motions while it hummed and vibrated. It was so big that she could just barely wrap her hand all the way around it. She was moaning softly as she worked that vibrator over her gorgeous tan body, paying special attention to her jutting boobs. Her ruby-red areolae were as big as half-dollars and her nipples stuck out hard as rocks. She held each breast to her mouth, licking and sucking her nipples, leaving them shiny with saliva.

Turning her attention to her steaming hot crack, she ran that pulsating dildo up and down over her cunt lips and clit,

"Gee, Miss Higgins . . . if you don't drink, smoke, eat, swear, talk, laugh, move, or breathe, what do you do?"

Friends are worth Smirnoff

Crisp, clear, incomparably smooth Smirnoff® Vodka.

Remember special occasions by sending a gift of Smirnoff anywhere in the continental U.S. where allowed by state law. Call 1-800-238-4373.
SMIRNOFF® VODKA 80 & 100 Proof distilled from grain. © 1985 Ste. Pierre Smirnoff FLS (Division of Heublein, Inc.) Hartford, CT—"Made in U.S.A."

Win one of 10 Chrysler Convertibles. Enter the Brut/Brut 33 Holiday Sweepstakes.

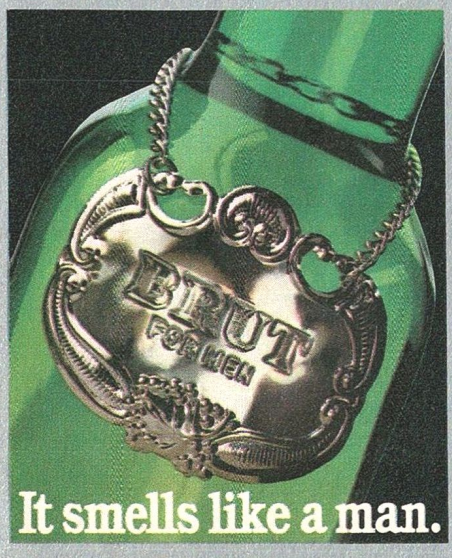
This holiday give Brut, the prize-winning gift.

10 Grand Prizes!

This Christmas, when you buy Brut® and Brut 33® Gift Sets for the men on your list, don't forget to enter the Brut/Brut 33 Holiday Sweepstakes. You could win one of ten beautiful Chrysler LeBaron convertibles. Entry blanks are available where Brut and Brut 33 are sold. So go ahead. Take a chance. One thing for sure, you'll never lose giving the great smell of Brut. Men have always loved it, and women love being close to men who wear it. And why not? No other fragrance smells more like a man. Great!

Pick up your entry form wherever BRUT and BRUT 33 Gift Sets are sold or request an entry form and official rules by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: BRUT/BRUT 33 Sweepstakes Rules, P.O. Box 602, Lowell, IN 46399. (Residents of Washington state need not stamp return envelope.) NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. All entries must be postmarked no later than January 31, 1986 and received no later than February 15, 1986. Void where prohibited or restricted by law or taxed. All federal, state and local laws and regulations apply. All applicable taxes and licensing fees, if any, as well as any extra options in addition to the standard convertible equipment are the sole responsibility of the individual prize winners.

© 1985 Fabergé, Inc.



moaning louder all the time. Then she brought the dildo, now gleaming with her cunt juice, up to her hungry mouth and licked and sucked it from its bulbous head down to the base. Still kneeling in front of me, her twat and thighs glistening from the flow of her pussy juice, she set the vibrator on full speed and slowly guided its massive cock head into her cunt, taking all 14 inches of it. Then she slowly pulled it almost all the way out. Using both hands, she rammed that big fucker in and out at least a dozen times in rhythm to the music, moaning like a whore in heat.

On the last upstroke, Sally left that massive vibrator pulsating and churning deep inside her cunt at full speed, using her well-conditioned vaginal muscles to hold it in. Next, she spun around quickly on to her knees and elbows, thrusting her beautiful ass toward the ceiling. She began playing with her clit while the dildo was humming away inside her. Within seconds, Sally's entire body was shuddering in a violent orgasm that brought tears to her eyes. It was incredible watching her wailing out loud like a wild animal, hips and ass undulating in rhythm to the music, as she fucked herself.

Sally had all the practiced movements of a real pro. I couldn't believe it. Without missing a beat, she spun around again, kneeling, thighs spread wide. She then leaned way back and, again without looking, put a hand over the far edge of the pool table. When she pulled it back up, she was holding a beautiful 12-inch lifelike rubber cock that was covered in Karo syrup. Sally shook her head, her beautiful mane of brown hair falling away from her face. There was a look of pure unadulterated lust in her eyes as she dangled that glistening monster cock over her face. Slowly she lowered it and tickled its head and underside with her darting tongue. Resting on one elbow for support, she raised it up slightly, arching her back and neck. She then brought the sticky, dripping dildo to her hot waiting mouth. Clear syrup, oozing from her glossy wet lips, ran down her chin and cheeks as she slurped and sucked the dildo into her mouth, devouring it deeper and deeper until she had finally deep-throated it all the way to the very base of its rigid shaft, moaning loudly with pure pleasure and delight the whole time.

Completely oblivious to everything else, Sally, thighs splayed wide, used one hand to slowly pull the rubber cock from her mouth and stroked the steaming slit of her cunt with the other. As she withdrew the cock from her pursed lips, leaving only a slender thread of syrup and saliva between the two, her tongue darted out to lick up the excess around her smiling, wet mouth.

The vibrator in Sally's cunt was still giving her full measure and, caught up in another approaching orgasm, she began to writhe and squirm. Her hips and ass were rising in response to that incredible fuck onslaught. Now using her hands to pinch and pull her rock-hard nipples, Sally went over the brink. Her voice rising to a near wail, she went off like crazy. Her entire body bucked and jerked wildly like an electric shock had been applied to her, the whole time moaning and crying out with physical release and pleasure. No doubt Sally was enjoying and savoring every minute of it.

I was really enjoying it, too. This was the most fantastic thing I had ever seen. I didn't know it was possible for a woman to give herself so much pleasure and satisfaction. I couldn't take my eyes off her.

The show wasn't over yet. After that last orgasm, Sally didn't miss a beat. Repositioning herself on the pool table, she placed a heel in each of the corner pockets for support. With renewed vigor, she immediately launched into a routine of hot, nonstop action and one almost continuous orgasm after another. And each one seemed better than the last. Before it was over, Sally had used all seven vibrators and five dildos that she had laid out on the table. Even she lost track of how many orgasms she had had.

When she was through, I glanced at my watch and realized that she had been going at it hot and heavy for over an hour. Sally rolled over to face me, her head propped up in one hand, tousled hair across her face. One leg was bent at the knee, giving me a full view as she gently stroked her hot juicy crack and massaged the insides of her aching thighs.

I was so excited just from watching her. My own nipples were hard and taut against the material of my blouse, and my crotch and panties were soaked through. When Sally smiled that smile of hers and asked me if I would like to join her "onstage," I didn't hesitate for a second.

Aunt Sally was sweet and gentle as she watched me treat myself to the pleasures I had just seen her enjoy. Using my new vibrator, as well as my own fingers, I learned how to bring myself off in countless orgasms. It felt so good!

After we both took cool showers, Sally explained to me that the masturbation show she had performed earlier for me was really a dress rehearsal. She would be doing the same act the following week at a stag party for about 50 guys. She also told me that she had been working as an exotic dancer and performing live sex shows onstage and at bachelor parties since college. She laughed and said, "In what other line of work can you get a roomful of guys to cream their jeans over you all at once?"

The next week I lost my virginity to a real cock, when Sally brought home one of her special lovers just for that purpose. I was a little scared, but Sally was careful in her selection and did everything she could to make that first time a special one. During the next four years that I lived with her, we often wound up sharing lovers. Sally taught me as much about sex as anyone ever could.

Sally really looked after me, and it

wasn't all just sucking and fucking, either. She was bright, a great cook, a painter, and an avid reader. She saw that I was attentive to my studies and steered me clear of real trouble, such as some alleged talent scouts who offered me a part in a porn flick. I wanted to do it, but Sally put her foot down.

Mom and Dad were paying for my education at college, but I also worked weekends and summers to help. Little did they know that I was applying my newly learned talents working in nightclubs featuring "all-nude coeds" and doing some performances with Sally. I finally graduated with a 4.0 grade average and a degree in physical education. You might say that I also graduated with a degree in general sex, with a concentration in cocksucking taught by Sally. Mom and Dad would just die if they knew the truth.—*Name and address withheld*

RIDING HIGH

I would like to share an interesting experience that happened to me one weekend while at the beach. I had recently bought a motorcycle, and one of the local rock 'n' roll stations was sponsoring a fireworks display at the beach. I packed my stuff and took off in the early morning. That was the first time I had been on a bike at the beach and didn't expect the reception that was in store for me.

The girls on the beach that weekend were incredible and I loved being asked for rides. One girl didn't realize the ride I would eventually give her! Daylight was gone and I was worrying about where I was going to sleep—but not for long. I was cruising up and down the beach between the rows of parked cars, looking for friends, when I rolled by a stunning brunette.

I had been slowly cruising behind her, watching her gorgeous ass, which was barely concealed in her white French-cut bikini. As I drove by, I heard, "I wanna ride." I couldn't believe it. I pinched myself to make sure I wasn't dreaming. I stopped and she came up to me. I looked into her eyes and gave her a sly smile and told her if she could find me a place to sleep I would cruise her anywhere she wanted to go, for as long as she wanted.

She smiled back at me and said, "I'm sure I'll think of something." I was in ecstasy! She hopped on and wrapped her arms around my waist, and I took off with a jerk. We cruised the beach for a while and she took me to where she was staying for the night. I met a guy and another girl who turned out to be her brother and his girlfriend. I thought, *How perfect, no escort!*

We smoked a joint and continued on our trip, which ended at a deserted part of the beach. She told me I was welcome to stay the night with her, and I almost creamed on the seat! She had seen me earlier and thought I was the cutest biker on the beach.

I thanked her and told her she looked exquisite herself. She told me, blowing me off my bike, that I would have to prove myself if I wanted to stay with her that night. I tipped an imaginary hat and told her I'd be happy to oblige her. She then positioned herself on my bike in front of me and, locking her legs behind my waist, began to kiss me and run her fingers down my back, giving me chills. She attacked me with her tongue, pulling me to her.

I then began to untie her top and her gorgeous tits sprang out. I couldn't believe how fine this babe was. She had a body worthy of Pet of the Year—or century, for that matter. I dragged my tongue down her neck, stopping at her tits. I then leaned her backward on my bike as I sucked her nipples furiously. They must have been supersensitive, because she was running her fingers through my hair wildly and purring like a kitten.

Her actions gave me the biggest hard-on of my life, and I worried about coming too quickly. I moved her forward so I could pull off her bottoms, but not before I stopped to gaze at her beautiful form. She knew what I wanted and helped me rip her bottoms off. I then lifted her hips and ran a finger down her moist cunt.

She thrashed her legs wildly as I bent over. She knew what I wanted and helped me rip her bottoms off. Her moaning was driving me crazy.

She thrashed her legs wildly as I bent over and nibbled her clit. I darted my tongue back and forth over her clit, having to put a foot on the ground to keep the bike from falling over. Her moaning was driving me crazy and I couldn't wait to get inside her. She couldn't either, as she pulled me to her, kissed me, and, wrapping her feet around me, guided my dick to her wet pussy. I grabbed her hips and slipped the head in.

This teasing drove her crazy, so I continued giving her a little at a time. I did it for myself also, hoping I wouldn't explode come before I wanted to. I then pulled out and, cupping her ass with my hands, slammed the entire length of my cock inside her. She let out an "Ohhhh" and began to move her hips back and forth. I bent over to get at her trembling chest, sucking her swollen nipples. She started bucking against my crotch, telling me to fuck her harder.

I could tell she was close to coming. I pulled out and buried my face in her cunt once more. She went wild, clawing at my shoulders and crying, "Oh, it feels so good!" I reentered her with my dick and rolled her clit with my fingers. This was about all she could take, and she came all over my seat and my still-pounding prick.

Not long afterward, I pulled out with her grabbing my cock and jerking me off until I shot come everywhere, including in her face. She wrapped her arms around me and tenderly kissed my shoulders and then my lips, sucking on my tongue. She looked at me and told me I was wonderful. She said that not only could I stay at the beach with her, but that I could live with her if I wanted to. I told her the offer was hard to refuse, but I had to. I really wasn't interested in that kind of a commitment, even though this babe was something really special. But I did say I would spend the weekend with her.

We rode to her house on my bike. She was fondling my cock through my pants all the way home. She directed me once again to her home, and when we got there nearly ripped each other's clothes off before we even made it to her bedroom. That weekend was one long lustful sex session that I'll never forget. We nearly set the house on fire with the heat our two bodies generated.

Since that weekend, I always go to the beach and visit the spot where it all started and which I'll always remember.—*Name and address withheld*

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Forum Magazine** now on sale at your newsstand, or for this month's copy, send $3.00 to **Forum Magazine**, P.O. Box 358, Belleville, New Jersey 07109.

CAMERA CREDITS

Pet of the Year Cody Carmack was photographed by Bob Guccione with a Canon T70 camera and Tiffen filters. She appears on page 121. Our Pet of the Month, Sarah, who appears on page 83, was photographed by Tina Rossi with a Nikon FM2 camera, a Nikkor 80-200 zoom lens, and Kodachrome 64 film. Ed Seeman's remarkable collages, shown on page 154, were photographed with a Nikon 35mm camera in natural light. We'd also like to thank the following for their assistance with our Pet of the Month pictorial: Black-rubber dress was designed especially for U.S. Penthouse by Daniel James at the Hyper Hyper Market; black-lace ball gown and suede outfit are by Alhan McRae for Flint; belts and masks are by Quasimodo; dresses, jewelry, and stockings are by The Liberated Lady; furs are by Philip Hockley; lingerie is by Bradley's of Knightsbridge. All designers are located in London.

Now Technics lets you take control of an audio/video empire.

At last. Video good enough for Technics audio. Integrated into one remarkable audio/video system of astonishing capabilities and breathtaking performance.

It's a Technics 26-inch (measured diagonally) color TV monitor/receiver. A Technics VHS Hi-Fi video cassette recorder. An AM/FM stereo tuner/pre-amp with stereo TV sound.* Power amplifier. Linear tracking turntable. Auto-reverse cassette deck. A pair of three-way speakers. Even an optional compact disc player.

Its unified wireless remote lets you control this technological empire from across the room. The remote has its own LCD readout to show you precisely what function you've selected. So you can create an audio experience. A video experience. Or a blending of the two.

It's the audio/video empire that puts you in complete control. The experience is unforgettable. The name is Technics.

Technics
The science of sound

Receive a FREE case of 10 Panasonic VHS Hi-Fi T-120 video cassettes from Technics, with the purchase of AudioVision by Technics between Oct. 15 and Dec. 31, 1985. (See participating dealers for details.)

*Stereo TV sound where available. TV picture simulated.

©1986 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

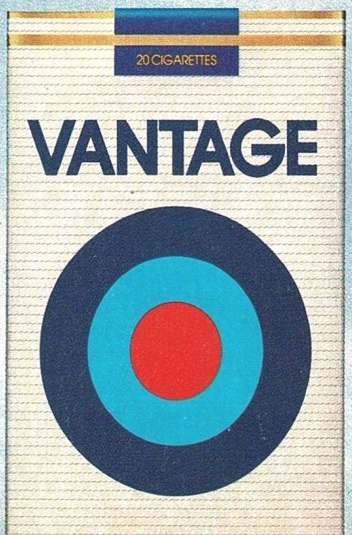
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

PERFORMANCE COUNTS.

THE THRILL OF REAL CIGARETTE TASTE IN A LOW TAR.

VANTAGE



"A beautiful girl like you has to be careful about those things. I think you're going to need a bodyguard—how about me?"

PET FORUM

Debbie

A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME

Dear Ava Monet,
I first admired your beauty as Pet of the Month in December 1980 ["French Kiss," photographs by Earl Miller]. I realize Ava Monet probably isn't your real name, but whatever it is doesn't matter. You are dream material. A friend of mine told me he thinks you appeared in a later issue, using your real name! Is that true? You know, a beautiful girl like you has to be careful about those things. I hope if you did use your real name, you have an unlisted phone number. If not, I think you're going to need a bodyguard—how about me?—*Rick Emmons, Eugene, Oreg.*

Yes, your friend is right. After being named Pet of the Year Runner-Up in the December 1982 issue, I realized such an honor should be shared with all my friends, so I discarded the alias and accepted myself as Anna Fraley. I haven't needed a bodyguard yet, but I'll certainly keep your application on file.—Anna

COVER GIRL

Dear Debbie Zullo,
I saw your photo on the cover of the February 1984 issue [photograph by Hank Londoner]. You are remarkable-looking! I could really get carried away with you.

Ever since seeing that inspiring cover photo, I've been waiting to see more of you. Have you appeared in any other issues? Please let me know soon so I can run out and buy them immediately.—*Michael Cole, Flint, Mich.*

I would love for you to see more of me. I was originally the centerfold in the November 1977 issue. You can also see me as Pet of the Year Runner-Up in the November 1979 issue. If you still feel like carrying more of me away, you can contact Penthouse's *Back Issue Department.*—Debbie

Ava

PLACES IN THE HEART

Dear Jennifer James,
I was deeply impressed by your pictorial "Free Agent" [photographs by Suze Randall] in the October 1985 *Penthouse.* Your plans for the future impress me, too. You have a high sense of self-commitment and you will succeed at whatever you try.

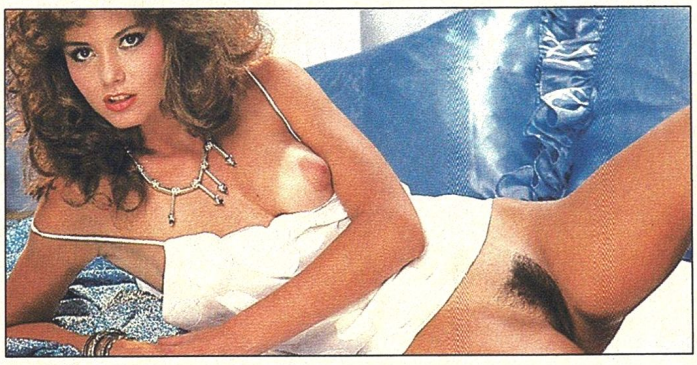
Thanks for sharing your beautiful self with me. You have won a place in my heart. You're gorgeous!—*Name and address withheld*

I'm glad I can make someone feel so happy. It's letters like yours that will keep me posing for appreciative folks like yourself. So, readers, my future is in your hands—don't drop me.—Jennifer

LEAVING THEM WEAK

Dear Angela Nicholas,
You are one of the classiest women I have seen in *Penthouse* in a long time. Your pictorial in the August 1985 issue, "She Leaves 'em Weak" [photographs by Bob Guccione], left *me* weak! You are such an exquisite woman that a hat and a strand of pearls on your otherwise unclothed body looks like a designer outfit on you. Your photos fill my heart with the joy of being able to look upon one of the great beauties of this earth. Thank you for that.—*Name and address withheld*

I must tell you that I think you are one classy guy to write such a fantastic letter! When I read what you'd written me, I was so flattered, it made me *weak. Between you and me and all you* Penthouse *readers, nothing makes me as happy as a fan letter. So thank* you.—Angela



Jennifer

SHE REALLY RATES

Dear Veronique Jolie,
I missed the April 1983 issue of *Penthouse* featuring yourself as Pet of the Month ["After the Fox," photographs by Hank Londoner]. I have ordered a back issue and the problem will soon be remedied. To ensure that a catastrophe of this magnitude does not occur again, I have renewed my subscription to *Penthouse.* Seeing you again in the pictorial "Patrick and Veronique" [August 1985, photographs by Lawrence Talbot] was an extra-special treat! Veronique, you are one great lady.—*Name and address withheld*

In PET FORUM, our readers can open a dialogue with our Pets in order to exchange information and discuss topics of mutual interest. Letters should carry name and address (in capital letters, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Pet Forum, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

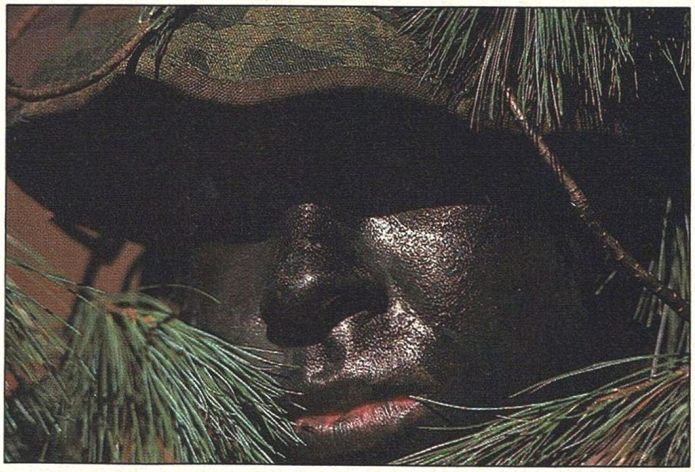
A GLORIOUS BEGINNING

Extraordinary 12 year old Scotch. **Pinch.®**

PINCH—86 PROOF BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY—RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK, NY © 1985

"Obviously, consumers are misinformed. Until everyone contributes to raising the level of knowledge about alcohol and the dangers posed by those who abuse the products, the problem will continue."

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK



A DRINK IS A DRINK

Bravo to Seagram ["A Drink Is a Drink Is a Drink," by Edgar Bronfman, September 1985]. As a retailer of wine and spirits, I was pleased to see the facts of alcohol equivalence finally stated in a clear, straightforward fashion: Typical servings of beer, wine, and liquor are equal in alcohol content. The cooperation of the beverage-alcohol industry will undoubtedly help to further consumer knowledge.

I am a retailer who's concerned with public education about all types of alcohol. Customers who understand equivalence will act more responsibly when they drink. There is no worse advertisement for the products we sell than someone who abuses them. We want to stay in business for a long time to come. That's why we applaud Bronfman's message.—*James Jones, Viking Liquors, Kendall Park, N.J.*

My congratulations to Edgar Bronfman and the House of Seagram for leading the efforts of the distilled-spirits industry in educating Americans about responsible use of all beverage-alcohol products. We have all seen and heard other groups, such as the United States Department of Transportation, the Distilled Spirits Council of the United States, General Motors, the American Automobile Association, and even the Illinois Department of Motor Vehicles (in my home state), try to dispel the long-lived myths regarding alcohol products, especially the myth that wine and beer are less intoxicating than liquor. Unfortunately, this message is not widely heard. Thank you, Seagram, for adding your resources to help spread the word.

As a retailer in Chicago, I have too often heard my customers make purchase decisions based on the mistaken belief that wine and beer "won't get me drunk." I've even had the experience of a father ordering a keg of beer to serve at his son's high school graduation party because he didn't want the kids to drink. Obviously, these consumers are misinformed. Until everyone contributes to raising the level of knowledge about alcohol and the dangers posed by those who abuse the products, the problem will continue.

Most Americans consume beverage alcohol, be it beer, wine, or liquor, in a very responsible manner. Seagram's efforts can only add to that majority. Here's to the House of Seagram!—*Max Zimmerman, Zimmerman Liquors, Chicago, Ill.*

THE WAR ON CHIROPRACTIC

Kudos to Gary Null for writing "Medical Genocide, Part II: The War on Chiropractic" [October 1985]. I am a chiropractor and believe this article sheds light for your millions of readers on how chiropractors have had to fight many battles to get to the level of acceptance we have earned (ten million people go to chiropractors yearly).

Chiropractic is one of the finest of all the natural healing arts. The major philosophy expressed is that the body will heal itself if there is no nerve interference.

Our society is fed up with hiding symptoms of disease with drugs and surgery. The future will see a tremendous increase in preventive types of modalities, such as chiropractic. Millions of people are into exercising, eating properly, and thinking positively in ways to prevent illness. Chiropractors will lead the field in this new holistic health-care system.—*Mitchell Proffman, D.C., Flushing, N.Y.*

I am one of the five plaintiffs in the *Wilk* v. *AMA* lawsuit, and I want to compliment you on your excellent article, "The War on Chiropractic." I look forward to reading the next part.—*Michael D. Pedigo, D.C., President, International Chiropractors Association, Washington, D.C.*

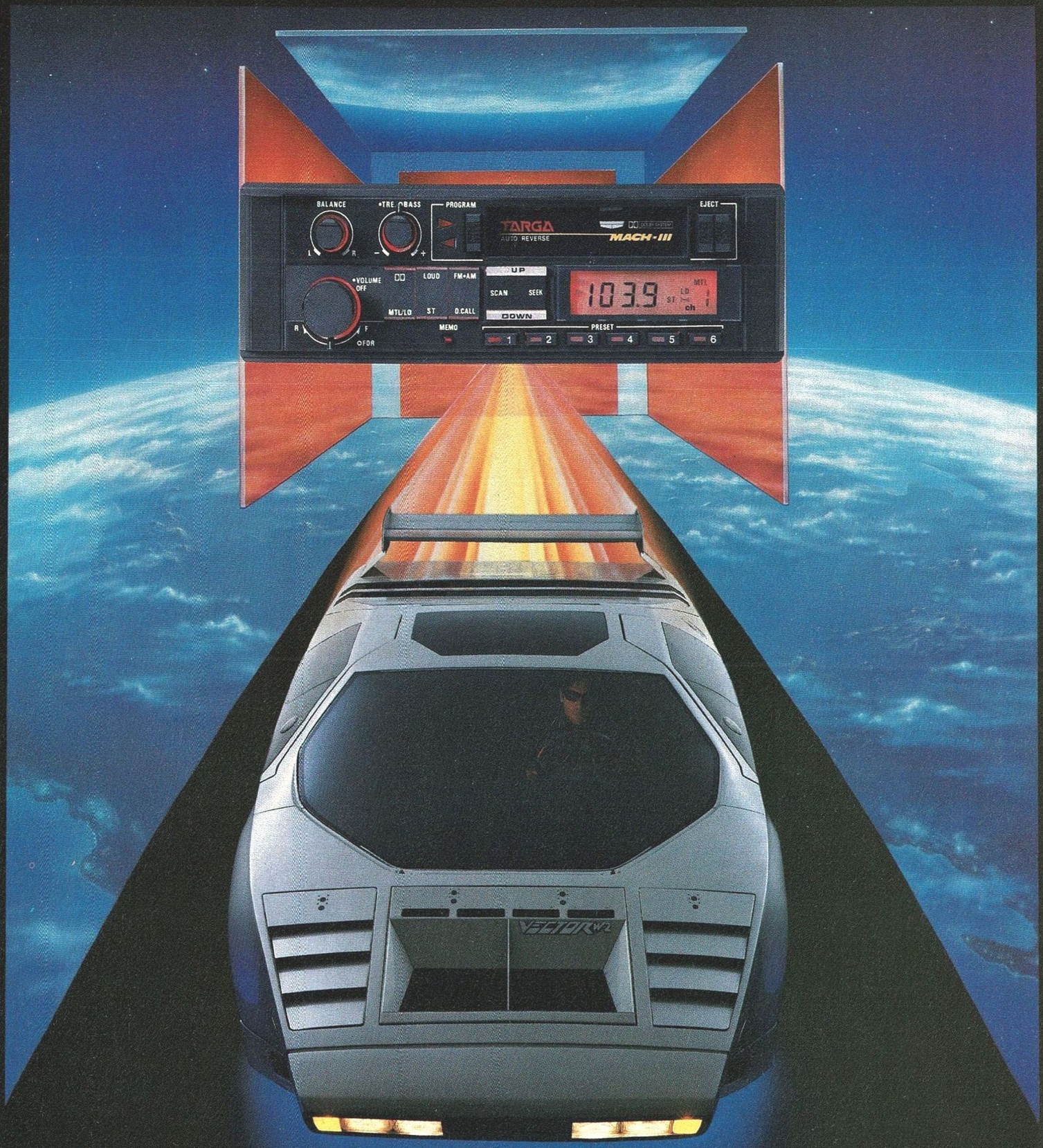
SURVIVAL GAMES

As an avid Survival Game player, I truly enjoyed your article in the August 1985 *Penthouse* ["War Is Swell," by Paula Mann, photographs by Eddie Adams]. One of the problems with the Game (as we refer to it in Atlanta) is that there is no spectator appeal. You have to actually play the Game to see what it is all about. What it is about is a most satisfying feeling, a harmless thrill, and the camaraderie you can develop with your teammates.

My only regret is that the author failed to come to Atlanta to check out the best. The Atlanta Suwanee field is the home of the current North American Champions of the Survival Game, the Atlanta Blue Team.

I have been playing for about two and a half years and have met some of the nicest people imaginable. When we won the title last year it was my first national championship in anything, and when you are 38 years old, there are not too many opportunities for such an accomplishment. Everyone should try the Game. It is truly the most fun you can have in the woods with your pants on!—*Carl A. Mable, Atlanta, Ga.*

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.



IT LOOKS AND SOUNDS EXPENSIVE. . .BUT ISN'T

Introducing Targa. . . A new name in car audio systems. Built for you. . . the discriminating listener who demands powerful clean sound, exacting quality standards, ultra high-tech cosmetics and many sophisticated electronic features found in most of the more expensive brands of car audio products.

If you're looking for a cassette unit with electronic tuning . . . or an equalizer/amplifier to give you an added edge of flexibility. . . or a speaker system which is capable of reproducing the full power of the music, Targa has built all these products just for you. We only left out one thing. . . the high price tag.

For your nearest dealer, call (800) 4A-TARGA,
In California (213) 946-7535, In Canada, (514) 342-4441

Car provided by Vector Motors, Wilmington, CA.

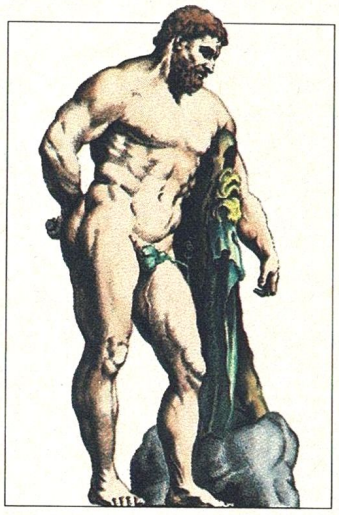
TARGA

Affordable High End Autosound

Anyone who gets one or two so-called "normal" colds a year is not in optimum health.

FITNESS

BY MICHAEL COLGAN, Ph.D.



Ever since I was a child, my mother has made me take vitamin C pills every day to prevent colds. Now that I live in my own apartment I still take them out of habit, but I do get one or two awful colds every year. This seems normal to me, despite the vitamin C. Does it really do anything?—W. Lindsey, Lawrence, Kans.

Despite enormous criticism from his colleagues, Dr. Linus Pauling has stuck to his claim that large doses of vitamin C alleviate the symptoms of colds and the flu and may even prevent them. It is hard to defend such a position because, physiologically, vitamin C does very little *by itself*. Vitamins work only in combination with each other. It is the interaction of nutrients, not their individual actions, that are the basis of their biological functions.

Dr. Pauling has to concede that in order to use the extra vitamin C effectively, the body must have sufficient amounts of its principal synergists, namely vitamin B_6 (pyridoxine), vitamin B_{12} (cobalamin), folic acid, choline, and the essential mineral zinc. But Dr. Pauling disagrees, citing controlled studies which show that vitamin C alone reduces the frequency and intensity of colds and the flu. Indeed it does, but then you are relying on your diet or the body's nutrient stores to provide the necessary synergists. One of the main reasons why some studies of vitamin C and the common cold have shown that the vitamin has no effect is that sufficient amounts of the synergist nutrients were not present in the participating subjects.

The main support for Pauling's position is the strong possibility that the Recommended Daily Allowance (RDA) for vitamin C, 60 milligrams, is insufficient. The RDA for vitamin C is based on the amount necessary to prevent scurvy, and the amount metabolized daily by the body. But these requirements probably do not represent the amounts necessary for optimum health. Metabolism was estimated from studies in which subjects' diets had little or no vitamin C. The daily amount used from the body's reserves was then measured. We now know that these measures are too low, because when you deprive the healthy body of dietary vitamin C, it defends itself by using as little of its reserves as possible. Also, the total body reserve of vitamin C deemed adequate in the RDA estimates is only 1,500 milligrams. But this is based on people presumed to be healthy because they exhibit no discernible disease, the sort of people who get one or two so-called "normal" colds a year. Anyone who gets colds or the flu is not in optimum health.

Finally, the RDA handbook concedes that many factors may increase vitamin C needs, including emotional or environmental stress. But no allowance is made for such factors in the RDA.

If I were making a vitamin C supplement, it would come not in milligrams, but grams—and include all the synergists. The elite athletes on our programs take such a supplement, and they get significantly fewer infections. Many of the subjects in our long-term studies of optimum nutrition have not had a cold or the flu for up to ten years.

I recently started working out on the weight machines at a local health club and have been told that if you don't feel that burning sensation in your muscles, you're not really working and won't benefit. I find that my muscles start to burn just as I'm finishing the last few reps on some of the machines, mostly the ones for legs. Should I increase the weights or ignore those people?—A. Ginsberg, Mt. Vernon, N.Y.

The prevalent notion that you have to work muscles until they burn in order to benefit is codswallop! Almost any exercise against resistance produces progressive benefits, whether maximum or not. The "working to the burn" system has been used by bodybuilders for the past 50 years to make maximum gains in muscle size and definition. It does not yield maximum gains in strength. For strength, the best results come from high-weight, low-repetition routines. Recent studies, including some presented at the 1985 annual meeting of the American College of Sports Medicine in Nashville, show that working for maximum strength may actually reduce muscle size. You don't see track-and-field athletes working to the burn because they know that extra muscle size is extra dead weight to carry, especially as it is neither the strongest, nor the fastest, muscle tissue.

So the real question is, What is your purpose in working out? If it is strength and speed, then I suggest you subscribe to the *National Strength and Conditioning Association Journal* (251 Capitol Beach Blvd., Lincoln, Nebr. 68528), which is by far the best source for correct information on strength training for athletes. Alternatively, write to me with your questions. On the other hand, if your purpose is to look good at the beach or play Conan the Barbarian, then work to the burn for all you are worth. But remember, extra dead weight of muscle is almost as bad for your health as dead weight of fat, especially if all you use it for is to strut and puff. So work for that keen, lean, mean look that seems to be evermore "in." That body requires no extra-protein shakes, no breakfasts of a dozen egg whites, no amino-acid pills, and *definitely* no steroids. It is much healthier than "bulking up" and, so the buffs tell me, makes you incredibly randy.

Christmas Belles

RING IN THE NEW YEAR WITH THE GIFT OF PENTHOUSE!

This holiday, improve your standard of giving and send your friends a gift subscription to Penthouse—the gift that keeps on coming—all year long.

The first subscription you send costs just $36—a $7.50 savings off the regular cover price. Send a second gift subscription (or a third, or a fourth!) and pay just $30 each.

So wrap up your Christmas shopping early this year. Send in your coupon today!

Credit card holders are invited to call toll-free: 1-800-228-2028, Ext. 20. In Nebraska, call 1-800-642-8300, Ext. 20.

Penthouse Magazine. It's the perfect gift for the man who *wants* everything.

PENTHOUSE

PENTHOUSE MAGAZINE
P.O. BOX 3021, HARLAN, IA. 51593-2082
YES! Improve my standard of giving!
1st gift (12 issues) just $36. Save $7.50
Each additional gift just $30. Save $13.50
TO:
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____
TO:
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____
FROM: (You must complete this section)
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____
☐ In addition, send me a subscription.
☐ Check enclosed ☐ Money order enclosed
☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard-Interbank #_____
Acct.#_____ Exp. date:_____
Rates for U.S., APO, and FPO addresses only. Canada and elsewhere $46 for one year. U.S. currency only. Allow 6 to 8 weeks for delivery. HPBD7

The power player should concentrate on positive resolutions—not on giving things up, but doing things.

POWER GAME

BY MICHAEL KORDA

The tradition of making New Year's resolutions is as old as mankind. So is the tradition of breaking them.

It is a well-known fact that most New Year's resolutions involve pledging (to oneself or others) to give up one bad habit or another. It is also estimated that 90 percent of people who pledge to give up these things break their vows within 14 days.

The power player should concentrate on *positive* resolutions—not on giving things up, but *doing* things. Of course, everybody has their own order of priorities, but I offer a well-chosen list selected from several prominent power players, plus my own, in case you can't think of any resolutions of your own.

From the brilliantly successful CEO of a billion-dollar-plus corporation: "I promise to stop holding meetings to make decisions I could make myself by gut instinct." This is probably the single most important thing an executive can do. Most companies are strangled by meetings that use the time of up to a dozen people to validate a decision that has already been made. Such meetings are usually held to spread the responsibility for the decision. Those in positions of responsibility might usefully pledge to stop worrying about covering their ass and get on with the business of managing.

From a woman executive: "I'm going to make a real effort not to trust women more than men, even in a crisis." Women have brought to positions of power much the same prejudice in favor of their own sex that men have always been criticized for feeling. One of the many revelations of postliberation working life is that female chauvinism is just as disruptive and unproductive in the workplace as male chauvinism.

From a well-known international business celebrity: "I have pledged to actually give up, once and for all, the effort to read every business and newsmagazine, and use the time for something more useful." This is a common New Year's resolution among top-flight executives, most of whom feel obliged to read *The Wall Street Journal, Business Week, Forbes, Time, Newsweek,* and whatever specialized trade journals and magazines are spawned by their business. Almost everyone who promises to do this will break their pledge within a month, but the impulse is not a foolish one. The solution is to train one of your subordinates to clip the stories that you actually *should* read and throw away the rest of the magazine. You'd be astonished how much time you can save this way, while still being well-informed.

From the editor of a major newspaper: "I'm going to make a real effort to give credit where credit is due." This is a resolution that will last about as long as a soap bubble, but it's an important point. Nothing is more critical in business than learning how to give other people credit. Senior executives who claim the credit for every good thing that happens not only make themselves look ridiculous and lower office morale—they have to take the blame for everything when it goes wrong. Be generous with praise. In the end, it pays off for you.

If these New Year's resolutions don't apply to you, here are a year's worth of resolutions, guaranteed to bring the power/success seeker a few rungs higher up the corporate ladder.

1. Stop going around as if you were harried and overworked to the breaking point—the most successful executives always manage to look cool, calm, and collected, even in a crisis. Look relaxed, even if you don't feel it.

2. Never inflate the figures or exaggerate your own importance—sooner or later, this will backfire on you.

3. Examine yourself in the mirror. Examine the clothes in your closet. This is the new, conservative age of masculine elegance, and it's no time to look shabby or out-of-date. Buy two dark-blue suits, some white shirts, a couple of pairs of Church's black wing-tip shoes, and remember that even the most expensive suit looks awful if it isn't freshly pressed.

4. Never answer your own telephone, if you can possibly avoid it.

5. It is important not to say "yes" when you mean "no," but it is just as important not to say "no" when you mean "yes." Most people say "no" to more good ideas and propositions in the course of a day than they can possibly *imagine*. The major difference between successful and unsuccessful people is that successful people don't say "no" at the first sound of something new, different, difficult, or hard to explain. They *listen*.

6. If you've been working hard, promise yourself a vacation, and *take* it. The kind of people who never take vacations (and say so proudly) are *dummies*. Successful people aren't ashamed of relaxing.

7. Don't become too fond of the sound of your own voice. Talk less, and mean what you say.

8. Never sign a piece of paper until you have read and *understood* it, even if your own mother gives it to you.

9. When you think you have understood it, read the piece of paper again, even if your own mother tells you it's okay.

10. Watch out for beautiful female executives. There are still a few men around who think the pretty girl in the office next door is after their body. She is not. She is after your *job*.

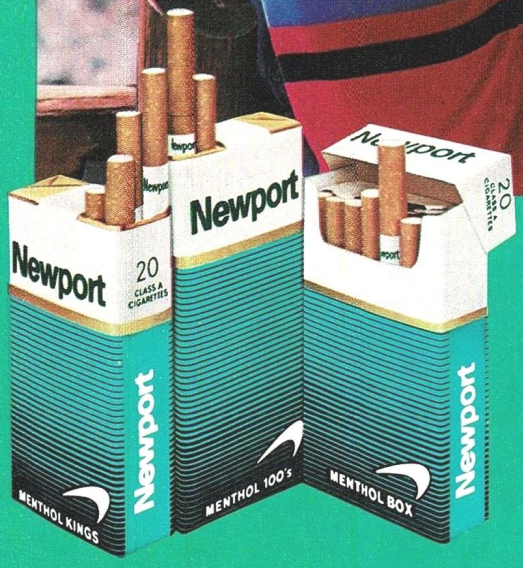
11. Do not get carried away at next year's Christmas party.

12. Do not make resolutions you can't keep!

Alive with pleasure!

Newport

© Lorillard, Inc., U.S.A., 1985



After all, if smoking isn't a pleasure, why bother?

Box: 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine; Kings: 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine; 100's: 19 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report February 1985.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

"He had been masturbating (young men are so horny!), and with only a wicked smile on my lips, I slid into bed beside him."

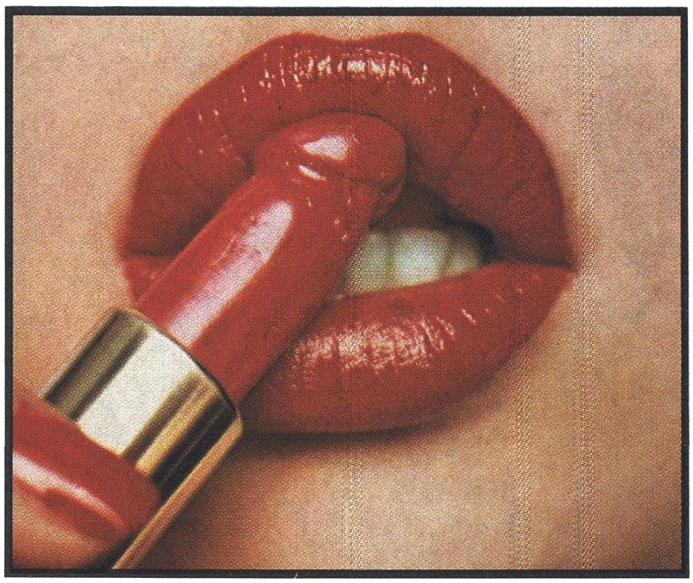
XAVIERA HOLLANDER
CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

I am a 39-year-old widow. A recent series of experiences has caused me to write to ask you whether making love to a man with a very large penis can lead to any kind of internal injuries for a woman.

In the two years since my husband died, I have really come out of my shell sexually. Although my husband was 26 years older than me—I married him when I was 25—I had a few affairs. Since his death, I have had numerous affairs and encounters. I have always taken care to be very discreet, as the community I live in is very conservative. My husband left me a large sum of money, and I like to maintain the same social connections and rather opulent lifestyle I grew used to.

My figure is still very good. I have fairly large but firm breasts, a slim waist, and a nice behind and legs. I exercise regularly and can still attract any man I choose to have, In the past two years, I have done some fairly outrageous things. I've slept with two men at the same time and seduced the attractive husband of an enemy of mine at a party while she was downstairs dancing. I've discovered that young men give me the greatest pleasure. Young men, 18–25, can usually come six times in one evening. (I once was with an 18 year old who had 15 orgasms with me between 10 P.M. and 9 A.M.) Older men can seldom come more than two or three times. However, my desire for younger men did not prepare me for the enormous pleasure I have found with Chris, who is the cute boyfriend of my stepdaughter, Samantha.



She came to visit over her spring break last year. Like me, she has blond hair and a very good body. She and her boyfriend went to bed early on their first night with me, and as I went past her bedroom I heard her erotic shrieks as they made love. I was very horny thinking of them fucking, and the fact that I was sleeping alone (to maintain appearances) only made it worse.

The next day my stepdaughter and I were talking, and Chris was out lying in the sun on the beach. The talk gradually came round to sex. We have always been very open with each other, as she looks on me as a sort of big sister. Samantha said that her sex life with Chris was not the greatest. Assuming that she was hinting that he was impotent, I said that it didn't sound so bad, judging by what I heard coming from her room the previous night. She blushed and said the problem was quite the opposite: Chris was so well endowed that entering her was frequently impossible and was always very painful. When she described the size of him, I professed disbelief but was very turned on. While I continued to talk to her, I became determined to see for myself.

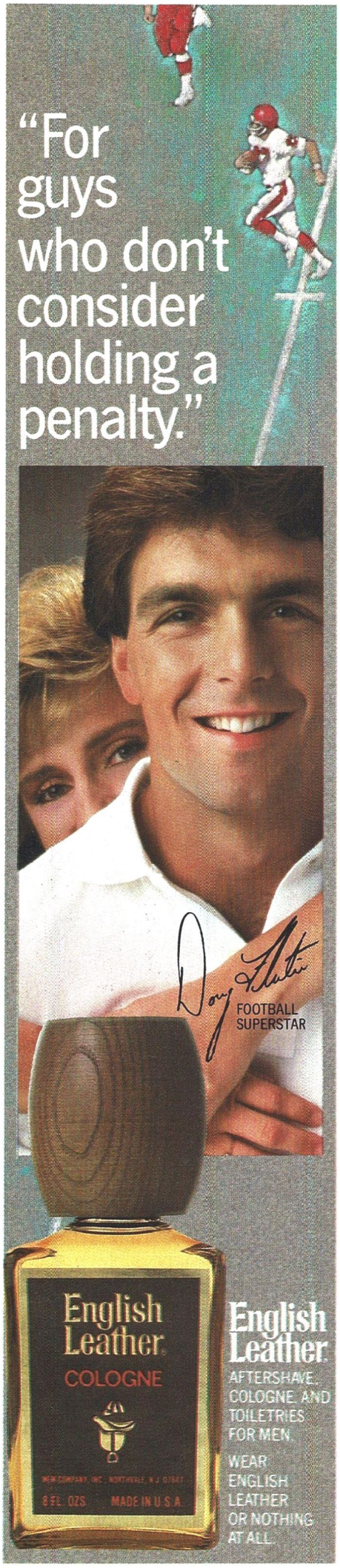
My chance would come very easily, as they had booked different flights back home and Chris's flight left a day after Samantha's. In the meantime, I provoked him by wearing tight bathing suits and short see-through dresses. By the end of his stay, Chris was paying as much attention to me as to Samantha. I knew he would be mine as soon as I returned home from the airport. I wore small, white, string-tied panties, high-heeled shoes, and a white sundress, which was so see-through you could see my braless breasts quite clearly through the fabric.

By the time I got back to the house from the airport that day, I was so horny that my wetness was seeping down between the cheeks of my ass, and I was dying of frustration at every traffic light. When I finally got home, I took a glass of orange juice upstairs for Chris's breakfast. I knocked on the door and, without waiting for a reply, entered. Chris pulled the sheet up over him with a swift movement. But before he did, I caught sight of a penis that would have been more at home on a mule than a human. He had been masturbating (young men are so horny!), and with only a wicked smile on my lips, I slid into bed beside him. I pulled my dress up to reveal most of my thighs, leaned over, said, "Good morning," and kissed him full on the lips. He did not hold back, and soon our tongues were twisting around each other like writhing snakes, as my hand slid down his chest and stomach, under the sheet, to touch his cock.

He was already very hard,

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send yours to Xaviera Hollander, *Penthouse* Magazine, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

SPIRIT OF JOY.
IMPORTED
FINLANDIA®
Vodka of Finland
FINLANDIA
DISTILLED FROM GRAIN • PRODUCT OF FINLAND • 750
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED
Vodka of Finland
Imported in This Bottle
FINLANDIA.
THE WORLD'S FINEST VODKA®.
OVER ICE.
SEND "THE WORLD'S FINEST VODKA" AS A GIFT ANYWHERE IN THE CONTINENTAL U.S. WHERE ALLOWED BY STATE LAW. CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-238-4373.
"FINLANDIA" AND "THE WORLD'S FINEST VODKA"
ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF ALKO LTD. 80 AND 100 PROOF
IMPORTED BY PALACE BRANDS COMPANY, FARMINGTON, CT.
"FINLANDIA PAYS TRIBUTE TO TRADITION" ©ALKO LTD. 1985



and without another word I went down on him. Samantha had hardly been exaggerating. I have slept with 70 or 80 men and have enjoyed some large men, but I had not seen one with such an extraordinarily large penis as Chris's. I ate him slowly to make him swell up, I was so fascinated. He was about 12 or 13 inches long and thick with a glans like an apple and a shaft so big I could not get my hand around it, except beneath the head. I brought him to orgasm with my mouth and both hands, one above the other. As he quivered and shot an enormous load of sweet-tasting sperm into my mouth, I came from sheer excitement. He was hard again soon, and I removed my clothes and straddled him. I then gyrated down on his monstrous thing and had a shattering, mind-blowing orgasm. As his full cock entered me, my knees went weak and I collapsed onto him, coming again. I had never felt so full before. It felt like his penis was touching my stomach, my lungs, and my spine.

Needless to say, we stayed in bed all day fucking in many different positions. I could not take him all the way doggy-style, as I felt a sharp pain when he thrust. The day he left, I was afflicted by very painful cramps in my abdomen after a particularly acrobatic fuck we'd had in the living room.

I am presently planning a trip to where Samantha and Chris live and have reserved a suite at a fine hotel for two nights. I look forward to some more of the extreme pleasure I experienced last year. I am, however, slightly worried that my relationship with Samantha will suffer if she ever finds out. Do you think I ought to tell all? Also, are the cramps I experienced a warning of something worse?—J. M.

You have your life perfectly arranged; you can do almost anything you want. But if you make a habit of seducing men whom other women regard as their property, your days of happiness may be numbered. Eventually the female element in your area will ostracize you. However, if you are discreet in your behavior and reasonable in your demands, you can probably continue to be as outrageous as you like in private, as long as your body holds out. Screwing your stepdaughter's boyfriend I would reckon to be on the danger list, even though you might be doing her a favor. Not to mention poor Chris who, despite popular belief, probably finds it difficult to persuade any girl into letting that monstrous schlong into her tight little pussy.

A woman's vagina is a wonderful thing. It can stretch during childbirth to much greater dimensions than any male organ, but as every mother knows, having a baby is not exactly painless.

Inside your body, around your cunt, are many delicate and important organs like your kidneys, intestines, and so forth. If they are stirred by repeated and vigorous thrusts of a prick the size of a baseball bat, they can be easily injured. Pain is a warning signal. If it hurts, it may be harmful. Everything has its limits. So be satisfied with what you've got, and don't be too greedy.

HAIRY EXPERIENCE

I would like to describe my experiences with two women and their body hair. I hope you can give me some advice.

I have always loved a great head of hair. Seven years ago I met Lauren, who was blessed with an abundant growth of blond hair on her arms, upper legs, and cunt. She was extremely proud of it and made every effort to show it off. During the summer, she would dye her very blond cunt hair brown and carefully curl and display it in the skimpiest bikini. She was constantly getting stares and was approached by both men and women commenting about it. She told me that women most often admired it, especially in the gym. She was the most erotic, sexy woman I had ever met. Her love for beautiful hair convinced me to let mine grow. Three years later, however, she decided to move back to her parents' home in Florida. For two years, I missed her beautiful body and conceded that I would not see another woman like her again.

Two years ago my prayers were answered. I was having my hair trimmed in a shop I frequently visit when I noticed a beautiful brunette in the opposite chair. Her hair reached her waist. Unfortunately, she left before I did. I stared at her as she left, her magnificent flowing tresses swinging behind her. I just had to talk to her. All my stylist knew about her was that her name was Nina. When I left the shop, she was waiting in the reception room. We smiled and I approached her. She said that she was very attracted to my hair and that she had never seen mid-back–length hair on a guy.

I arranged a dinner date for that night. Most of our conversation was about hair. I then noticed some dark hairs on her wrist, concealed by her long-sleeved blouse. When I mentioned it, she suddenly put both her hands on my lap and tried to change the subject, but I could not ignore it. I told her about Lauren and my feelings. She was incredibly shy about her body hair. She felt that it was not feminine. After a lot of coaxing, she finally revealed one arm. She had hair that was as thick as Lauren's, except that it was dark. I knew then that I had to see the rest of her body.

For over three months our relationship grew, and she finally invited me to her apartment. She greeted me at the door wearing a dress. It revealed for the first time that her arms and legs were covered with long, thick, dark hair. All I could think of was how to get her out of her clothes.

She was equally enthralled with my hair. Both of us took great care and time brushing each other's hair. I tried to undress her, but she resisted. By the size of the bulge of my cock, she knew that

CONTINUED ON PAGE 164

EYE-FI

You're looking at what's ahead for the television set. At Proton, we call it "eye-fi."

The Proton 625, above, is a video monitor/receiver. It's the evolution of American TV. Enjoy its absolutely superior performance just as it is. Or enhance its great sound by making it a component part of your present audio system.

A demonstration will convince you of the startling difference between Proton and what you're used to. You'll see deep, rich black, not washed-out gray. You'll see vivid color and true perspectives, instead of unreal hues and distorted angles. And above all, you'll see the whole broadcast picture, instead of one whose edges have been cropped as much as 20% due to overscanning.

While Proton has features of other sets like infrared remote control, 139 channel tuning range, and a built-in *stereo* tuner, our monitor/receiver goes beyond any other brand's "state-of-the-art" technology. Even beyond, in resolution capability, the signal quality TV stations presently broadcast.

In short, Proton is what TV should be. But something this superior isn't inexpensive. Just remember what your dad always said... "You get what you pay for." He didn't know that with Proton you get a whole lot more.

See for yourself. Call us for the nearest dealer. Because if we're this careful about making a great TV, we're also careful about who sells it.

Proton, clearly the best.

P R O T O N

For technical data or dealer location, call (800) 772-0172. In California call (800) 428-1006.

©1985 Proton, 737 W. Artesia Blvd., Compton, CA 90220 Simulated picture screen.

BEFORE YOU BUY A CAR FROM JAPAN, CONSIDER THE COMPANY THAT USED TO MAKE EVERY CAR IN JAPAN.

When we built our first car way back in 1914, we were literally the only car makers in Japan.

And for the purist who demands uncompromising performance, we may still be.

As proof, we offer the car you see here. The stunning new Turbo Impulse.

Its sleek sculptured fuselage was created by Giorgio Giugiaro, the same designer who created the legendary Maserati Bora and Lamborghini Miura.

Its 2-liter fuel-injected powerplant is not only controlled by a computer, it's fitted with one of the world's most advanced intercooled turbochargers.

Resulting in 140 horsepower of what *Car and Driver* magazine vividly calls "street-fighter muscles."

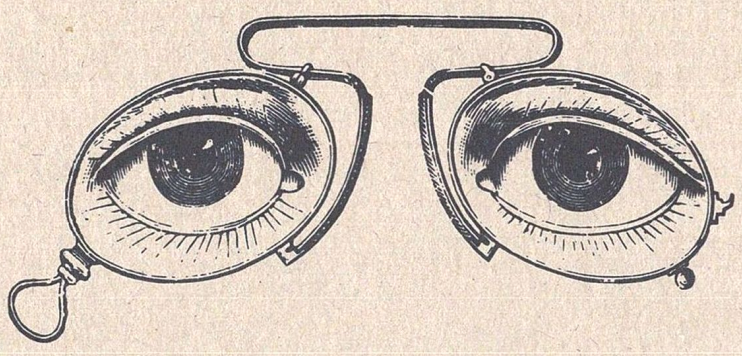
And as for its amenities, even the jaded editors of *Motor Trend* were forced to exclaim that "the Impulse is equipped with just about every comfort and convenience device known to the automotive world."

All of which means that our new Turbo Impulse may very well have something in common with the first car we built seventy-one long years ago.

A genuine lack of competition.

THE FIRST CAR BUILDERS OF JAPAN.

ISUZU



VIEW FROM THE TOP

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

BY EMILY PRAGER

So long, 1985. Good riddance, Year of the Yuppies! It was the least funny year in memory. A year so conservative that fine artists started dressing like bankers. A year so greed-filled that even rock stars got embarrassed and had to do something to save their souls. A year so paranoiac that the stock in rubber gloves and condoms skyrocketed. A year so celebrity-oriented that even the President's colon made *Time* magazine.

It was a year in which a few good things happened: Rock Hudson got a book deal. Richard Gere didn't star in a movie. Jerry Falwell exposed his fundamentalist position for the white-racist ethic it truly is. Johnny Carson got divorced again. We got to know Nabi Berri.

This was a year of so little substance that I, for one, am making resolutions. I really feel, unless I plan now for '86, I might be trapped forever in an era that believes that chocolate-chip-cookie stores are a necessity of life.

New Year's Resolutions for 1986: 1. *I will not abuse the elderly.* Like most Americans, I love to kick, beat, punch, stab, and starve the elderly. But it doesn't look good. And it isn't good karma. So I promise I won't do it any longer.

2. *I will absolutely adhere to any advice Jane Fonda gives and totally follow her beliefs as the gospel truth.* Who knows more about real life than Jane Fonda, with her wealth of education and experience? I thoroughly agree with her that all society's problems are the fault of pornographic filmmakers and not the military-industrial complex like she said in the sixties. I also agree that, as a feminist, I should spend half my day working on the shape of my thighs.

3. *I will not be ashamed that America is the biggest debtor nation next to Mexico and Brazil.* Nor will I be humiliated by the fact that America cannot make cars or shoes or anything anymore that anyone else in the world seems to want to buy.

4. *Come January 2, I will write to the salvage company and bid for a set of Titanic dinnerware.* If they refuse to salvage it, I'll hire my own divers. Actually, I'll take anything: Titanic ashtrays, silver, glasses. It's perfect for my trousseau.

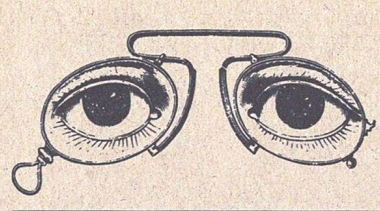
5. *I will stop sharing my coke with baseball players.* They're absolute pigs. They never share back. They never give you season tickets. If they get busted, they'll finger you to the fuzz in about two seconds. Never again.

6. *I will not make jokes for AIDS victims.* It's too dangerous. When they laugh, their spit can fall on you, or their tears of hilarity can get in a paper cut on your finger. No, no. It's too big a price to pay. I will not make them laugh anymore.

7. *I will not buy any rock 'n' roll records that have references to sex and drugs.* I mean those Moral Majority mothers are right. God knows what effect sleazy lyrics have had on me over the years. I mean if I hadn't listened to the Stones and the Doors and the Dead and all that immoral stuff, I probably wouldn't have had all that great sex or all those wild drug experiences and I wouldn't have anything to write about and Christ, I'd be a better person today. God, I wish they'd rated records when I was young. I miss out on everything. Why am I always born too soon?

8. *I will stop making fun of Ronald Reagan's senility.* The man has been shot in the chest. He's had half his colon removed. No wonder he can't remember what he's said from one day to the next. He was so cute when he apologized for saying there's no segregation in South Africa. And he was so dear when he realized his gaffe in honoring the SS at Bitburg. The presidency is a big job and he's way too old to do it. It's enough that he stands there and looks handsome. I will never make fun of him again.

9. *I will save my money and go to Laos to visit the MIAs.* I know they're there. The government just won't admit it. If I can't get to Laos this year, then I'll go to Saskatchewan and find Bigfoot.



VIEW FROM THE TOP

LAW

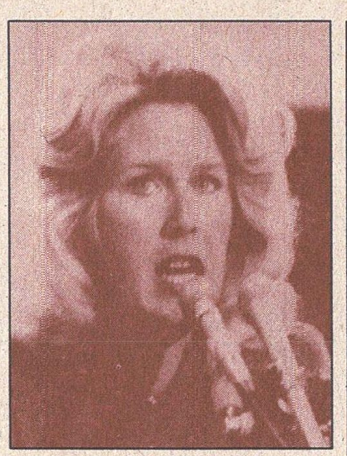
BY ALAN M. DERSHOWITZ

The rating game is upon us with a vengeance. A lot of folks, it seems, want ratings slapped on nearly everything we read, hear, or see to protect us—and our children—from what are perceived to be negative influences. The implications for freedom of expression are ominous.

Here are some recent examples of the trend toward a rated society:

• The Parents' Music Resource Center, an organization headed by the wives of several prominent politicians, is calling for the record industry to place an R rating on all recordings that "contain explicit language, sexual references [or] inferences to situations not commonly recommended for all age groups." Several members of Congress have proposed legislating such warnings under penalty of law. Performers ranging from John Denver to Frank Zappa oppose a mandatory system, calling it a step on the road to censorship and an "ill-conceived piece of nonsense." But the Recording Industry Association of America—fearful of government regulation—has agreed to recommend that all new records with "questionable" lyrics carry the following label: PARENTAL GUIDANCE—EXPLICIT LYRICS.

• Several antidrug groups are demanding that the Motion Picture Association of America, which rates movies, create a new category for movies that glorify drugs. SA would signify that "substance abuse" was favorably portrayed in the film.



Jim Baker's wife battles heavy metal.

• The National Council of Churches is calling for the Federal Communications Commission to require television stations to rate their programs, especially as to violence. They also want movie, cable, and network TV ratings to become more specific. They recommend, among others, the following descriptions: "brief frontal nudity," "strong sexual language," "mild comic violence," "western violence," and "strong graphic violence."

• A California TV talk-show host recently demanded that magazines featuring nude centerfolds be required to carry the following warning on the cover: "Caution: The Surgeon General has determined that pornography may be hazardous to your health."

If the rating trend catches on, there will be no end to the demands some groups may make. For example:

• Feminist groups will insist that an MCP sticker, for "male chauvinist pig," be attached to all sexist expression.

• Jewish organizations will demand that an ASS label, for "anti-Semitic slur," be affixed to negative depictions of Jews.

• Black groups will ask that the R rating be reserved for "racist" material, while atheists will suggest the R be used to signify religious messages, and anti-Communists will insist that it be used to identify positive portrayals of Reds.

• Homosexual activists will try to have antigay portrayals designated HP—for "homophobic."

• The American Legion will lobby for an AP label to warn parents of the "antipatriotic" messages smuggled into some TV shows.

Labels do not merely provide objective information to potential consumers. They are perceived to convey a message of disapproval. That message is often used as a first step toward official or unofficial censorship.

Back in the 1960s, several cities tried to prohibit X- or R-rated films from playing. Those efforts were rebuffed by the courts, but television stations use the movie ratings to determine which films to air, and some theaters refuse to show films that do not receive "suitable" ratings.

It is perfectly proper—though in my view, silly—for churches and other concerned groups to create their own internal rating systems for their members. But once the government gets into the act, individual choice for all citizens is in danger of becoming constrained.

We are a robust people with a tradition of being able to take care of our own morality through the family, the church, and other voluntary associations. We do not need official raters to tell us whether a film, record, or magazine is "suitable" for us or our children. Homogeneous concepts of suitability have little place in our heterogeneous and diverse society.

Nearly 20 years ago, the United States Supreme Court struck down a Dallas rating ordinance that required all films to be classified as either "suitable" or "not suitable" for young persons. In declaring the statute unconstitutionally vague, Justice Thurgood Marshall cautioned that among the "vice[s] of vagueness" was the danger that media outlets would not be able to afford to show anything except "the totally inane." He warned that "the vast wasteland that some have described in reference to another medium might be verdant paradise in comparison."

In a society as diverse and opinionated as our own, nearly everything offends someone. Let us leave it to each individual and family to make the decision about what to read, hear, and see. As George Bernard Shaw once wrote: "Do not do unto others as you would that they should do unto you. Their tastes may not be the same as yours."

SCENES

BY ALBERT GROSS

Adventure Gaming magazine lauded Nuclear War as ". . .the quintessential beer and pretzels game." Two Labour party members of the British Parliament condemned it as "disgusting and offensive" and tried to bar its importa-

Nuclear War: Why should the Pentagon have all the fun?

tion to Britain. Douglas Malewicki, the game's inventor, says, "Why should the Pentagon and Kremlin have all the fun?" Rick Loomis, the owner of Flying Buffalo Inc., the game's tiny distributor, says, "Why should the military contractors be the only ones to profit from nuclear war?"

Malewicki was an aerospace engineer and graduate student at Stanford University when he invented Nuclear War way back in 1965. He manufactured the game himself and easily sold out the first edition of 3,000. He then set to work designing jet-propelled motorcycles and solar-powered mopeds, and more or less forgot about Nuclear War. Meanwhile, a cult following was growing. In 1972, FBI—Flying Buffalo Inc., that is—tracked down Malewicki and offered him a royalty deal to reissue the game, complete with fallout spinner and all its cards for "Saturn missiles," "propaganda coups," "100-megaton bombs," and "millions of doomed people." Since then, the small company has sold nearly 100,000 games, and recent debates over nuclear strategy have increased the game's popularity even more.

Not to be outdone by Ronald Reagan, Loomis recently updated his weapons. His company introduced a companion game, Nuclear Escalation, which features such Star Wars weapons as killer satellites and orbiting missile platforms. But like any defense contractor, he still wants to make money on the old weapons systems, so Nuclear War is still on the market. The public is no more savvy than the Pentagon about getting stuck with obsolete weapons—both games are selling well.

Business has been so brisk that FBI now sponsors annual nationwide tournaments by computer mail. Players can toss nuclear fireballs at their opponents in Moscow, Idaho, or Lebanon, Pennsylvania. A team of cadets from the Air Force Academy regularly competes.

In the first Nuclear War tournament, all the teams, from 18 cities, lost after 23 hours of play. The warmongers dropped over 1,485 megatons of lethal bombs. The final body count was 687 million, about three times the U.S. population. More teams entered the game the next year, and again everybody lost.

Increasingly, Nuclear War is in evidence in split-level bungalows, college frat houses, and company lunchrooms—in short, anywhere that two to six players, representing superpowers, attempt to gain world domination. Malewicki says, "The object of the game is to conquer the other countries by using guile and cunning. If that fails—nuke 'em!"

PEOPLE

BY ROGER MUMMERT

Evel Knievel, the man who once dreamed of jumping the Grand Canyon in a supercharged motorcycle, seems content these days merely to paint it.

"People know me for my stunts," Knievel says, from his home and painting studio in Butte, Montana. "But my first love is painting. I've done it since I was a kid."

Knievel paints western scenes, wildlife studies, and portraits of American Indians in a ruddy, realistic style that evokes emotions of peril, grandeur, and maleness. Though his detractors might label it "rec-room art," his work is "enormously popular" at over 100 art galleries and "better department stores," according to his agent, Michael Cassis.

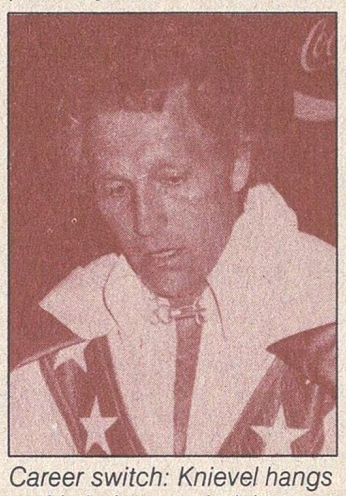
The secret to marketing his art lies in the cross-country tours he makes in his $460,000 customized Greyhound bus, which pulls a mobile art gallery. Knievel, who hasn't jumped in nearly a decade, hawks his paintings at shopping malls and casinos.

Prints of his work sell for $19.95. The modest price is made possible by personal-appearance fees. A Fourth of July at Resorts International in Atlantic City netted him $10,000. His signed and limited lithographs sell for $100 to $500, and he has received as much as $70,000 for a commissioned canvas of an American eagle. He estimates he sells a minimum of $10,000 worth of prints and lithographs every month.

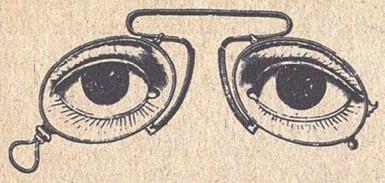
Knievel's favorite is a portrait of Mother Teresa. He says he painted it "in spite" after watching evangelist Oral Roberts on television.

"He was telling people that if they wanted to grow hair or thought their nose was too long to send him $25," he explains. "I got pissed off at that lyin' son of a bitch and painted Mother Teresa from the cover of *Time* magazine. She doesn't go on TV and ask for money. She's a true creature of God."

So what's to do after you've lived 47 thrills-and-spills years, broken 50 bones, had 14 operations, carried steel plates in both arms, and incessantly told kids—who probably never listened—not



Career switch: Knievel hangs up his helmet and picks up a paintbrush.



VIEW FROM THE TOP

to do what you've done?

"Nothin'," says Knievel. "I've done it all. I just want to enjoy my family, play golf every day, and birdie every hole until I die."

And to be known as a painter.

"Being an American hero is the shortest-lived profession," says Knievel. "But if you're known for one thing, it's the hardest thing in the world to be known for something else."

SEX NEWS

BY JOSEPH SPEAR

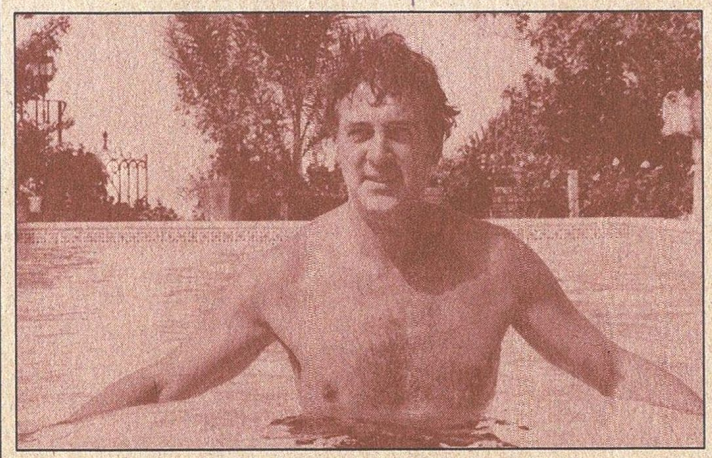
It wasn't until last July, when Rock Hudson checked into the American Hospital in Paris to receive treatment for AIDS, that the world at large became aware of his probable homosexual proclivities. The late actor's sexual habits were no surprise, however, to the ubiquitous sleuths who work for the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Documents in the bureau's files suggest the G-men had been peeking into Hudson's bedroom for at least 24 years.

Although the late director J. Edgar Hoover strained to project the image of a man possessed of Victorian virtues, he was clearly a closet voyeur. His gumshoes demonstrated an inordinate interest in who was sleeping with whom in Washington and in Hollywood. There was the nymphomaniacal singer who was caught in flagrante delicto with the owner of a Las Vegas hotel by the man's wife. There was the well-known writer who attended "homosexual parties." There was the famous football player who impregnated an airline stewardess.

Then, it seems, there was Rock Hudson.

One of the most telling documents in the FBI's Rock Hudson file is a 19-year-old "name check" report submitted in response to a Secret Service request.

The Secret Service's interest in Hudson was apparently sparked by an incident that occurred at Lyndon Johnson's ranch, near Austin, Texas, in 1965. Lady Bird Johnson had hosted a barbecue and, just as the guests were leaving, Hudson arrived in a small airplane. He was accompanied by another man who, according to a Secret Service memo, was "an alleged homosexual." Hudson and his companion, the memo continues, "requested a meeting with Mrs. Johnson and a tour of the Ranch. However, she did not meet with them upon our advice and they departed a short time later."



Rock Hudson's private life was government property.

Because Hudson had shown up unannounced and requested to see a member of the first family, he automatically became of "protective interest" to the Secret Service. The memorandum describing his visit to the LBJ Ranch was forwarded to Washington and a file was opened in his name. Following routine investigative procedure, the Secret Service asked the FBI to search its files for whatever information it had accumulated about the actor.

Hoover's never-fail files coughed up the following summary, dated October 28, 1966: "Rock Hudson has not been the subject of an FBI investigation. During 1965, however, a confidential informant reported that several years ago while he was in New York he had an 'affair' with movie star Rock Hudson. The informant stated that from personal knowledge he knew that Rock Hudson was a homosexual. The belief was expressed that by 'personal knowledge' the informant meant he had personally indulged in homosexual acts with Hudson or had witnessed or received the information from individuals who had done so.

"On another occasion, information was received by the Los Angeles Office of the FBI that it was common knowledge in the motion picture industry that Rock Hudson was suspected of having homosexual tendencies.

"It is to be noted in May, 1961, a confidential source in New York also stated that Hudson definitely was a homosexual.

"Our files contain no additional pertinent information identifiable with Mr. Hudson.

"The fingerprint files of the Identification Division of the FBI contain no arrest data identifiable with Mr. Hudson based upon background information submitted in connection with this name check request."

In short, Rock Hudson had committed no crime. He had engaged in no subversive activities. He was not involved in the distribution or use of hazardous substances. Nevertheless, the FBI had compiled a dossier of gamy rumors about his sex life. Perhaps Hoover presciently suspected that an actor would one day be president of the United States, and he was simply covering all the bases.

It should be noted, in fairness, that since 1975 FBI policy forbids the indiscriminate accumulation of such information. According to Assistant Director William Baker, any information that is retained by the FBI in its files must be "relevant and necessary to accomplish an investigative purpose." There has to be a "case nexus," Baker explained. He pointed out that each document is carefully reviewed by a field supervisor and, if necessary, a legal adviser, before being entered into the filing system.

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS

"How come no one told me *it was Miller time?"*

Satanism is a nightmare
come true . . . a
nationwide epidemic of evil.

THE DEVIL MADE ME DO IT

BY DR. JOEL NORRIS AND JERRY ALLEN POTTER

Mention the word *Satan* and most of us see a pointy-eared devil with a barbed tail and skin the color of a boiled lobster. We smile knowingly and, with comfortable sagacity, assign this conjured image a place in the pantheon of childhood myths. We reserve such creatures for horror novels and mind-twist movies like *Rosemary's Baby* and *The Exorcist*. We do not doubt that evil is real, for we have seen it in the faces of killers like Henry Lee Lucas, David Berkowitz, Charles Manson, Bernard LeGeros, Richard Ramirez, Charles Ng, and the recently departed Leonard Lake. But these men have nothing to do with Satan.

Or do they?

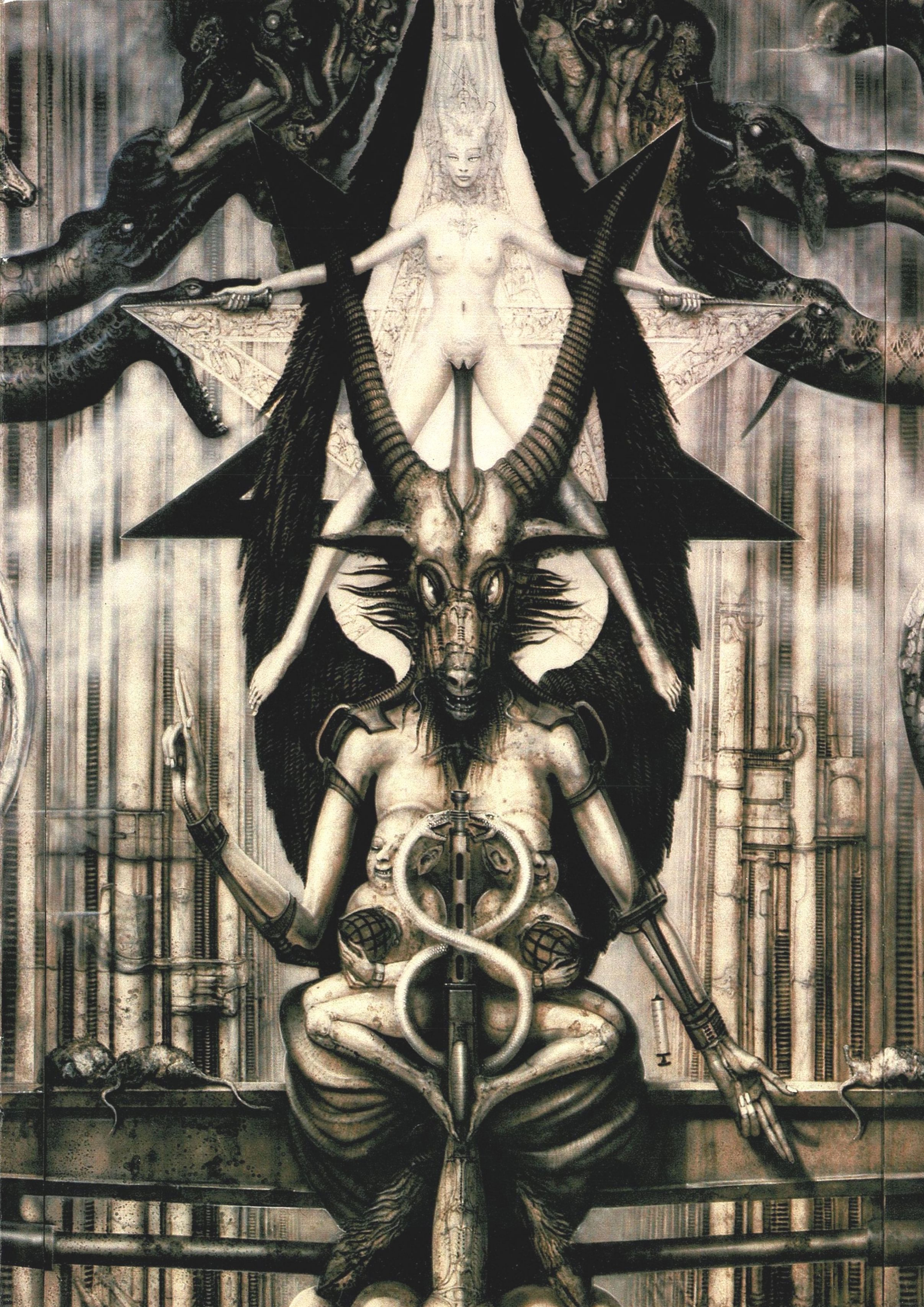
In virtually every state in the nation, authorities are investigating some form of Satanic activity. In 22 municipalities in Los Angeles County alone, detectives and social workers are enmeshed in investigations of child-porn rings with ritualistic overtones. Cult murders are being reported at a fantastic rate; graves are being robbed in New England; skulls are sold to New York practitioners of devil worship; witches' covens are reportedly practicing human sacrifice in Ohio; we hear of day-care horror victims, and of small children writing the Satanic alphabet before they can do the ABCs; young children, scores of them in certain areas, are telling the same stories about infants being murdered before their eyes in strange devil rituals attended by their parents; girls are claiming to have been chosen as "Satan's bride" by their parents' cults. Astounding?

Perhaps, but the people propagating these tales apparently believe them.

Is the phenomenon, as has been suggested, simply a psychiatric metaphor for a greater societal malaise? Is the devil simply an uncomplaining dumping ground upon whom mentally disturbed people can conveniently blame their ills? Are all these people dreaming up these stories and then spreading them in a dark brand of communal hysteria?

Penthouse has been researching this subject exten-

PAINTING BY H. R. GIGER



sively for the past year. What follows is an overview of what we found.

Authorities have discovered that Satanism is practiced in three ways in the United States:

1. By religious Satanists who claim not to be involved in criminal activity. These include Anton LaVey, author of the *Satanic Bible* and founder of the Church of Satan in San Francisco; Dr. Michael Aquino, former LaVey disciple and founder of San Francisco's Temple of Set (the ancient Egyptian god of the independent psyche); Robert and Mary Anne de Grimston, officials of the Church of the Final Judgement, also known as The Process (former members of this group are being investigated for possible involvement in certain murder sprees and ritualistic killings in the United States).

2. By self-styled Satanists who have murdered in the name of Satan, including Ricky Kasso and Carl Drew.

3. By Satanic cults, including large and small networks and independent, local covens practicing torture, mind control, child sexual abuse, necrophilia, and sometimes murder. Alleged members of this type of cult are such infamous killers as Henry Lee Lucas, David Berkowitz, Charles Manson, Sirhan Sirhan, Charles Ng, and Leonard Lake.

Penthouse has spoken with over 20 victims of ritualistic childhood sexual abuse throughout the nation whose ages range from seven to 54.

• An eight-year-old girl in San Francisco told police that in a candle-lit room where a crucifix was hung upside down, her father burned a baby's legs. The girl said she was forced to stab the baby.

• Children in Jordan, Minnesota, described bloody child murders and animal sacrifices. Although charges against 23 adults were dropped and one couple was acquitted, a recent poll reports that 80 percent of the community still believe the grisly tales.

• Children in Sacramento, California, reported watching three youngsters beaten to death with a pipe in the making of a snuff film. Five men were charged with child molestation.

• In Bakersfield, California, 70 children have been taken away from their parents because the children claimed to have been used in cult rituals.

• In Atlanta, ritualistic killings of black children do not appear to have stopped, even after the arrest and conviction of Wayne Williams. Twenty black children have been killed in a similar manner since his arrest.

• In Spencer township, west of Toledo, 20 people have told officials about bloody rituals in which they witnessed the murders of children by witches and Satan worshipers. Sheriff James Telb said a cult had been operating in the area for 16 years, sacrificing an average of five people each year. His ongoing investigation has revealed that regular meetings were attended by up to 200 people from around the country. The story went nationwide when Telb began digging for bodies to prevent killings that were scheduled for the summer solstice. No bodies were found, but he did find a headless doll with a small pentagram ornament, an eight-inch dagger with blood on it, ceramic cups, pots of tempera paint, a crucifix mounted upside down, and several large crosses.

But by far the most insidious and best publicized example of possible ritual terrorism against children is the alleged torture of students of the Virginia McMartin Pre-school in Manhattan Beach, California. A single case of child molestation in January 1984 started an investigation that closed the school and resulted in seven people being charged in 208 counts of child sexual molestation. Three hundred eighty-nine former pupils of this school were interviewed at the prestigious Children's Institute in Los Angeles. All of them told of sexual abuse. The institute found that 80 percent of the children had physical evidence to document their abuse, including scar tissue of the vagina and anus, rectal bleeding, and painful bowel movements.

> Dr. Michael Aquino is an officer in the U.S. Army with a top-secret clearance. He is also the high priest of the leading Satanic group in America.

One bright, freckle-faced ten-year-old boy testified that he was shown photos taken during games of "Naked Movie Star"—a lure he alleged was used by one of the staff to seduce children into filmed sexual acts with adults. The boy claims to have seen animals slain on a church altar, one of several apparent efforts to frighten him into silence. He described robed and moaning strangers chanting in a whirling circle around the children at the school.

Why didn't he tell his parents? "Because I was scared they might get hurt." Even after extensive therapy, this child still tells his mother that the devil is trying to control him.

Other children have complained of being sodomized during naked games. Others say they were taken to a grocery store, a church, a cemetery, and a crematorium for bizarre rituals. One defendant allegedly killed rabbits in front of the children as a graphic demonstration of what would happen to their parents if they told.

Continual nightmares, excessive masturbation, inappropriate exposing of genitalia, and precocious sexual acts are not uncommon among the abused children. One mother recently caught her three-year-old son fellating a five-year-old neighbor boy.

Twenty-three families have filed a civil suit against the McMartin Pre-school. The defendants have been charged with bestiality and hiring out the children as prostitutes and using them in porn films. The suit further asserts that the sometimes drugged children were urinated and defecated upon, sodomized, raped, penetrated with objects, and forced to orally copulate adults and each other.

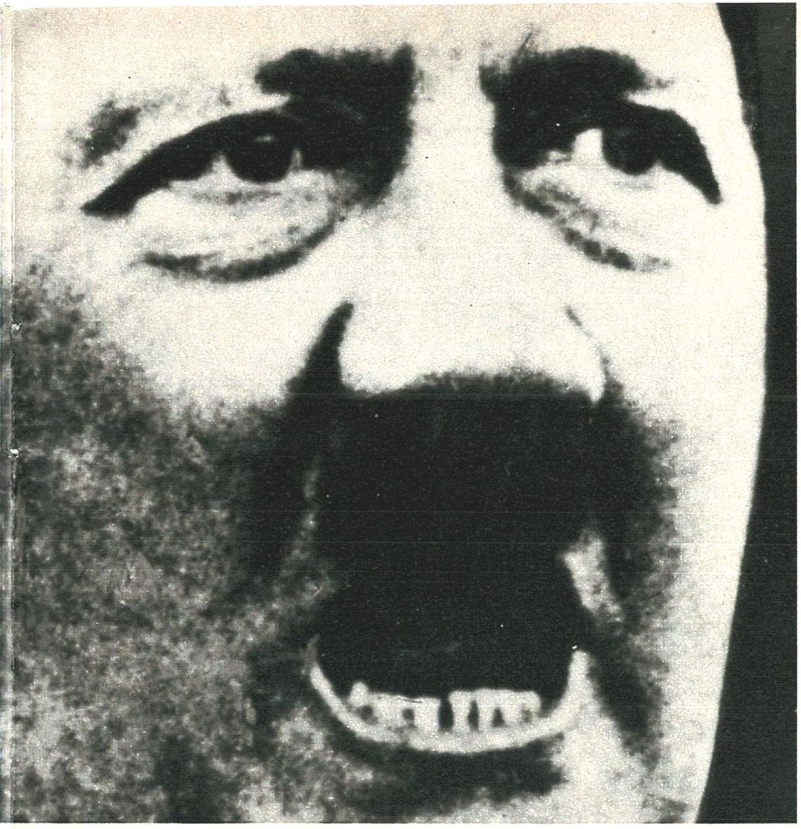
Skeptics of the devil-cult scenario should acknowledge the sheer number of child-victim allegations (over 800 in Los Angeles County alone), and the fact that from the beginning of the investigations the children have been talking to therapists about sexual games with adults wearing robes and talking in a funny language. Hundreds of victims, aged three to ten years, continue to talk—independently of each other—of animal mutilation, chanting, drinking of blood, urination in holy chalices, and even of human sacrifice.

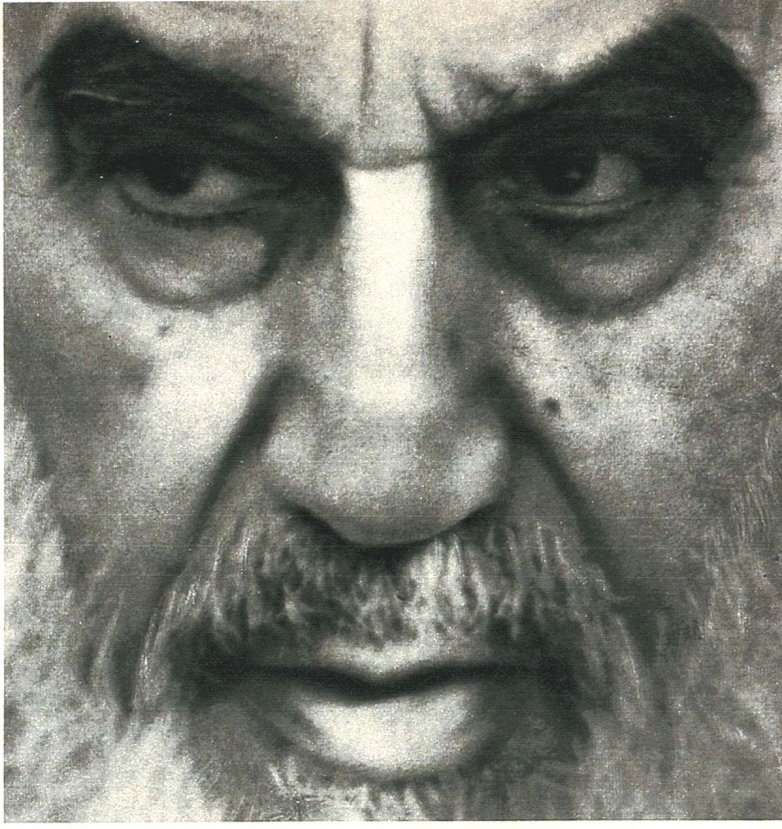
A five-year-old boy, who had told his mother he was the son of Satan, said to her more recently, "I am stupid, I hate myself, I want to kill myself." The mother of a five-year-old girl tells the story of trying to teach her daughter a simple prayer. The girl's response was, "I tried it your way. There is no God. And He doesn't listen anyway. I just know." Several children describe being placed inside caskets "all dark inside with soft pillows," where they were forced to lie with the lid closed "so we would know what death was like." Other children tell of being placed in a casket with a cadaver. Therapists describe preschoolers who display the hand sign of the devil, which is the index finger and the fifth finger pointed skyward. Common themes in the children's drawings are devils, demons, witches, and decapitation rituals.

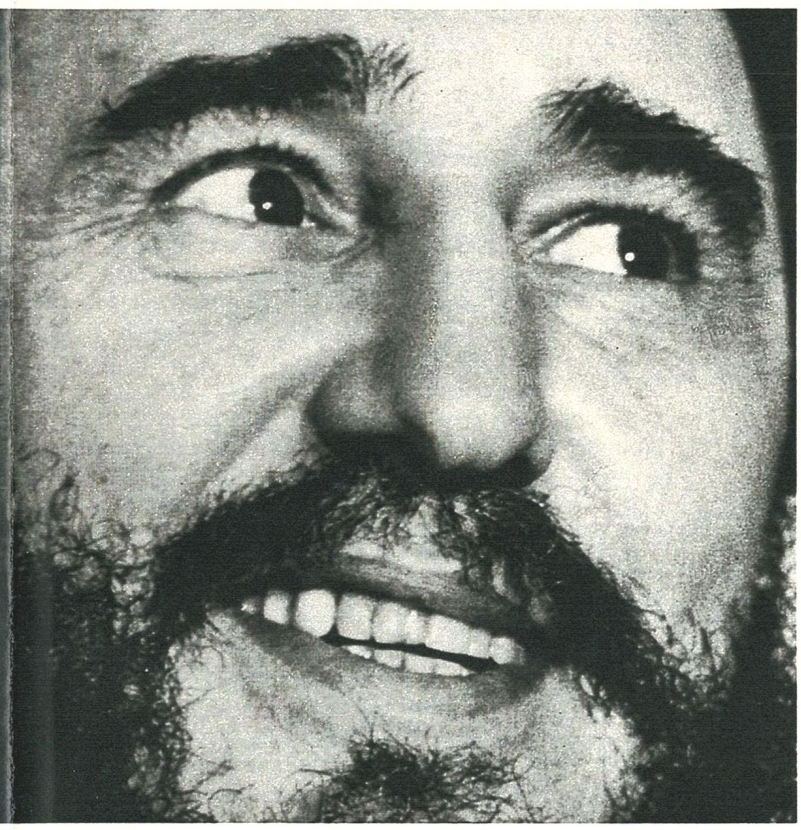
During sessions at the South Bay Center for Counseling, therapists have observed children in mind-chilling scenes. The children sometimes begin chanting when a memory is triggered by an event or word spoken in the group. Some of these children talk of infants beheaded in their presence, and some of them have recently attempted to stab or strangle younger siblings. Others have tried to set fire to their homes.

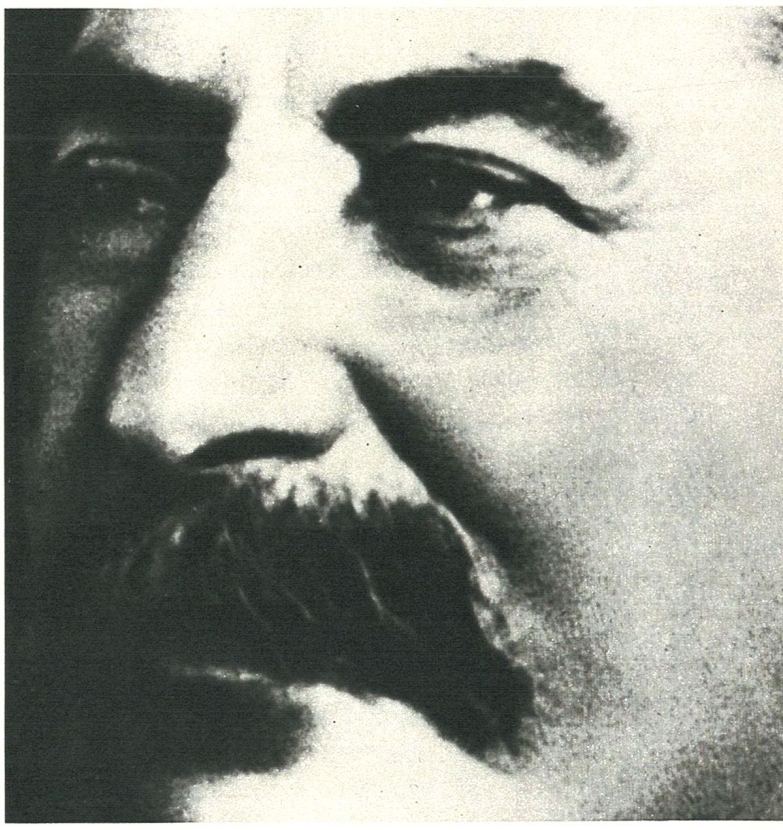
In April 1984, several months after the McMartin investigations began but before the Satanic material was publicized, other Los Angeles County children began telling their parents about sexual abuse from neighbors.

Judy Fuller (not her real name) began









THE EXPERTS AGREE THAT CENSORSHIP WORKS

The experts have always agreed that censorship is the single best way to promote agreement on an idea. Even on a bad idea. Censorship worked in Nazi Germany, and censorship works today in Iran, Cuba and the Soviet Union.

Today, a few so-called "decency" groups are trying to make censorship work in America. These people feel that if you aren't allowed to watch "dangerous" television programs like "Mash" and "The Day After," or read "immoral" magazines like *Ms.* and *Penthouse* or books like *Ulysses* and *Huckleberry Finn*, our nation will be a better place.

Fortunately, in America you don't have to trust your freedom to "experts." You have the freedom to say *No* to censorship. Say it today—tomorrow may be too late.

Freedom is everybody's business.

This message is sponsored by Penthouse Magazine.

an odyssey with evil when her three-year-old son complained of spiders under his bed. "The man down the street told me there were." What man? "The man who pulls my clothes off and puts me in the closet." Her older son, Scott, confirmed the accusation, saying he had participated in ritualistic sexual abuse with a group of neighborhood adults. Four individuals were arrested but later released for lack of evidence, even though three of Fuller's children had excessive anal scars.

Fuller became so frightened by the events and frustrated with the slowness of the investigation that she has gone to the media, including "20/20," with the information, believing that "the media exposure tends to force the police to proceed with investigations of a nature they are not trained to do."

Fuller claims to have been beaten and to have had her life threatened on more than one occasion. She told *Penthouse* that what terrifies her most are the psychological scars her children have suffered. "As a mom, I know that it is important for my kids' feelings about themselves for them to know that I am on their side and that I believe them."

Her eldest son, Scott, who was reportedly indoctrinated in Satanism, performed elements of the Black Mass and told his therapist that he had participated in rituals in a neighborhood church and knew where bones had been buried. The police refused to secure a warrant to dig up the church property until a parents' group, united with Fuller, made the claims public. Over last Memorial Day weekend the parents, their relatives, and friends unearthed 500 bones. Police officials publicly say the bones are animal, and the Los Angeles coroner says they are not human. Fuller says, "It doesn't make any difference. . . . Why were the bones there anyway?"

The most recent accomplishment of her Satan-busting campaign has been the discovery of a photograph and a film of her children's alleged victimizers having sex with other children, of a pornographic photo of one of her children, and of a snuff film which showed a child being ripped apart.

"I'm not willing to sit back and let it ride," Fuller says. "I believe my children; I know it happened to them. The physical evidence proved that it happened, but the police aren't interested in the motive. They're just interested in facts and evidence; and the police say it's okay to practice Satanism in our country. But these people used my kids, and I am really angry." She says. "I won't stop until I'm dead or have proved my children's allegations."

Fuller and the Los Angeles County families have found supporters in the team of journalist Dee Brown and L.A. County psychiatrist Dr. Roland Summitt, who are investigating Satanic-cult claims. Dr. Summitt said that he has consulted on half a dozen similar cases around the country and has found sadistic games and rituals, sexual contact with children, use of cameras, and various levels of intimidation involving death issues. He is convinced that, while belief in Satan is not always the primary motivator of such abuse, frightening Satanic rituals are being used by adults to terrorize and manipulate children into voluntary participation in the illicit acts.

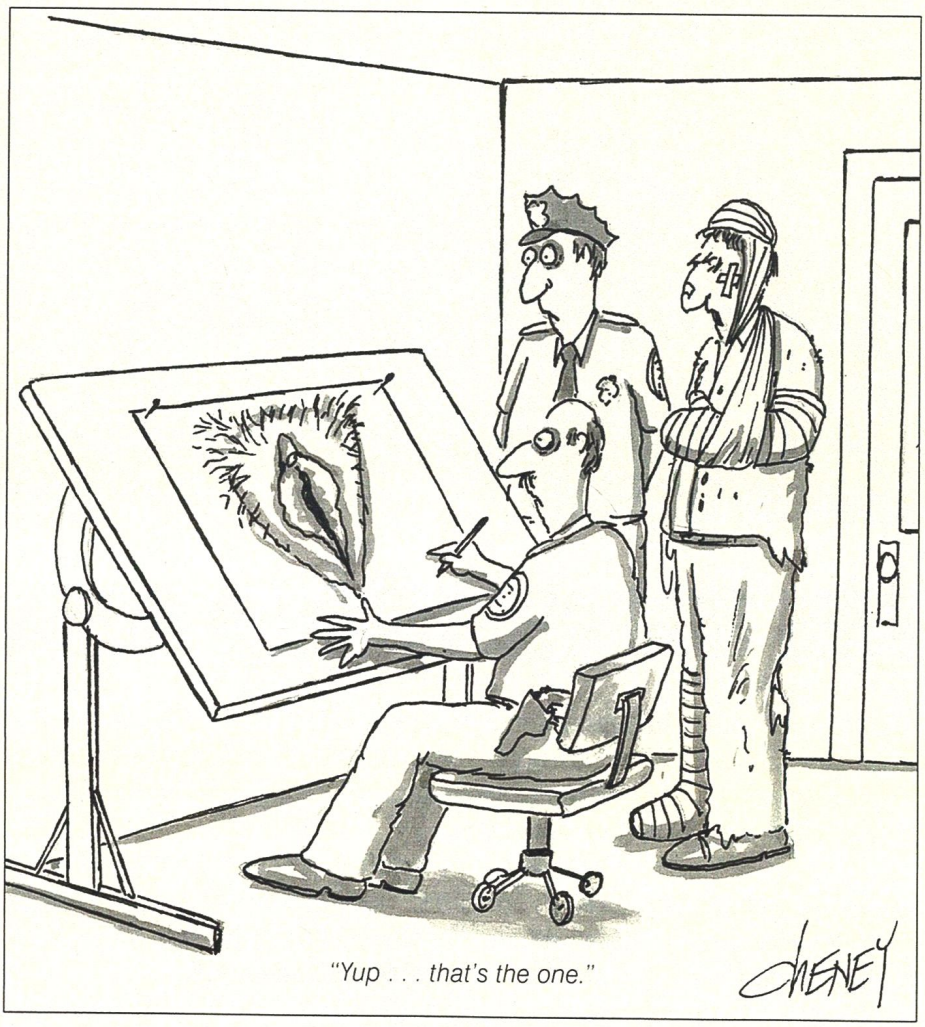
Dee Brown, who is researching a book about ritualistic abuse, is a wife, mother, and former special-education teacher who, when not Satan-busting, is a television writer and producer. Since she produced a TV segment on the subject of ritualistic child abuse and got to know the victims, Brown has spent 14 hours a day researching the story. She takes telephone calls from around the nation concerning ritualistic child abuse, ferrets out Satanic literature in libraries and old bookstores, visits graveyards after grave robbings, counsels frightened parents, and interviews victims. She has been shot at and threatened in the course of her investigations.

Los Angeles County Sheriff Sherman Block's task force now has over 20 full-time officers investigating the allegations, including Detective Bill Gleason, who worked on the Manson case. Lieutenant Bill Stonnich points out that while devil worship isn't the priority in the investigation, child abuse is: "As long as the children continue to make allegations, the sheriff's task force will continue to investigate them." Other communities are doing likewise. San Diego juvenile detective Dave Garian and San Francisco policewoman Sandi Gallant are active in their cities. Other investigators are working full-time all over the country, looking into children's claims, comparing notes, trying to make sense of what has become an epidemic.

And such allegations don't only concern children.

In New York, investigators recently gathered information implying Satanist overtones in the sadomasochistic killing of Norwegian model Eigil Vesti by Bernard LeGeros. And on the southern shore of Long Island, three arrests were made of young men believed to be associated with a gang of youths who have been traveling several communities in a van, kidnapping and ritualistically murdering young women in the name of Satan. Officials have found evidence of Satanic involvement around the bodies of two victims and, in May 1985, discovered near the latest victim's body a cave containing such Satanic symbols as pentagrams and the number 666, and slogans such as "Death Conquers All." The Nassau County district attorney's office has not yet been able to identify the group.

In Westport, Massachusetts, police discovered Satanic activity in 1980 after Carl Drew, 25, masterminded the ritualistic murder of two of his group members. Drew, a pimp, called himself the Son of



"Yup . . . that's the one."

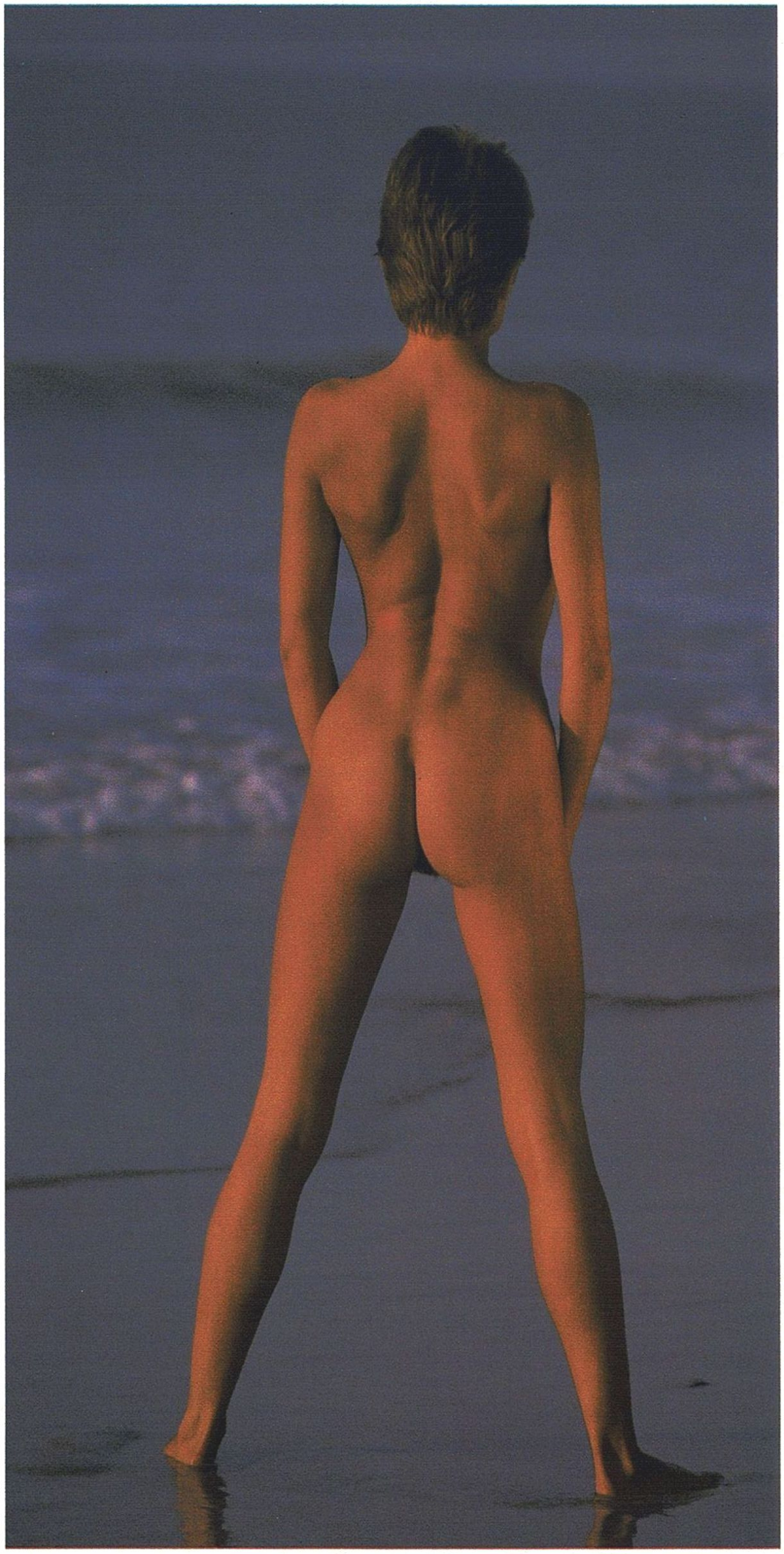
CONTINUED ON PAGE 174

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

SOFT PACK: 9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, BOX, MENTHOL BOX: 12 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

*Not available in all areas.

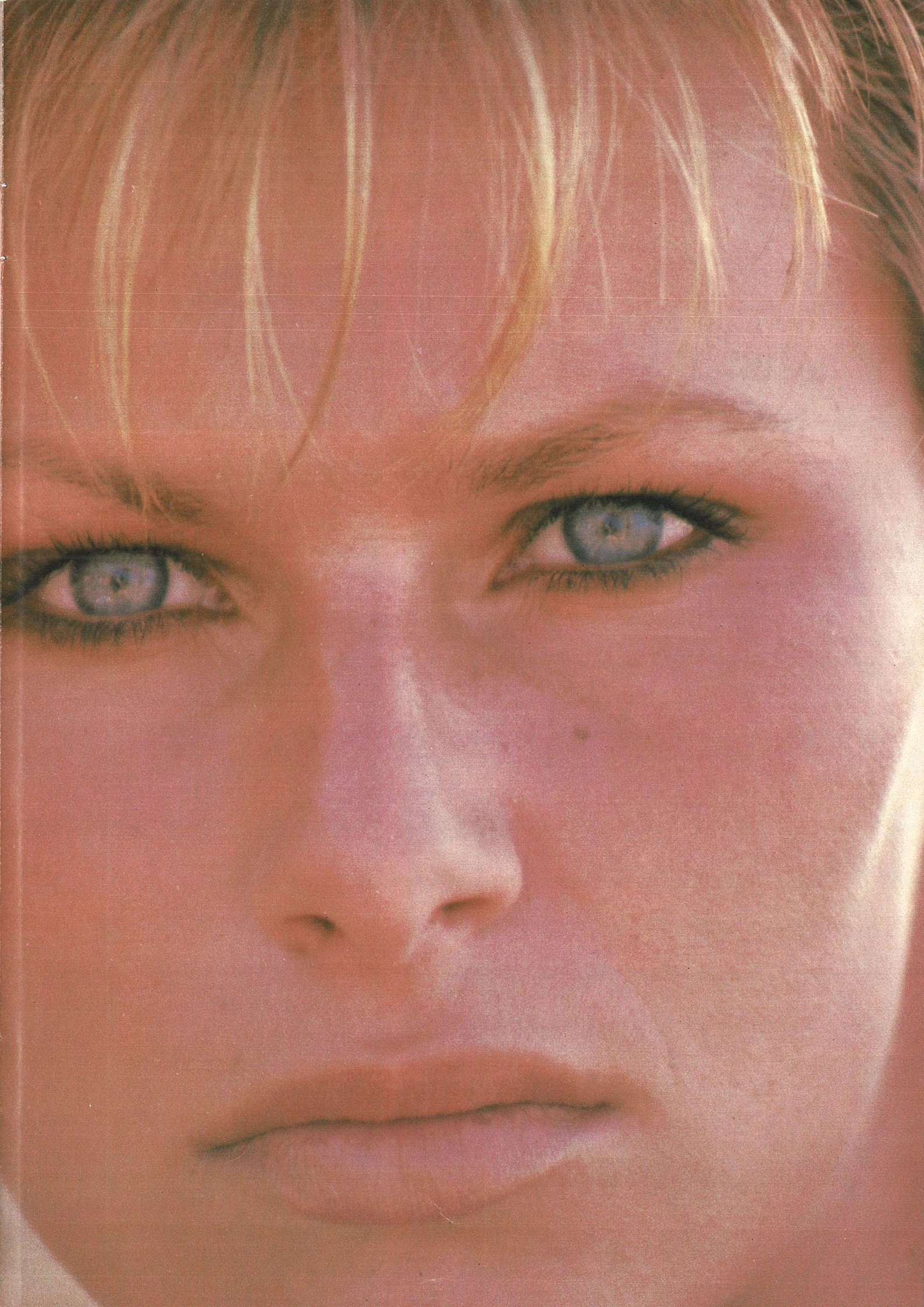
© 1985 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

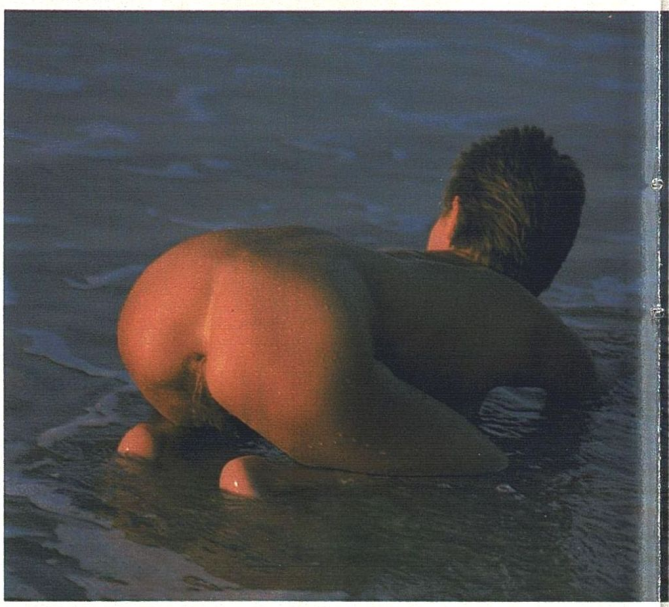


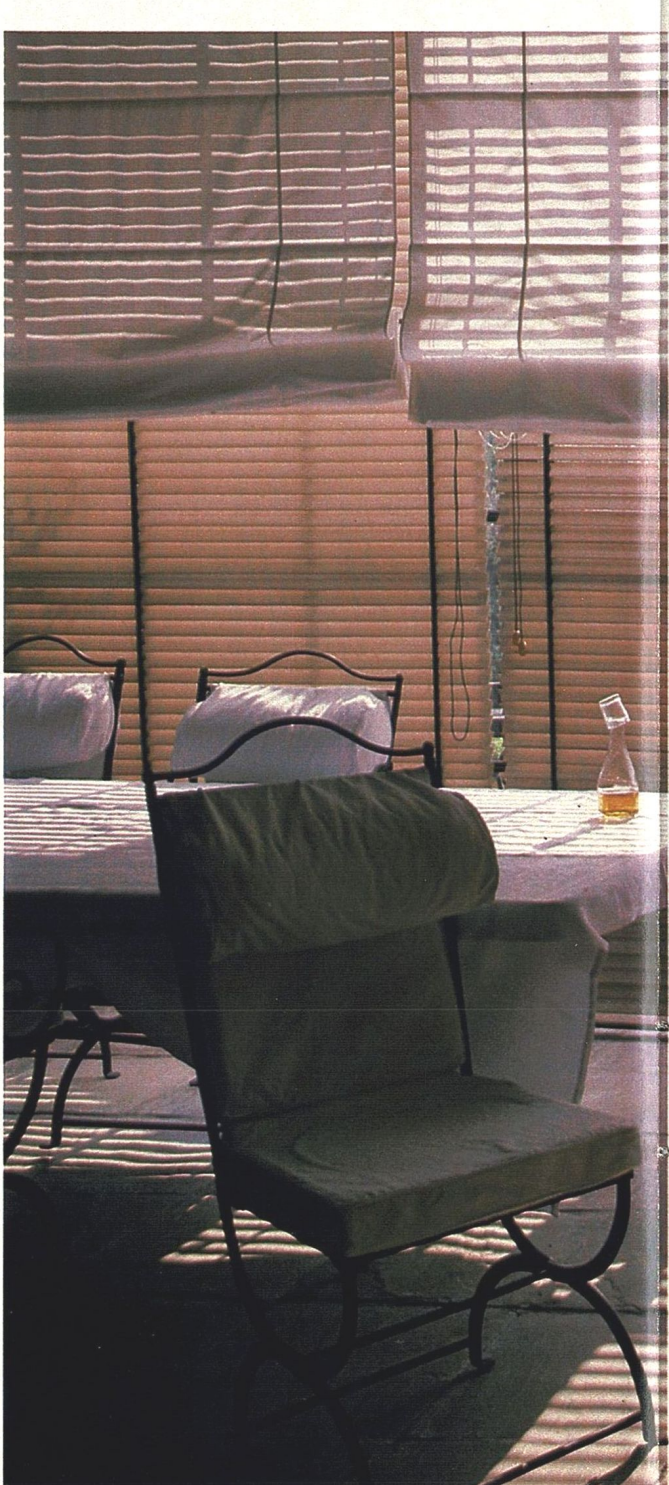
MIDNIGHT DREAMER

Standing on the gleaming shores of Norway, a young lady widens her blue-green eyes to take in the more rarefied currents and golden waves, the ebb and flow of the might of the world. She charted it, as Vikings had once charted and tamed the sea.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DIETER SCHMIDT





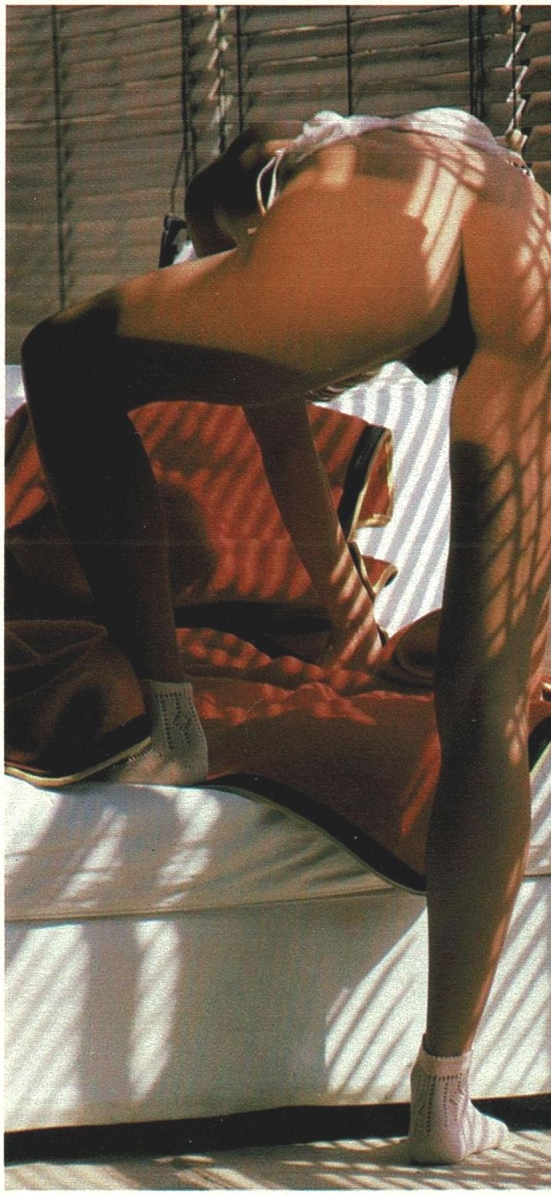


'She can feel hands . . . undress and caress her body. . . .'

Bright as noon, in the middle of the Norwegian night, a distracted and restless Karena cannot sleep. The day is done, but the sun will not set. Glittering in her eyes are the ghostly embers of a thousand burning islands in the Northern mists.

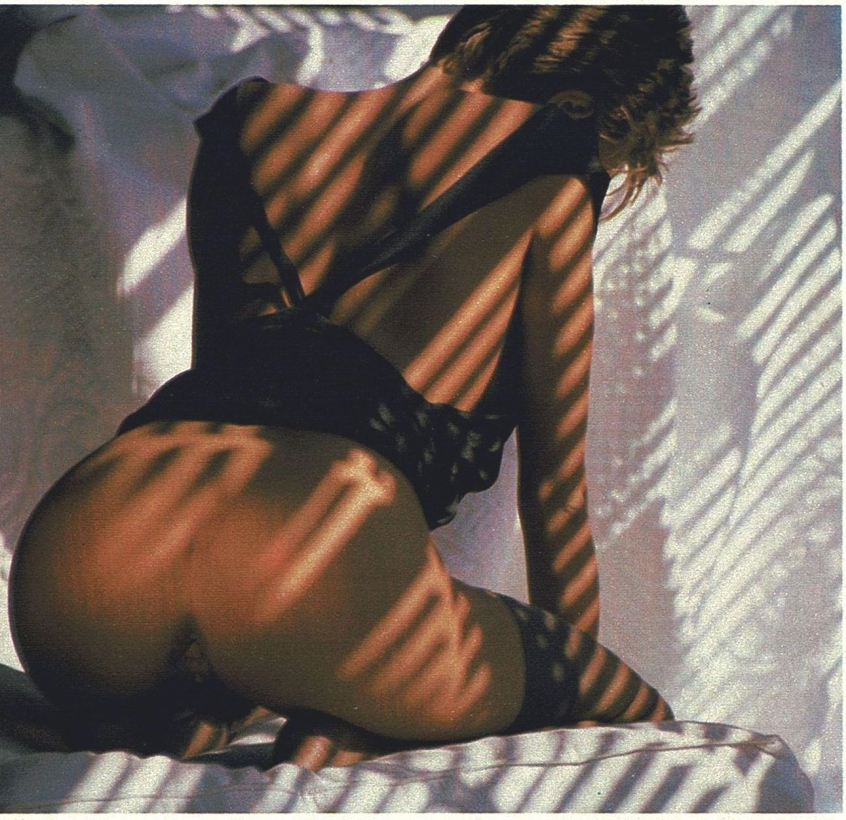
As the cool Scandinavian sun streams through her bedroom window, Karena's eyes, hidden behind sunglasses, lazily close. Slowly and sensuously, her body fills with desire and her mind drifts back to the heroic age of her Viking ancestors.

"She forgets the icy, dark, and rushing sea beyond her window. . . ."



She can feel the hands of blond-bearded Norse conquerors like Erik Bloodaxe and Harold Fairhair undress and caress her body.

The images are ancient and eternal, and she soon forgets the cold Norwegian sun and the icy, dark, and rushing sea beyond her window.



Engulfed in a reverie of passion, she can barely feel the regal beard of King Olaf brushing her body, kissing the briny salt that the sea and Olaf have once more left behind.

MEDICAL GENOCIDE

PART FIVE

Coronary-bypass surgery is one of modern medicine's most highly praised and expensive procedures. Why is it, then, that it doesn't help the vast majority of those who undergo it?

THE PROFITS AND POLITICS OF HEART DISEASE

BY GARY NULL

PAINTING BY JOHN ROSE

The McDonagh Medical Center in Gladstone, Missouri, draws patients from all over the country. Advertisements for the clinic claim that a therapy called "chelation" (key-LAY-shun) will remedy a variety of ailments, including heart disease. So far, over 250,000 people have undergone chelation therapy in the United States.

Chelation is a series of infusions of EDTA (ethylenediaminetetraacetic acid) into the bloodstream, and physicians claim it brings marked improvement. Chelation therapy costs about $3,000. It is painless and can be done in a doctor's office. Heart patients view chelation as an alternative to open-heart surgery, specifically the coronary-bypass procedure which, despite its popularity in the medical community, has not yet been shown to play any significant role in reversing heart disease. There is also considerable debate about chelation. The highly respected *Science News* recently dismissed chelation therapy, describing it as "a modern version of patent medicines of old . . . [which] appeals to those looking for a quick and easy fix to medical problems."

The American Medical Association claims chelation is unproven and dangerous. Insurance companies won't pay for it. Much of the media calls it quackery. The Food and Drug Administration (FDA) investigates doctors who practice chelation and supports malpractice suits against them. The government won't fund studies of its efficacy, and several state boards of medical examiners have pressured physicians into eliminating chelation therapy from their practice.

Are these authorities protecting the public from medical quackery, or are they deliberately trying to prevent Americans from obtaining a highly effective, inexpensive, and almost risk-free alternative to coronary-bypass surgery?

We will explore these questions in this two-part investigation into the profits and politics of heart disease in America.

BYPASSING THE PROBLEM

Heart disease is the nation's No. 1 killer. Despite coronary-bypass surgery, heart transplants, artificial hearts, and powerful drugs that can regulate heart ar-

rhythmia or even stop a heart attack after it has begun, heart disease is still responsible for 40–51 percent of all deaths that occur in the United States each year. It took 750,000 lives last year alone.

Only the growing popularity of healthy lifestyles—high-fiber diets, aerobic exercise, better forms of relaxation, and stress management—has slightly lowered the death rate from heart disease. These lifestyle changes were originally popularized in the sixties, and are now finally finding acceptance in the medical community. Nevertheless, medicine's main response to heart disease is still last-minute-rescue treatment, utilizing and depending upon the latest medical technology.

Each year, Americans spend one out of every ten dollars on health care, and treatment of heart disease represents a large chunk of the money involved. Last year we spent $2–$3 billion on over 200,000 coronary-bypass operations alone, at an average cost of $12,000–$25,000 each.

What do we get for all those dollars spent? While one biochemist interviewed by *Science News* believes that chelation can prevent patients from seeking out conventional treatments that might do them some good, one must remember that there exists little evidence that the conventional treatment for atherosclerosis, the coronary-bypass operation, really does do any good. Cardiologist Thomas A. Preston, professor of medicine at the University of Washington in Seattle, charged in a 1984 issue of *The Atlantic Monthly* that the bypass's net effect on the nation's health "is probably negative. The operation does not cure patients, it is scandalously overused, and its high cost drains resources from other areas of need." Dr. Preston's evidence: a series of controlled studies, beginning with one by the Veterans Administration in 1977 and culminating with National Institutes of Health data published in 1983, which showed that bypass surgery was no better at prolonging life than treatment with the prevailing drugs. Two exceptions were patients who suffer from obstruction of the left main coronary artery or who have high-grade obstruction of all three major arteries.

None of the existing controlled studies have measured bypass against therapy using the latest and most effective of the accepted drugs, the calcium blockers; nor have bypass results ever been compared with chelation results. It is doubtful that the advantage of bypass surgery over drug treatment for even the minority of patients with special problems will persist when such comparisons are made. And, anyway, it has been conclusively demonstrated that bypass surgery fails to reduce mortality rates for 75 percent of those heart patients who undergo the procedure.

How is it that one of medicine's most widely touted procedures doesn't help the majority of those who undergo it?

Introduced in 1967, coronary-bypass operations were being widely prescribed by 1969. By 1975, 60,000 a year were being performed on patients with angina and other symptoms of coronary-artery disease. But coronary-bypass surgery was introduced without benefit of any valid, reliable controlled studies of its efficacy or safety. As the U.S. Office of Technology Assessment has noted: "Coronary bypass surgery [has] been diffused rapidly before careful evaluation."

It seemed evident to surgeons that bypassing clogged sections of coronary arteries with sections of vein transplanted from the patient's leg would improve blood flow to the heart and relieve chronic chest pain (angina). Many patients reported relief from pain after a bypass operation, and cardiologists used this anecdotal evidence to justify use of the coronary-bypass procedure.

> Coronary-bypass surgery—one of medicine's most expensive and widely touted procedures—doesn't help the vast majority of those who undergo it.

There are two problems with this approach. First, the veins of the leg were not designed to carry blood through the heart, and therefore can't possibly do the job as efficiently as a healthy coronary artery. Second, because the conditions that caused the artery to degenerate are not altered by the bypass, the "patchwork" vein is subject to the same process of degeneration.

Thus, even the pain relief following coronary bypass is often only temporary. In 50 percent of patients, angina returns within five years of surgery. In the first year alone, 10–20 percent suffer blockage in the replacement vessel. Within two years after the operation, 30 percent of the patients are diagnosed to have progressive coronary disease. According to a recent study by researchers at the University of Southern California, in many cases the operation actually encourages *faster* blocking of the arteries than if they had been left alone.

Yet even after the release of controlled scientific studies—published in respected "establishment" journals—showing that bypass is of little or no value for most angina and heart attack patients, the number of bypass operations performed continues to grow.

Dr. Preston believes the reason for this is economic. He points out that "the cardiologist [by doing the associated diagnostic work], and the cardiac surgeon . . . both have strong financial incentives to promote bypass surgery." Hospitals, too, stand to gain: Their charges, he notes, can raise the total cost for one operation to more than $100,000.

Meanwhile cardiologists, the AMA, the insurance companies it influences, and Medicare (also influenced by the AMA) all denounce chelation as an unproven treatment because it has not been tested in double-blind trials. (EDTA, invented in 1937, is in the public domain now. Spending the $1 million, which is what a double-blind study would cost, would not profit any manufacturer, so no such study has been completed in the United States. However, double-blind studies are under way in other countries.) At best, the AMA's accusation is a case of the pot calling the kettle black; and if chelation is as effective as proponents claim, it amounts to a cynical exclusion from the marketplace of a competing treatment.

BYPASSING SAFETY

Coronary bypass is far more dangerous than chelation. A total of two or three deaths have been attributed to chelation therapy. They occurred nearly 30 years ago, long before current safety precautions were established.

Meanwhile, between .3 and 6.6 percent of coronary-bypass patients die after surgery, depending on the age and sex of the patient. (For patients over 70, the mortality rate is 15 percent for women and seven percent for men.) Five to ten percent of bypass patients suffer a heart attack immediately following surgery, according to the New York Heart Association; two percent suffer a stroke; and two percent hemorrhage.

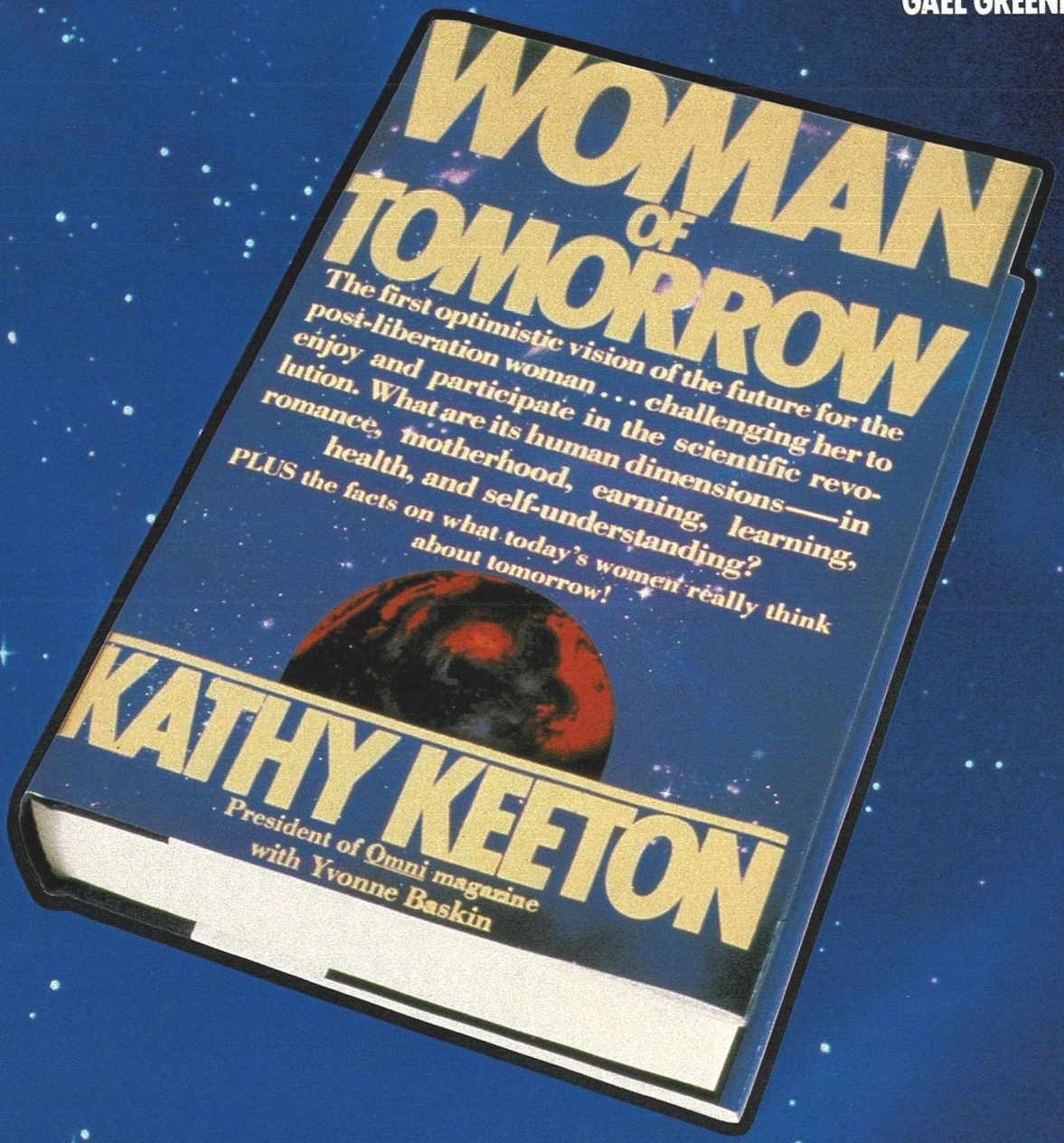
At best, coronary-bypass surgery treats the symptoms rather than the cause of coronary-artery degeneration; it temporarily relieves pain and, for some 20 percent or so of patients, may extend life longer than the heart drugs in use a few years ago. At worst, it may exacerbate the disease or even kill the patient. It is a treatment representative of a medical establishment that in general believes there is no cure for atherosclerosis. It is also an enormous source of income for thoracic surgeons and the large teams and medical centers that surround them, as the continuing epidemic of coronary-artery disease guarantees a steady stream of bypass candidates.

The continued growth and widespread acceptance of coronary-bypass surgery—even after it has been shown ineffective for three-quarters of the patients subjected to it, and even though it has never been tested against nonsurgical therapies—is a classic example of the politics of a medical system organized

CONTINUED ON PAGE 184

"A GIFT OF INFORMATION... A CHALLENGE TO TRANSFORM TODAY'S WOMAN INTO A WOMAN OF TOMORROW."

GAEL GREENE



"I love the book! WOMAN OF TOMORROW places the woman of today right where she should be...in the center of the world of science and technology."
KAREN DECROW

"It is refreshing and heartwarming to read a book in which the future of women is tied directly to their equal-with-men use of science."
ISAAC ASIMOV

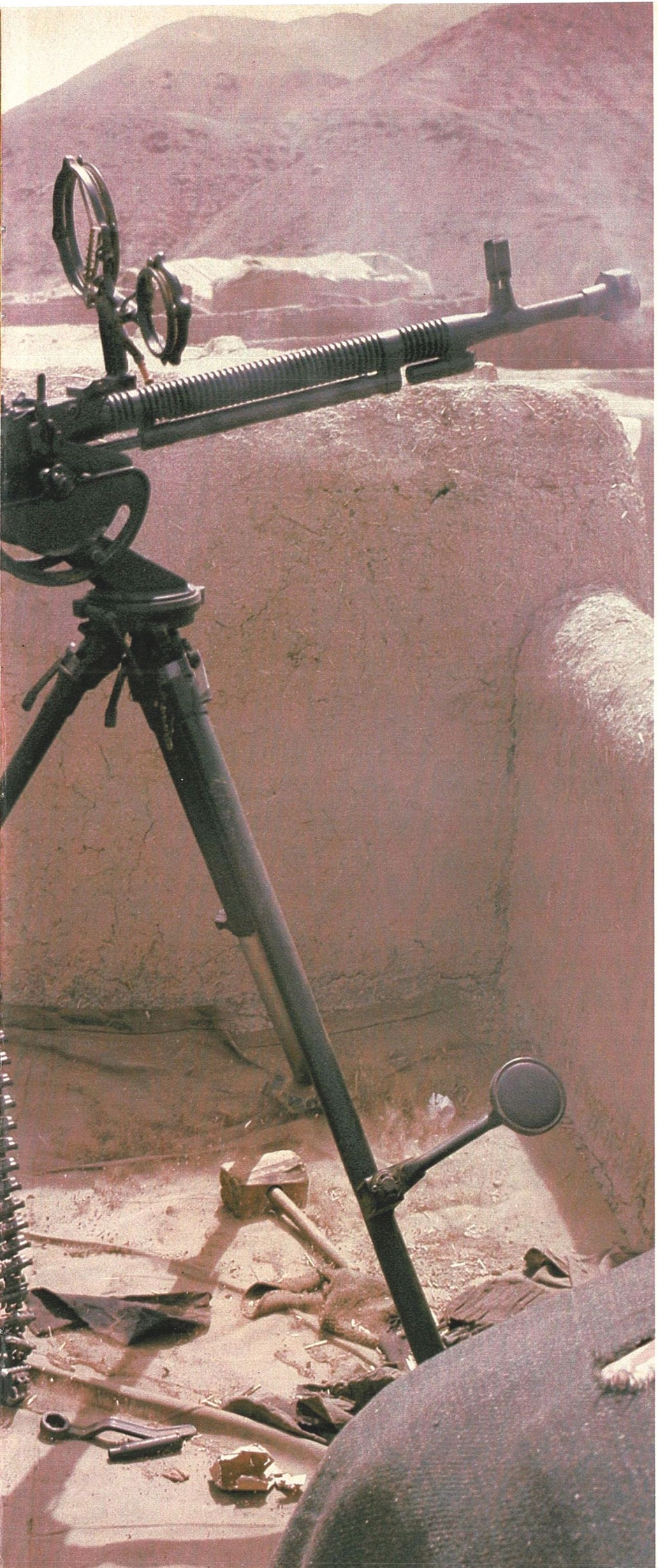
"Kathy Keeton has written a scintillating book enriched with wit and wisdom. WOMAN OF TOMORROW portrays a future that is both exciting and encouraging."
JACK ANDERSON

"Kathy Keeton's WOMAN OF TOMORROW is a brilliantly convincing, non-Orwellian vision of the future."
MICHAEL KORDA

"Kathy Keeton handles an extremely important topic admirably...on the whole this book is very well done and should be required reading."
MARVIN CETRON

"Kathy Keeton's WOMAN OF TOMORROW provides the encouragement for women to grab the future in their hot little hands and do terrific things with it!"
DR. RUTH WESTHEIMER

Available wherever books are sold—St. Martin's/Marek



After years of rebellion against the Russian invaders, these fanatic Muslim guerrillas accept death and torture as everyday occurrences.

AFGHAN HOLY WAR

TEXT AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFF B. HARMON

In the summer, fall, and winter of 1985, I went to Afghanistan to direct and produce a documentary for BBC television. There are times when a journalist or filmmaker unintentionally becomes part of the story; traveling clandestinely with the Afghan guerrillas, there is always the risk of capture and execution. On my fifth trip inside Afghanistan—in Kandahar, the country's second-largest city—the Soviets launched an operation to capture me and my cameraman, Alexander Lindsay. The following is my report.

The most wanted man in the South of Afghanistan is a 76-year-old guerrilla commander known as the "Lion of Kandahar." The Communist regime of Barbrak Karmal has offered a reward of five million afghanis ($200,000) for Haji Abdul Latif, dead or alive. Haji Latif, a commander for Mahaz-i-Milli Islami Afghanistan, is no ordinary mujtahid. To supporters and foes alike, this old man is the living symbol of resistance against the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan.

The war in the South of Afghanistan has been largely neglected—even though the fighting there is more constant than in the well-publicized East. In Kandahar, Afghanistan's former imperial capital, Soviet and Afghan forces have been unable to wrest control of the city from the mujtahideen.

"There's no war in Panjshir!" shouts Haji Latif. "In Kandahar, we mujtahideen do not hide in the mountains. We fight in the streets, in the fields, in the bazaar." The Lion of Kandahar is not exaggerating. In the two weeks I have spent in Kandahar, there has been heavy fighting every day. Unlike the mountainous terrain of East and Central Afghanistan, the Southwest is semi-arid desert, exposing the guerrillas of Kandahar to the myriad Russian and Karmal-government posts inside and around the city.

Most of the 4,500 mujtahideen under

(Above) A young mujtahid rebel fights the Russians in battle, while (right) Mohammad Juma, the rebels' head executioner, fondles his ax, patiently waiting for the judge's order to decapitate his prisoners.

Haji Latif's command are centered in Malajat, the sixth municipal district of Kandahar. They face a force of ten to 12 thousand Soviet and Afghan army troops—the majority of whom are billeted at the airport and the Kandahar garrison, the second-largest Soviet garrison in the country. The main target of Kandahar's Soviet and Karmal government troops is Malajat, a vast network of narrow streets and mud-brick houses which bear the pockmarks and devastation of urban warfare.

Bomb craters dot the streets and fields, and the mujtahideen careen around them in their trail bikes—the main mode of transportation, besides walking, in Kandahar. Kalashnikovs and RPG-7 grenade launchers strung about their shoulders, the mujtahideen ride off to war like an Afghan version of *The Wild Ones*. Bodies and weapons covered by shawls, the mujtahideen zoom past enemy posts and mortar positions, seemingly oblivious to the shells that explode about them.

After six years of fighting, war is routine in Kandahar. Soviet tanks and helicopters maintain their daily schedule of shelling and bombing runs. Afghan troops and mujtahideen pass each other on the roads and in the bazaar. Spies abound on both sides. There are dead and wounded most every day. Exchange of fire comes to a strange standstill in the hot noon hour, as guerrillas and Afghan Army troops consume their platters of omnipresent okra.

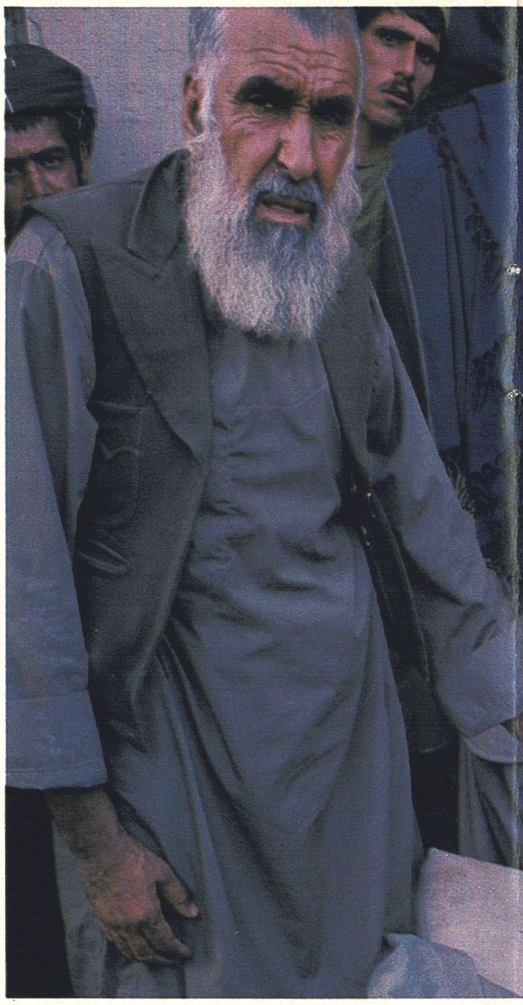
This casual attitude toward warfare is exemplified by the weekly mujtahideen rocket attack on the Kandahar airport. Motorcycling to a field of grapevines, the mujtahideen spend 30 minutes canvassing the vines. Sated with grapes, the mujtahideen prepare their 11 107mm free-flying missiles, as a fellow mujtahid tapes the process with his Betamax.

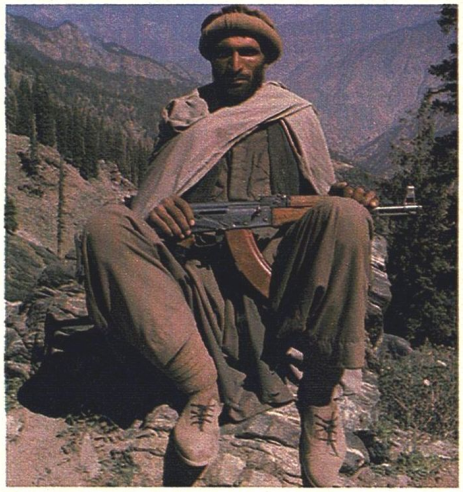
The rockets are set against boulders and detonated electronically. By the time the Soviets return fire, the mujtahideen are scooting back to Malajat for a pot of green tea. Their raucous shouts of "*Afghanistan Zindabad!* [Long live Afghanistan!]" are punctuated by artillery shells now crashing about the launch site.

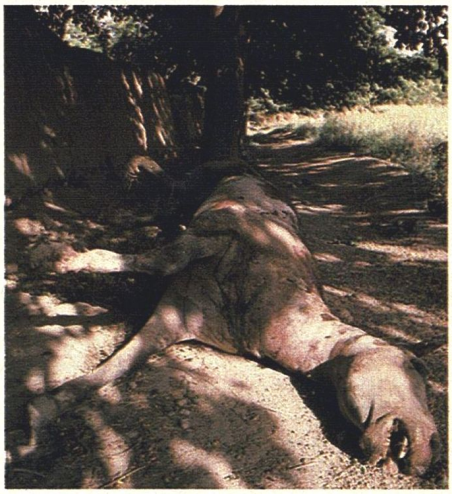
The next day, a mujtahid spy at the airport who witnessed the attack reports the surprising accuracy of these rockets. The spy claims that five helicopters and one building were destroyed. Twenty-two Russian soldiers and two officers were killed. The Russians, in return, bombed five mujtahideen houses.

Even to a visitor, the sense of imme-

Young boys serve as spies and assassins. Known as *cherokees*, their responsibility is to deliver messages, hurl grenades, and shoot Russian soldiers.







(Above) A mujtahid commander on an abandoned tank. (Bottom right) A rebel's horse, slaughtered by the Russians. (Bottom left) A mujtahid guerrilla anxiously awaiting the enemy. (Middle) Rebels mourn the death of a fighter. (Far right, upper left) Mujtahideen with their Kalashnikov rifles. (Right) Poster showing Soviet leader Brezhnev slain by forces of Islam. (Bottom) After torturing a Communist prisoner, two rebels tease him.

diate danger passes quickly. One eats and sleeps to the sounds of continuous shelling and weapons fire. In the courtyard of Haji Latif's headquarters, HIND MI-24 helicopter gunships fly overhead, belching forth their rockets at nearby positions—but in no way affecting the mundane chores of chopping wood and sweeping house.

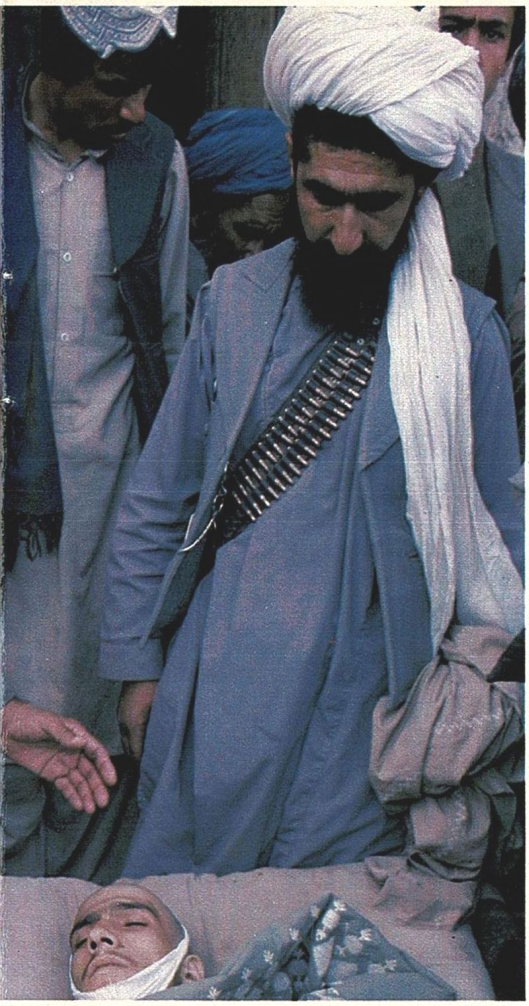
Dominating this surreal existence is Haji Latif, whom the mujtahideen also refer to as "Haji Baba"—Haji Grandfather. This nickname is aptly reflected in the patriarchal role of this fighting septuagenarian. Protected by a flank of boys and young men, Haji Latif cooks their meals, distributes money, and leads them into battle. A man of volatile moods, Haji Latif pats his boys affectionately. But when they run amok, Haji Baba beats them with the nearest available blunt object or knocks them silent with a roundhouse to the jaw.

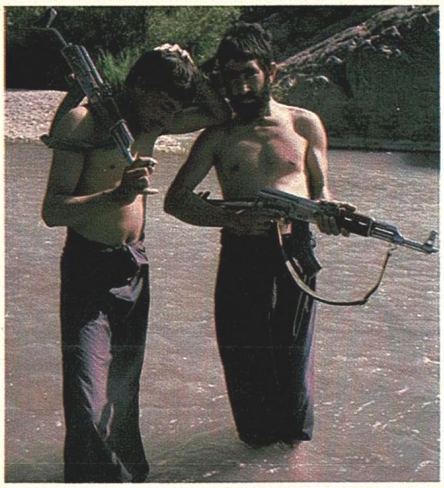
Even before the jihad, or holy war, Haji Latif was famous throughout Afghanistan as the leader of the Pai Luch, the "Barefoots." Sporting distinctive turbans and tattoos, the Pai Luch of previous generations would extort rich merchants and rob caravans—distributing money and justice to the poor. Bred on their ancestors' warrior ethics, today's Pai Luch, properly trained, have the potential to be the best mujtahideen fighting force in the country.

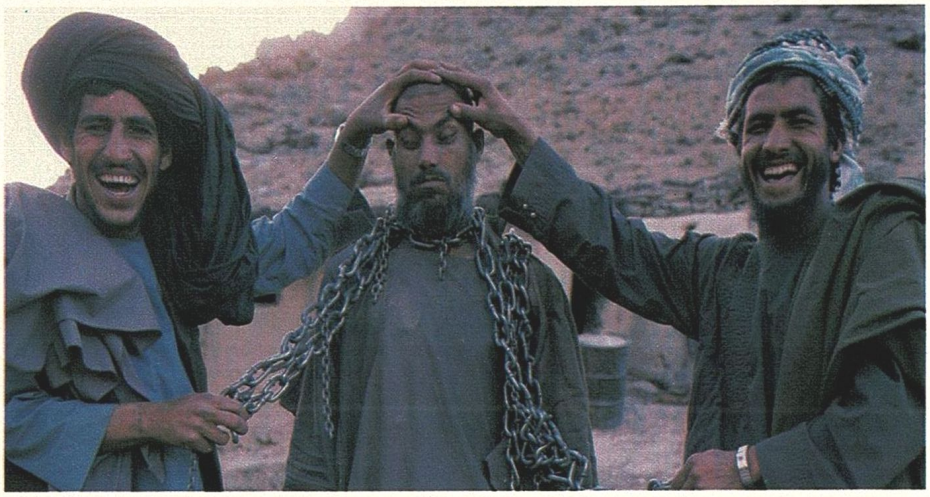
As in the past, Pai Luch are still known for their ability to remain silent under torture. Until recently, a young man would be initiated by burning himself with hot coals and smoking scorpions and snake heads (the poison apparently having a hallucinatory effect). After the Soviet invasion, the mullahs forbade these trials by fire. Now Pai Luch are initiated by going to war against the Soviet and Afghan armies. A sign of bravery is the number of bullet wounds suffered in battle. I have met young men with as many as ten "marks of distinction." The Pai Luch disdain for crouching under fire accounts for such valor.

Pai Luch are also famed hashish smokers—a fact that further displeases the mullahs. Almost every mujtahid house in Kandahar boasts a *chilum*, a water pipe, some standing five feet tall. "Hashish is good for fighting," claims Lalwan, a 24-year-old mujtahid who spent seven months in Kabul's notorious Pol-i-Charki prison. A true Pai Luch, he kept steadfastly silent while being beaten and tortured by electric jolts to the genitals. "Of course, I am not a hashish addict," Lalwan says, as he sucks in the pungent smoke from a dark hashish pancake crumbled into his *chilum*. "Too much hashish is bad for the head. That's why I only smoke in the mornings, afternoons, and evenings."

Even the term "Pai Luch" is currently in disrepute, as Kandahar's orthodox religious hierarchy frowns upon the brigands' un-Koranic ways. But tradition dies







hard in Kandahar. Pai Luch still tattoo their arms and legs with primitive designs of daggers and flowers. I have witnessed several teenagers stoically burning their forearms in secret, the blisters, when discovered, inevitably resulting in a slap across the face by Haji Latif.

As early as the age of eight, boys are recruited into the Pai Luch as spies and assassins (a tactic also employed by the Soviets, who send young boys to Moscow for special training). Known as *cherokees*, these street urchins deliver messages back and forth to Pakistan, as well as hurl grenades at enemy posts and shoot Russian soldiers in the back with Chinese pistols.

A coterie of these initiates live at Haji Latif's headquarters in Malajat. It is hard to believe that these seemingly innocent children who love to imitate the "tack-tack" of D-SH-Ks (12.7mm heavy machine guns) or the "blooeys" of bomb explosions are, in fact, experienced warriors.

One nine-year-old *cherokee* claimed to have killed 300 enemy troops in the past year. ("This is an exaggeration," says Haji Latif. "He has only killed 82.") Five days after we interviewed this *cherokee*, he was captured while on his way to Pakistan to deliver a military report. Now he is standing at a chain in Spin Buldak, near the Pakistan border, pointing out mujtahideen to the Afghan Army. His childhood is sadly typical of growing up in Kandahar.

The mentality that the war produces is evidenced by Kandahar's system of justice. The Soviet and Afghan armies routinely execute and mutilate their prisoners. Civilian homes are mercilessly bombed by the Communists in retaliation for mujtahideen attacks. Mujtahideen justice is similarly stern.

At the court of Malawi Abdul Bari, Kandahar's "hanging judge," 12 Afghan Army prisoners are lined up in chains. The judge, a member of another mujtahideen organization, the Afghan National Liberation Front, is waiting for orders from Peshawar to execute them. Malawi Abdul Bari claims to have executed 2,500 prisoners in the past seven years. Announces the judge: "I have personally slit the throats of 1,000 Khalqis [one of the two Communist parties in Afghanistan]. I have sent 500 Russian infidels to the gallows." Other prisoners, he explains, were shot, decapitated, or stoned to death—penalties prescribed by Koranic law.

These details are related in front of the 12 prisoners, whose certain future is the chopping block. They seem to listen impassively as Mohammad Juma, the judge's *sarjalat* (head executioner) fondles an ax—his pitch-black beard and crazed eyes reflecting his profession. "This *satoul* is no ordinary ax," he grins. "This is for *halal* [execution by blade]."

But Malawi Abdul Bari's formal brand of justice is swift compared to the mujtahideen in Markazee Apo, a Hezbi-Islami (Gulbadin) camp in Kandahar Province. Twelve prisoners, presumably Russian, were bayonetted to death there recently. Buried in makeshift graves, the stench from their decomposing bodies permeates the camp. "Black man, Cuban," exclaims a mujtahid, pointing to a tennis-shoed foot jutting out from one of the many graves.

In the camp, a stooped figure in a tattered uniform is led around in circles by a heavy chain. After 30 days in the camp, this Khalqi prisoner is no longer a human being. The soles of both feet sliced by daggers, one knee crippled during torture, the guerrillas derisively call him "*char* [donkey]," which is exactly how they treat him. Pulling up his eyelids, spitting into his face, playfully running a dagger across his neck, the mujtahideen compete to get a reaction from their prisoner.

But the expression on the man's face is devoid of emotion. His trembling lower lip is the only sign of pent-up rage and humiliation. In the one month since his capture, the Khalqi has not uttered a single word. Says the commander of the camp, "This Communist spy is an infidel. He does not even pray. The day that he speaks, I will cut his throat."

Though the war seems a planet away from neighboring Pakistan, Kandahar is only 115 kilometers from the Pakistan border town of Chaman. Yet a journey to the city is a five-day ordeal in the back of a

(Left) After butchering him with a bayonet, the mujtahideen tossed this Cuban soldier into a makeshift grave, leaving one foot jutting aboveground. (Above) The rebels hold members of Afghanistan's Communist parties hostage.

pickup truck—driving a circuitous route through hills and desert, exposed to helicopter gunships and militia posts. A trip by the mujtahideen used to take eight hours. But on March 28, 1985, Ismatullah Muslim, a mujtahid commander who controlled the border area, defected to the Karmal government. His knowledge of all the mujtahideen routes and hiding places has inevitably forced the guerrillas to devise a longer, torturous route through the hinterlands.

Ismatullah Muslim has proven himself a formidable enemy, and his militia is in the forefront of many battles against Haji Latif's Pai Luch. Says one officer of a local intelligence agency, "Ismatullah Muslim speaks English and Russian, and has single-handedly captured armored personnel carriers [APCs] by jumping onto the moving vehicles."

Ismatullah Muslim's relationship with the Soviets dates back to 1973, when he trained as a military officer in Moscow. Arrested for smuggling gold, he spent two months in a Soviet jail. He was deported back to Afghanistan, where he became one of Kandahar's top mujtahideen commanders after the Soviet invasion in December 1979. Says the intelligence officer, "Ismatullah Muslim is the most dangerous man in Afghanistan. The mujtahideen would rather kill him than Barbrak Karmal."

Former allies, Ismatullah Muslim and Haji Latif are now sworn enemies. Filming under the noses of the Soviet and Afghan armies, my cameraman and I are inadvertently drawn into this rivalry. "A spy has reported your names to Ismatullah Muslim and the Soviets," warns Haji Latif. "If you're captured, you may not be as lucky as that Frenchman." Jacques Abouchar, a correspondent for the French television network Antenne 2, was ambushed and captured by Soviet troops on September 17, 1984, while on his way to Kandahar. He was released six weeks later, due to intense diplomatic pressure by the Mitterrand government and the French Communist party. Upon Abouchar's return to France, Vitaly S. Smirnov, the former Soviet ambassador to Pakistan, announced that the next journalist captured inside Afghanistan would be executed.

Producing a documentary for the BBC, we are, according to Haji Latif, the first film crew to reach Kandahar in close to a year. Filming in the heart of the city, only a block away from an Afghan Army post, just crossing the street is an act of peril.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 198

"There are undeniable biological differences between men and women, which are wonderful because they give us advantages that men don't have . . . and vice versa. They are a bonus, not a handicap. Being equal does not necessarily mean being identical."

KATHY KEETON

Joseph Conrad once wrote: "The mind of man is capable of anything — because everything is in it, all the past as well as the future." Kathy Keeton would probably have edited that to read "the mind of man and *woman*," but otherwise she would totally endorse Conrad's optimism and faith in the human potential. As the author of *Woman of Tomorrow* (just published by St. Martin's/Marek), as well as president of *Omni* magazine and vice-chairman of Penthouse International, Keeton's feet are planted firmly in the here and now when she discusses science and the future.

It is from a lifelong study of the arts as well as a profound appreciation of science and technology that Keeton speaks of the best of all possible worlds being within our grasp. If there is any pessimism in Keeton, it derives not out of fear of a dark, Orwellian future, but out of a grave concern that too many of us are unprepared intellectually, as well as emotionally, to take advantage of all the wonderful opportunities that lie ahead.

Although she is one of the highest-paid female executives in the world, if given the chance to do it all over again, Kathy Keeton is emphatic that she would choose a career in the sciences. But for the daughter of a South African farm family, as for so many daughters elsewhere, there was no encouragement to pursue a career in a historically male-dominated field. Keeton often tells the story of how, as a young girl, she became fascinated with her brother's chemistry set, only to have her parents quickly take it away from her, reprimanding her for playing with boys' toys. Years later, this attitude, which Keeton found to be the rule rather than the exception, would play a major role in her decision to write *Woman of*

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID KENNEDY

Making history: Kathy Keeton meeting another space enthusiast during a ceremony in which she received the Young Astronauts plaque commemorating Omni*'s maiden Earth orbit aboard the space shuttle Challenger-STS, Mission 51F.*

Tomorrow.

When she was very young, Keeton was stricken by polio. Confined for long hours because of her illness, she became a voracious reader, discovering the world of real science through the romantic escapism and excitement of science fiction. She recalls being seven years old when she saw the film *Tarzan*. Keeton was so fascinated with the magnificent ape-man, she couldn't wait to get to the library to read the original Edgar Rice Burroughs version. Unfortunately, it had already been borrowed, but an attentive librarian gave her another Burroughs classic instead. It was called *A Princess of Mars* . . . a choice that would fundamentally change her world and forever influence ours.

Her illness, however, had already determined the direction her life would take. Because of her bout with polio, Keeton was forced to go through interminable periods of physical therapy. During this time, she became interested in classical ballet. Determined to overcome her handicap, she trained long and hard—and remarkably, at the age of 12, she was awarded a rare scholarship to London's prestigious Sadlers Wells Ballet School. It was there in the shadow of Covent Garden and the Royal Ballet that Keeton completed her formal education.

As a young lady, Keeton used her years of classical training to launch a more lucrative career in modern dancing. She played theaters, films, and supper clubs, and while the money was good and the pace fast, her interest in the world around her never diminished. Now, not only concerned with the sciences, she became an avid student of the world of business and commerce. Her growing library included hundreds of business publications and personal charts of analyses of stocks and commodities. It was during this period that she met Bob Guccione, the fledging publisher whose very first issue of *Penthouse* had unfavorably reviewed her very first film, *The Spy Who Came in From the Cold*. The meeting was fateful, not to mention electric. Each was impressed with the other's interests, goals, and capacity for hard work. Within two weeks of their first meeting, Guccione made Keeton a historic offer. He invited her to take a 90 percent cut in salary and join his staff of two. She agreed. The rest is publishing history.

Not content with bringing *Penthouse* to America and building it into the world's most successful magazine for men, Guccione and Keeton repeated the scenario some years later with their inspired creation of *Omni*—a magazine that would forever revolutionize science publishing.

During all this time, however, Keeton never forgot the discouragement she had received as a young girl and never overlooked the discrimination she witnessed against women around the world. Nor has her concern and dedication in fighting that discrimination ever wavered.

More recently, however, Keeton became increasingly disturbed about certain aspects of the feminist leadership in the United States. Seeing many of the more radical women shrilly aligning themselves with some of the most reactionary forces in the country, Keeton blamed them for the defeat of the ERA as well as the continuing inequities in women's salaries and career opportunities. Most importantly, Keeton realized that these leaders were failing women by embracing mysticism and ignorance—trying to pass antiquated censorship laws rather than encouraging women to educate themselves for the future. Seeing that the feminist movement had disowned the best interests of its members, Keeton decided to do something about it.

Two years ago she commissioned a nationwide survey by Yankelovich, Skelly and White to find out what women thought about the critical issues of today—and of tomorrow. The questions challenged women to think about the dynamics of their changing world. Keeton herself devoted many long hours to interviewing friends and coworkers on these same subjects. When she finally sat down to review the findings, she was dismayed.

It seemed that little had changed since she was a child. Most women were unaware of or disinterested in the scientific advances that have so dramatically changed our lives. They were even less interested in how their futures would be affected by technology. Keeton realized that a new world was opening up before them, but that women refused to see it.

This is what made her finally decide to write *Woman of Tomorrow*. Working with her collaborator Yvonne Baskin, she has fashioned a book that is designed to enlighten and inform, with none of the negative rhetoric and venom that have disfigured other feminist writings in the past. Indeed, Kathy Keeton may be described as an emerging leader in the all-important postliberation movement. She says: "My dream for tomorrow's woman is not that she compete for greater recognition in a man's world, but that she influence their common future with her own intellect, values, and perceptions."

Since the editors of *Penthouse* felt that it is obviously of great importance to today's man to learn what the future holds for tomorrow's woman, we asked Keeton if we could explore some of the issues and implications of her book in a *Penthouse* interview. Although she readily agreed, it was quite a while until she could find the time to sit down and talk. While her projects and activities are too numerous to list here, suffice it to say that in addition to her executive responsibilities on *Penthouse* and *Omni*, she is on the board of governors of the L-5 Society, a grass-roots space advocacy group, on the advisory board of Students for the Exploration and Development of Space (SEDS), a consultant to the Young Astronauts, a member of the board of directors of the March of Dimes, and one of America's top art and antique collectors.

Finally, just prior to embarking on a nationwide promotion tour for *Woman of Tomorrow*, Kathy Keeton took a lovely fall afternoon off from work, unplugged the telephones, and invited *Penthouse* editors Peter Bloch and Allan Sonnenschein to discover what the twenty-first century promises all of us—men and women alike.

Penthouse: Your book presents a very optimistic view of the future. Don't you have any fears about what the next century might hold for the human race?

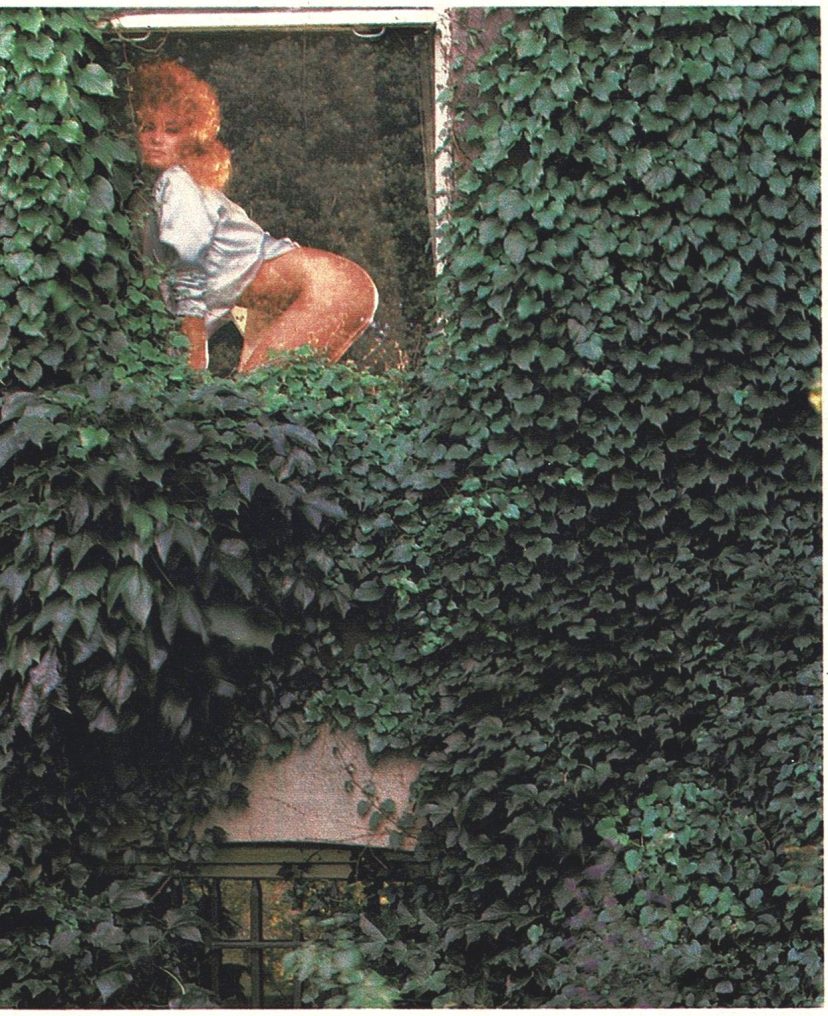
Keeton: My only fear is ignorance . . . ignorance on the part of the majority of our political and industrial leaders, and ignorance on the part of the general public, about the immeasurable benefits that

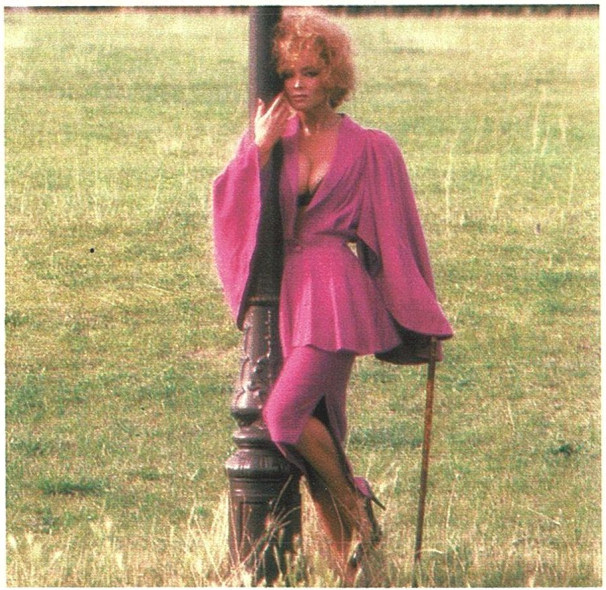
CONTINUED ON PAGE 120

SARAH

"Sexually and socially, I'm extremely uninhibited. Anything goes in my book, especially if it turns me on and is a lot of fun."

'This is my second appearance in U.S. Penthouse, *and I've been Pet of the Month in my native Australia. I don't believe in stopping when I'm really on a roll!'*





ANYTHING GOES

Born in Italy, educated in Australia, and currently domiciled in Great Britain, our much-traveled January Pet of the Month, Sarah Remington-Greaves, is not—by her own admission—a shrinking violet. "I'm more of a tiger lily," she says. "I know exactly what I like and I take great care not to keep it a secret. I really get high on great rock 'n' roll combined with sensational sex," she confides, "but not necessarily in that order." Her favorite erotic fantasy involves making love on a camel, or disappearing into the bush with a tribe of Masai warriors. "I guess I get off on shock appeal," she confesses.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TINA ROSSI

STATE ROOM

Sarah's encore appearance in the U.S. edition of *Penthouse* is a result of the enormous response of our ever-discerning readership to her first layout in September 1983.

"I love going places and doing things," Sarah tells us. "I was born in Italy and I've traveled throughout Europe, to Africa, and around the U.S. extensively. But *Penthouse* is becoming something of a home base. Nothing beats hanging out where you're appreciated."

"The kind of travel that really intrigues me," she says, "is the possibility of time travel, through history, meeting famous figures. . . ."

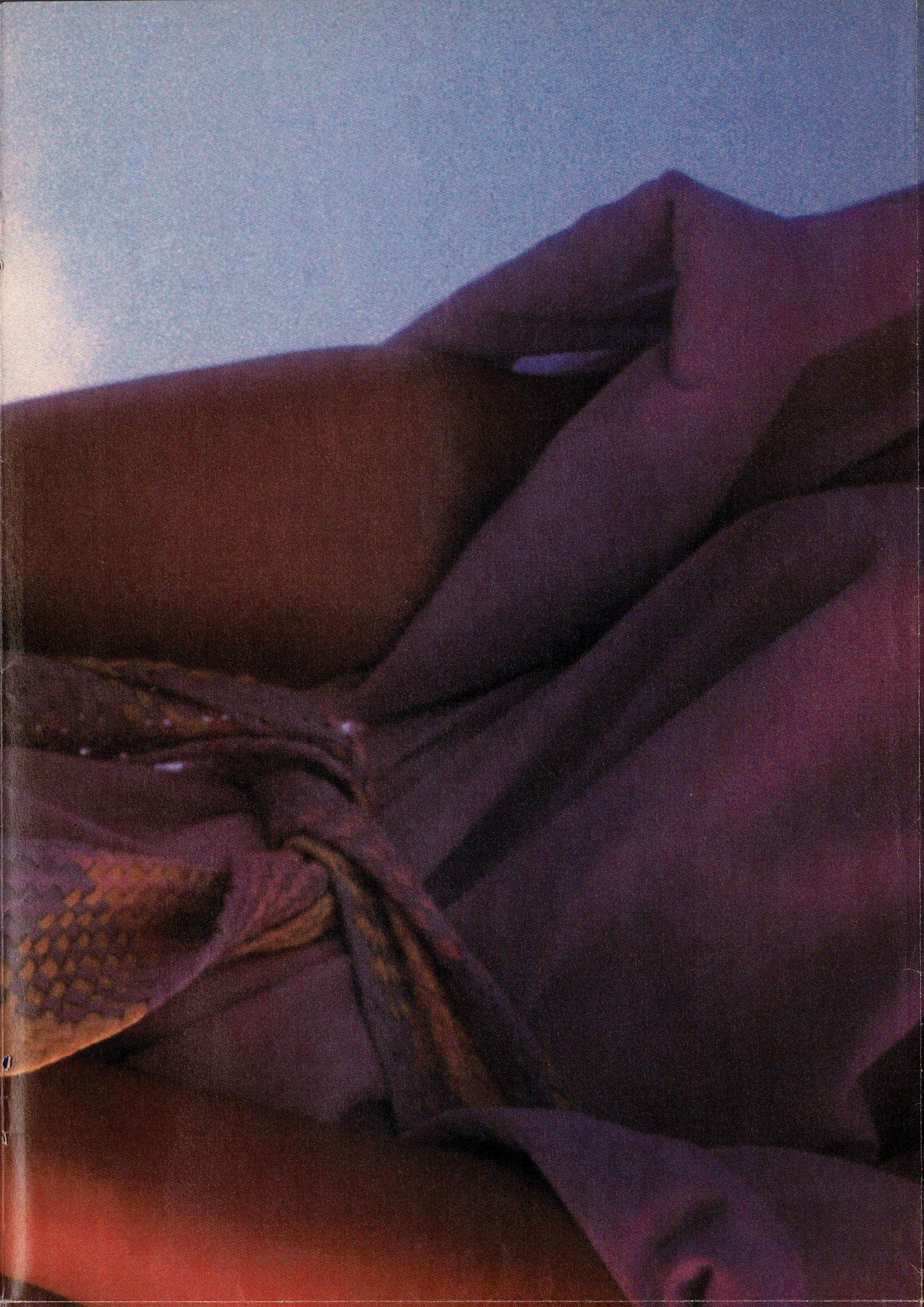
"I would hunt endlessly
in search of the ideal relationship—
the perfect sex partner—
with 'experimental' encounters
along the way."

Back in the here
and now, she says, "sexually
and socially, I'm
extremely uninhibited. Anything
goes in my book,
especially if it turns me on
and is a lot of fun, like
appearing in *Penthouse*. Actually,
I seem to have hit my
stride . . . I might have found my
perfect place and time."

MISS SARAH REMINGTON-GREAVES/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

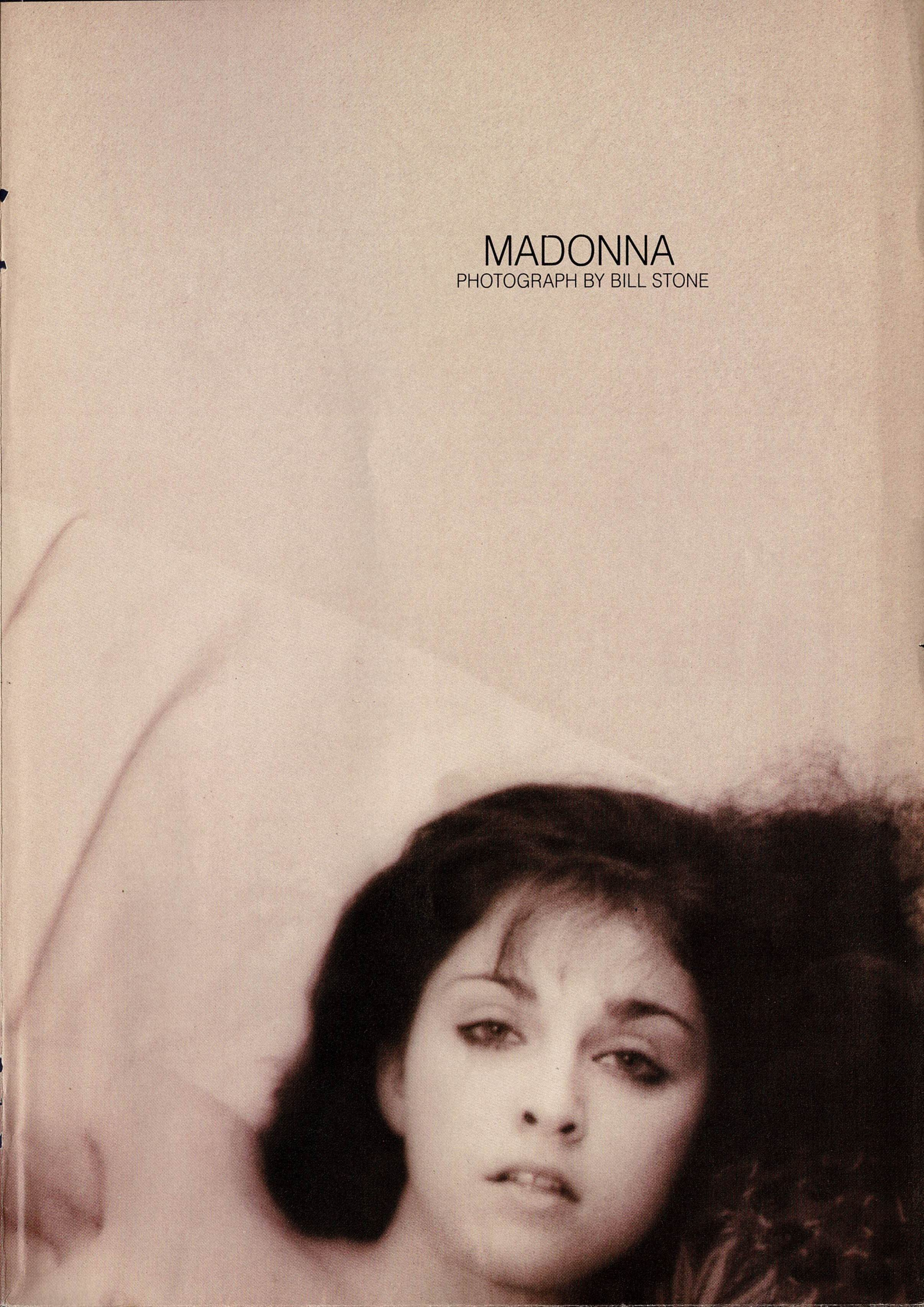
MISS CODY CARMACK
Pet of the Year

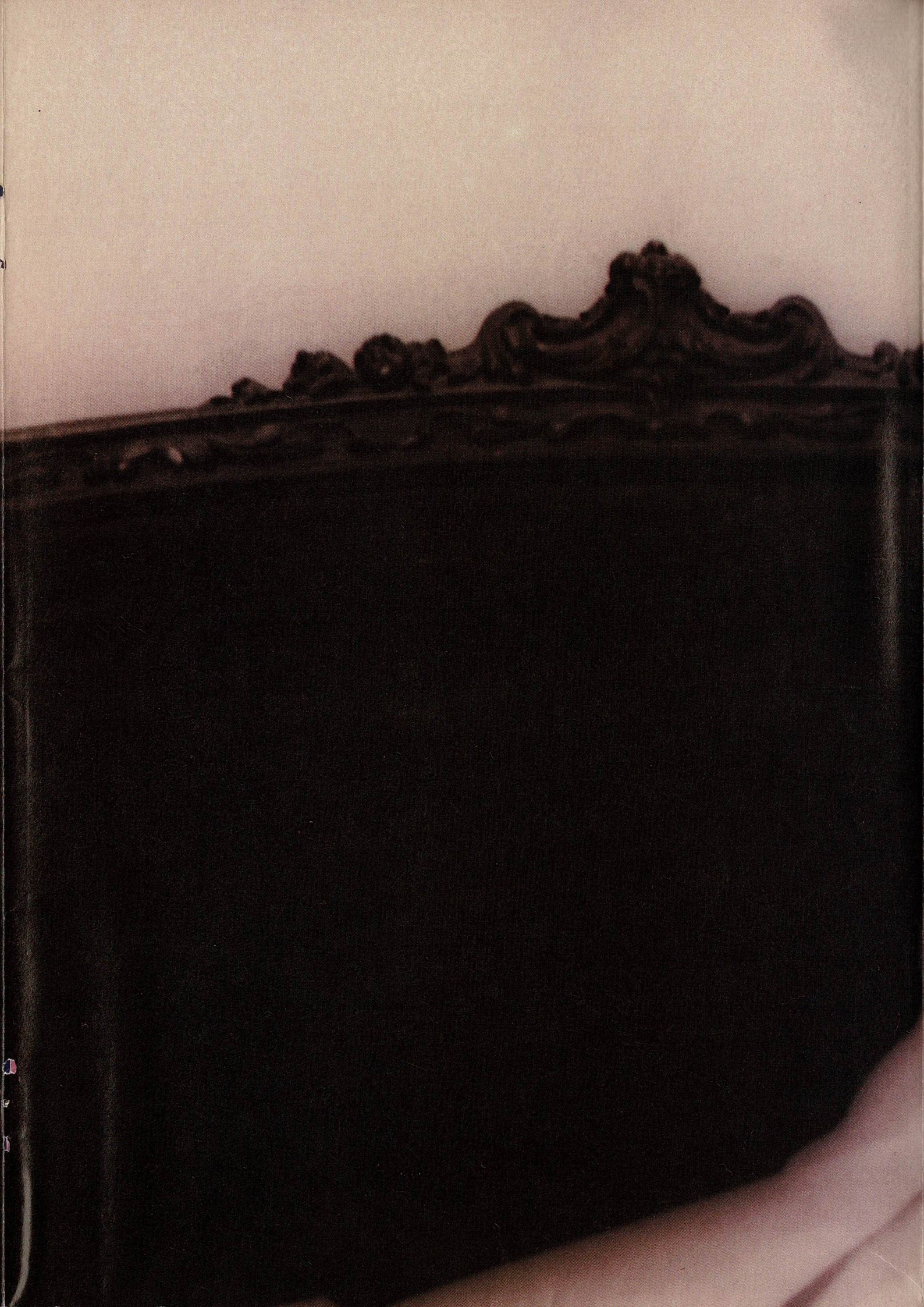
PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB GUCCIONE

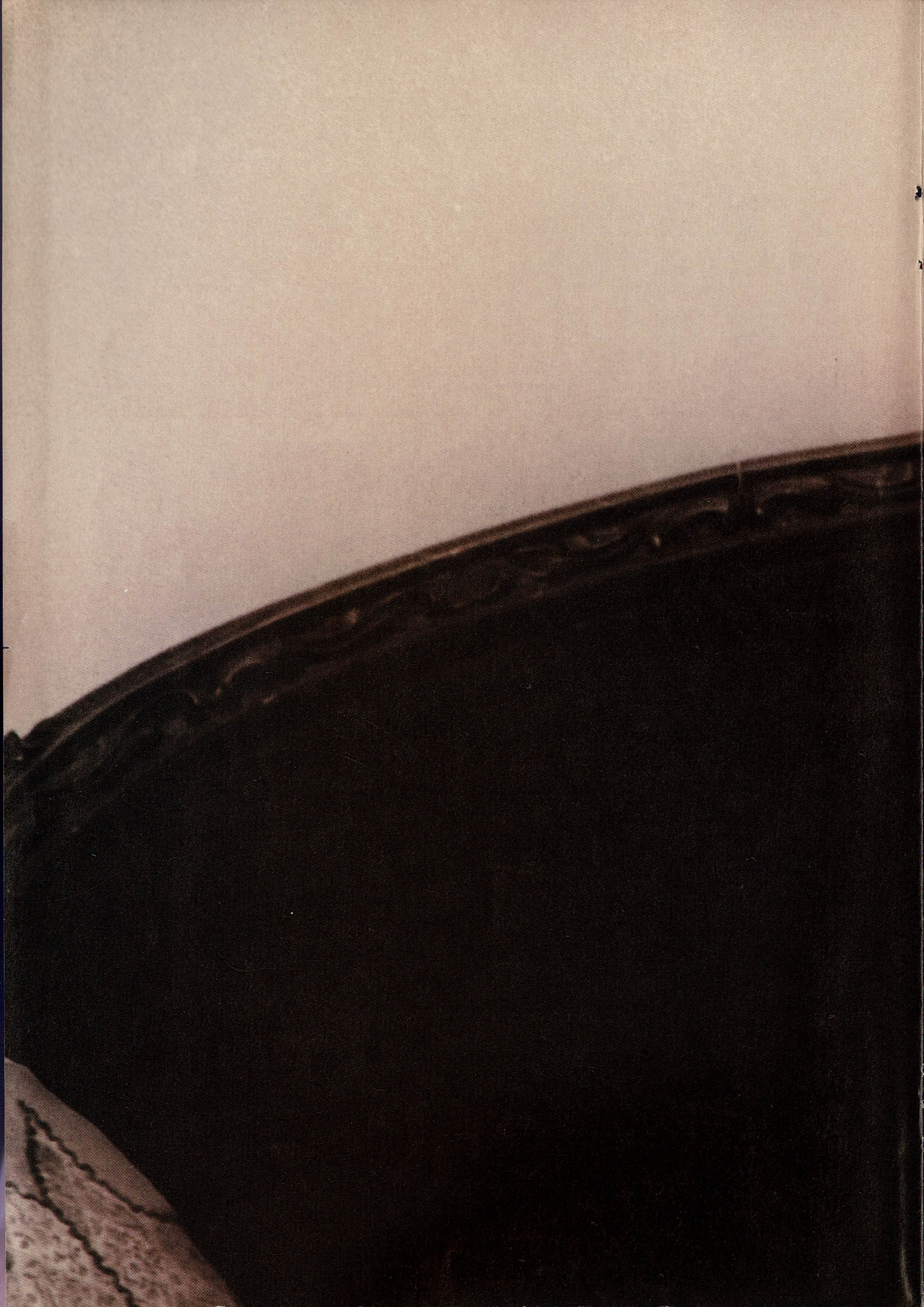


MADONNA

PHOTOGRAPH BY BILL STONE







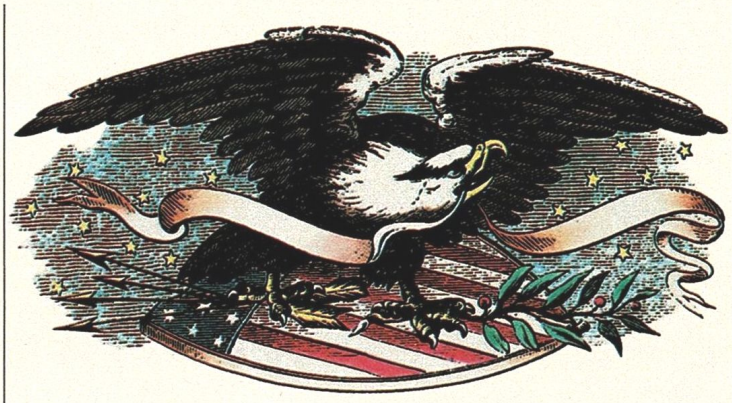
"The government needs to insure that veterans are not victimized by the private sector in connection with VA-guaranteed programs."

THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

Americans are great "joiners." This aspect of our national character is derived in part from the Constitution's First Amendment, which guarantees "the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances." The banding together of citizens of like mind, intention, and shared experience is more American than the proverbial mom and apple pie.

Each of America's wars in the twentieth century has spawned in its wake a variety of veterans' organizations. Some of these have prospered and flourished. However, none of them singly or together have achieved the political clout which accrued to the Civil War's Grand Army of the Republic Association. This was due to the fact that the Grand Army was a mass organization which included in its membership almost all Union Army veterans of the Civil War. On the other hand, out of America's current veteran population of some 30 million, the total of those who are dues-paying members of various veterans' organizations constitutes a slender minority. In many ways, this minority has cast itself as the spokesman for *all* veterans, rather than accept the more limited role of speaking for its organizations' membership.

The history of America's veterans' organizations is fascinating. Some, such as the Paralyzed Veterans of America and the Disabled American Veterans, originated out of the need of veterans so afflicted to band together in order to get appropriate assistance and treatment from a forgetful government. Others, such as the



Jewish War Veterans and the Black Veterans of America, reflected a racial and ethnic desire to share their military comradeship with those of similar backgrounds. Still others, such as the American Legion, came into being as quasi-social organizations, again designed to share and remember their military service. Finally, some veterans' organizations—such as AMVETS—came into being as organizations committed to social and political change. This diversity of purposes is not without merit. It has, over the years, kept alive the not-so-popular notion that military service is a necessary price to pay to maintain our nation's freedoms. It has also, unfortunately, produced a bureaucracy of "professional" veterans, who profess to be in the business of serving veterans' needs but who have become apologists for the government's flawed performance in carrying out laws passed to assist veterans. In addition, some of the so-called veterans' service organizations seem compelled to speak out on defense and foreign-policy issues about which they know very little. It is one thing for these spokesmen to be for a strong national defense, and another to "love" every weapons system the Pentagon wants to buy.

All this is by way of saying that veterans' service organizations should get back to their appropriate line of work. I'm not suggesting that they should be leading the charge for more government programs to assist veterans; this would be futile and counterproductive in the face of today's fiscal realities. However, there is a compelling need for these organizations to hold the government's feet, especially those of the Veterans Administration, to the fire, and demand that the laws on the books be faithfully executed and that existing programs be administered effectively and efficiently. In its haste to cut the government down to size, the Reagan administration has not paid adequate attention to the fact that no department, administration, or agency in the executive branch of government is operating at an acceptable level of efficiency. "Waste, abuse, and fraud" may have been President Reagan's battle cry, but the "generals" in his army have yet to close with or find the enemy.

The need for the government to insure that veterans are not victimized by the private sector in connection with VA-guaranteed programs is a grim case in point. For example, information revealed by a congressional investigation in 1985 showed that many hundreds—if not thousands—of veterans and active-duty military personnel had been victimized by fraud in the mobile- and manufactured-home industry. This story never made the nightly news. The fact that young veterans and active-duty enlisted personnel have been defrauded out of their life savings in the purchase of VA-guaranteed mobile and manufactured homes is apparently not "newsworthy," nor, according to VA Administrator Harry Walters, is it a responsibility of the VA. Walters contends that it is a Justice Department responsibility, which amounts to a catch-22 in that the Justice Department only pursues cases when a foreclosure has occurred.

It seems that the VA and the Justice Department have no interest in helping the vast majority of veterans get their money back from the people who had defrauded them. Why not, you ask? I suggest it may be that when veterans speak—or cry out in pain—there's no one in the VA or Justice Department's upper hierarchy, composed of political appointees, who listens. A final footnote to this scandalous situation is that the Vietnam Veterans of America, an organization which is fighting to receive a congressional charter, is the only veterans' service organization that has gone to bat for the defrauded veterans by filing a class-action suit in their behalf.—*William R. Corson*

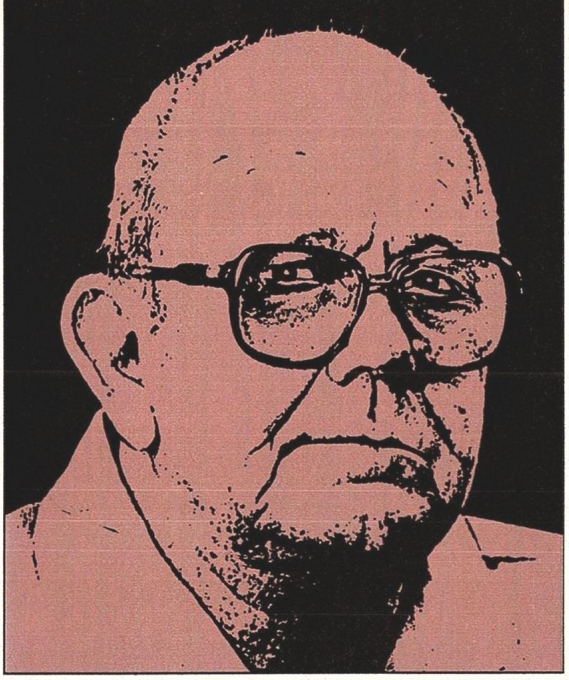
Marlboro

Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's—
you get a lot to like.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1985

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

16 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '85



"When a group like Morality in America raises its collective head in your community, shake off your lethargy, shed your indifference, and shout, 'Who are those people out there?'"

ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION

BY COLONEL GAINS HAWKINS

The author was a career intelligence officer in the U.S. Army who served in Europe during World War II, Korea during the Korean War, and in Vietnam. Now retired, Hawkins is an elder in the First Presbyterian Church and is chairman of the Clay County, Mississippi, Republican party.

WHEN "CHRISTIAN" SOLDIERS TAKE OVER YOUR HOMETOWN

A young mother of two was quivering with indignation that day when she stopped me on Commerce Street in West Point, Mississippi.

"Who are those people out there?" she demanded.

And before I could attempt to answer her, she loosed a torrent of other questions, as people are wont to do when they are very angry and already know the answers: "Who do they think they are? What qualifies them to set standards in this community? What are they after?"

They were, and still are, a satellite of a larger organization called Morality in America, Inc. (MIA), which was organized in the spring of 1984 in Tupelo, Mississippi. MIA considers their worst enemies to be pornography, the disappearance of Christian influence from public schools, and abortion.

The West Point chapter of MIA sprouted into existence with the quickness of a large toadstool suddenly rearing its ugly head on an impeccably kept lawn. Its leaders sponsored several "mass meetings," claiming attendance of 200 or more anxious and/or curious souls. Speeches and supportive audience comments were reported fully and impassively in West Point's daily newspaper, *The Daily Times Leader*. MIA had plans to organize other satellites in neighboring small cities.

Fascinated, I began to follow news coverage of the morality movement. Listen well to what MIA's leaders had to say:

The Tupelo founder told a Memphis reporter, "Sodom and Gomorrah are starting to look mild compared to America." He cited child molestation, the high divorce rate, and San Francisco's large homosexual community as evidence that America is "languishing in a moral depression."

The leader of one MIA county satellite said that the goal of his group is to "clean up . . . pornographic areas . . . to establish some decency and morality in our communities." He said that the First Amendment "does not give people the right to choose to read pornographic material" and that "censorship is a way of life in America."

The leader of the Clay County group cried out that "the moral fiber [of our nation] has been destroyed, literally." The guest speaker at one meeting told his audience, "Pornographers do not know where to stop . . . [and] unless you stop them now, in a number of years they will be performing live sex acts on the street corners with your children—forcibly—and they will resent your suggestions that they stop." Without citing any scientific evidence, he said that rapists and child molesters get their ideas from men's magazines, and warned

that the reason "pornographers don't come through the door right now and slit your throats with a straightedge razor is because they don't think they can get away with it—yet."

There was specific criticism of specific books in at least one county library and broad insinuations that the shelves of all public schools and community libraries needed to be carefully scrutinized.

The MIA contingent in West Point focused its attack upon the ten or so stores in the community that sell magazines. These vigilantes, singly and in groups of two or three, fanned out through the town, searching for "offensive" publications, pursing tight lips into thin, straight lines, narrowing eyes in expressions of righteous indignation as those eyes feasted upon the exposed vaginas surrounded by soft, moist mounds of dark pubic hair. They even photographed these sexual delights in living color for display at public meetings.

The routine then called for an indignant vigilante to approach the store manager and deliver a carefully rehearsed sermon on the evils of pornography, which usually ended with a plea to "save our children" and a dark threat to "take action" to force the removal of the offensive publications. All managers but one surrendered, muttering that "it wasn't worth the hassle."

The single stubborn holdout was Owen McCollum, mild-mannered, elderly second-generation owner of McCollum's Drugs—incidentally, the only family-owned store in West Point that sells magazines. McCollum soon found himself in battle with MIA zealots. A small flood of postcards, some printed, some handwritten, all identically worded, threatened him with a boycott if he did not remove *Penthouse* and *Playboy* from his magazine stand. Rumors began circulating that his store was going to be picketed.

Owen was subjected to "visitations" by sanctimonious citizens who worried loudly about his fate in the hereafter if he did not break off his evil relationship with *Penthouse* and *Playboy*. Almost all promised to pray for him. He and his store became the subject of agonizing Sunday-morning television sermons preached by the local MIA founder.

I found it great fun to visit his store during those embattled days and snigger with his gritty, feisty pharmacist, Conley Cox, over Owen's evident abashment. But Owen grinned bravely and never budged from his determined stand. "I ain't doing nothing illegal," he told me several times. And he added, "I ain't going to back down to those people out there."

Since nobody else seemed willing to speak up publicly against the MIA campaign, I wrote a letter to the editor of the local newspaper challenging the group's intimidating tactics, which I regarded as a genuine threat to free speech and free press. A follow-up conversation with the editor revealed that the newspaper would give "equal time" to a group opposing the MIA.

Within minutes, Conley Cox, a young lawyer named Jim Waide, and I formed a group which we called Commonsense Unlimited, Inc. The "Inc." was added as an irreverent display of fantasy. We were no more incorporated than a pack of yard dogs. But we began to get some ink in the local news. After our initial splash against MIA in the West Point newspaper, outlying papers published stories about our opposition to censorship and our cries against First Amendment threats.

Our counterattack in the press succeeded. We began receiving expressions of support. "Hang in there," some said. "Just don't use my name." Owen McCollum was particularly delighted when a doughty elderly woman visited his store one day and announced pointedly that she wanted to buy some magazines: "Just any of them, just pick me out anything. I am not going to have those people out there telling me what I can buy and read."

And then came the day when the young mother stopped me on Commerce Street and demanded, "Who are those people out there?" It was then I realized that MIA's constituency had finally become isolated as "those people out there."

Our Commonsense scheme had worked. We had shone a spotlight on MIA, Inc., its aims, its tactics, and its disciples. We suggested that individuals ask the same question, and they did. The answers were coming in fast and sure.

You see, when this question is asked, it shatters illusions. It explodes fantasies of omnipotence, omniscience, and sanctity. It disrobes imitation saints and false prophets and leaves them exposed in their bare-buck nakedness. And then comes the awesome comprehension that there is ignorance "out there." There is bigotry, selfishness, vindictiveness, jealousy, and hatefulness "out there."

And so—the next time a group like Morality in America, Inc., raises its collective head in your community, shake off your lethargy, shed your indifference, and resist intimidation. Stand up on your tiptoes and shout as loudly as you can: "*Who are those people out there?*"

KEETON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

science and technology offer.

Penthouse: Is there any way of overcoming this "ignorance"?

Keeton: I'd like to know that the people who run our country have had a reasonable background education in the sciences, and that the administration, be it Republican or Democrat, acquire good, nonpolitical science advisers with whom they actually consult! That is one reason why it is so vitally important for the general public to be well-informed, so they can tell whether or not their leaders are responsive to the virtually limitless social, industrial, and economic possibilities of science . . . an issue on which the future of this and every other civilized nation will ultimately depend.

Penthouse: Was this why you decided to write *Woman of Tomorrow*?

Keeton: Yes. It was one of the reasons. But the main reason was that women are missing vital opportunities to improve their lives by not getting more involved in the sciences. This is one area where women can, and do, earn as much or more than men. It's disgraceful that only 13 percent of the scientists in America are women.

In the past, women were "discouraged"—to put it gently—from entering the sciences. That's no longer true. Today, even with the barriers down, they aren't taking advantage of these new opportunities as fully and as quickly as they should. In my view, many elements of the women's movement are pursuing the wrong goals. Why spend time trying to knock down imaginary doors when you could be walking through open ones? My hope in writing this book was to show women how they can participate in shaping a future world in which they and their succeeding generations will inevitably live. This is a handbook on creativity and participation . . . not survival! I also want women to understand that, contrary to the popular myth, science is neither cold nor impersonal. It's very positive, very warm, and very human.

Penthouse: But hasn't the women's movement helped steer women toward careers that were normally closed to them?

Keeton: Yes, in many ways it has, but unfortunately it continues to ignore the single greatest growth industry the world has ever known . . . science!

Instead of wasting time fighting for women to become fire fighters or combat soldiers, or even garbage collectors, which, though essential, are not exactly the most intellectually fulfilling jobs we could aspire to, it should encourage women to actively pursue careers like engineering. Only one percent of all engineers are female, and yet starting salaries are actually higher for women than for men. Why bother campaigning for jobs that we aren't biologically suited for, when there are much more rewarding jobs that we can do as well and, in some cases, better than men?

Penthouse: Are you saying, in real as well as philosophical terms, that, for the record, you recognize certain inherent differences between men and women?

Keeton: Absolutely! Undeniable, biological differences, which are wonderful because they give us many advantages that men don't have . . . and vice versa. I believe it's very important for women to become aware of these differences and exploit them. They are a bonus, not a handicap. Being equal does not necessarily mean being identical, and self-understanding is an essential first step toward self-respect and self-improvement.

Penthouse: Can this book then be considered a sort of manifesto or battle cry for the postliberation era?

Keeton: *Woman of Tomorrow* is a book about all the exciting new possibilities and opportunities available to women today in preparation for a better and more positive tomorrow. It's also a book about all the things most important to us as women—health, sex, men, careers, babies, families, and homes. It shows you how to improve the quality of *your* life simply by opening *your* mind.

> "There appears to be little limit to the number of times a cell can subdivide, given proper nutrition. By the mid-twenty-first century, we could live to be 200 years or more."

Penthouse: What changes do you foresee in normal, everyday relationships between the sexes by the next century?

Keeton: I see the potential for a much greater understanding of each other's needs and interests and, as a consequence of that understanding, greater happiness for both sexes. I think the nuclear family—which is now only 17 percent of all American families—is slowly, but irresistibly, changing, and a new version of the older "extended" family is returning. People, particularly friends, are living more and more in closely knit groups, just as relatives once did.

I also believe that raising children should and will become more of a shared responsibility. Much better for the children, of course!

Penthouse: By the year 2000, how will women perceive childbirth, and what factors, if any, will change that perception?

Keeton: This is one of the areas where science will benefit women the most. For the first time in human history, a woman will be able to choose the exact moment in which to have a child—and that could be any time from her first blush of sexual maturity to 50, 60, or older. A 20-year-old will be able to freeze her eggs and have her baby at a time in her life when she feels most comfortable. This will put to rest that terrible conflict for women who must decide whether or not to bear children during those vital years between 20 and 30, when their careers are beginning to build and expand.

Penthouse: On page 181 of this issue, there is a questionnaire asking readers their opinions on so-called "new birth techniques"—that is, such innovations as test-tube babies, surrogate mothers, even the possibility of male pregnancies. Because science and technology are, in this respect, so far ahead of public thinking about the morality and legality of many of these procedures, lots of magazines, including *Penthouse* and *Omni*, are asking that people consider the implications of these issues. What do you think should be done—if anything—legally or morally to regulate such technologies? Would you ever consider using any of these procedures yourself?

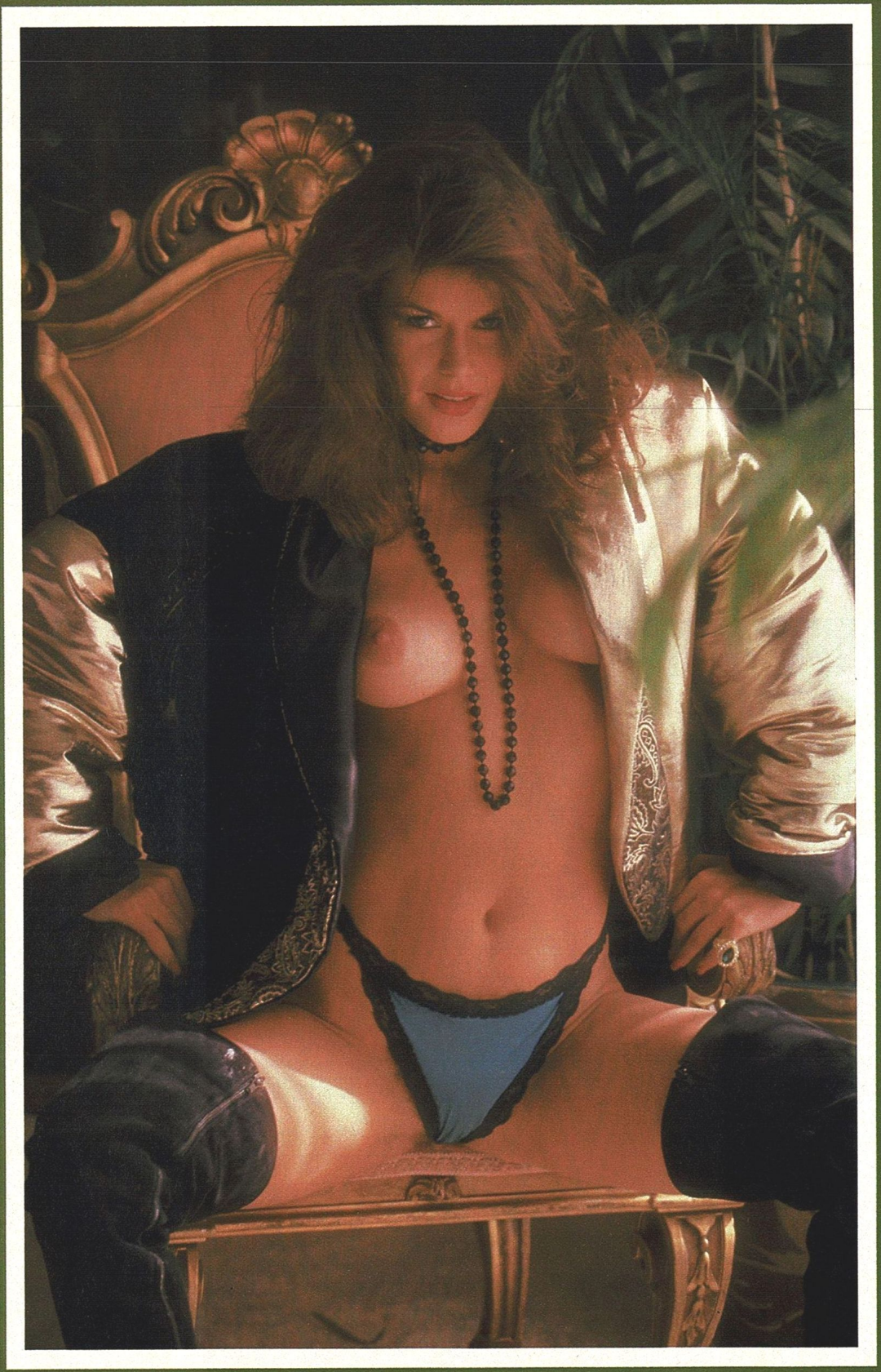
Keeton: Yes, I would definitely consider using whatever I felt was appropriate for me, in the event that I wanted a child. I also believe that legal guidelines are necessary to protect the rights of all parties. For example, most of the 10,000 women who turn to the 20 or so sperm banks in this country every year don't really know what they're getting, and the banks and their selection practices aren't regulated in any way. In a letter to *The New England Journal of Medicine* last year, a physician from the Centers for Disease Control said there have been reports of gonorrhea, hepatitis B, and other diseases transmitted to women through artificial insemination by donor sperm [AID]. A study published in the same journal in 1979 found that there was very little genetic screening or even biochemical testing of sperm donors—and only a third of the physicians providing AID services even kept permanent records of their donors.

This is just one area where we need to develop new laws for the 1980s before we can even begin to prepare for the twenty-first century.

As for moral considerations, I believe that each individual woman should have the right to decide such things according to her own personal beliefs. And you will note I said *her beliefs*. No one individual or group of individuals, man or woman, should have the right to control human reproduction.

Penthouse: After all is said and done, will the practical, day-to-day world of the twenty-first century be a better place or just a different place to live?

CONTINUED ON PAGE 148



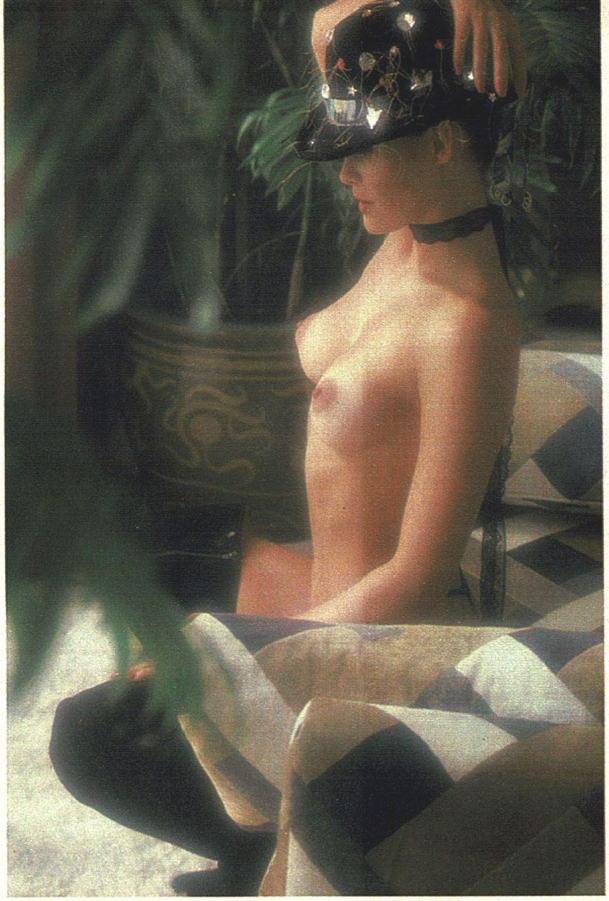
CODY

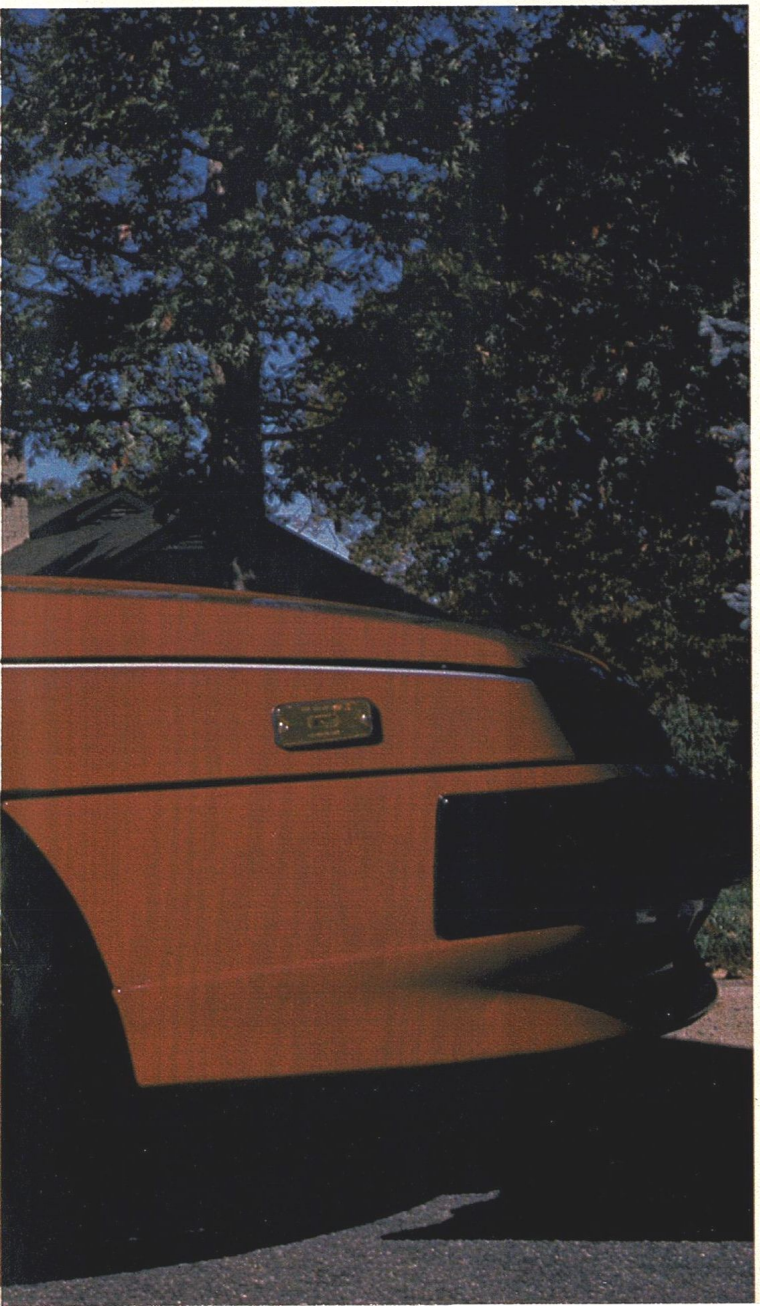
Pet of the Year

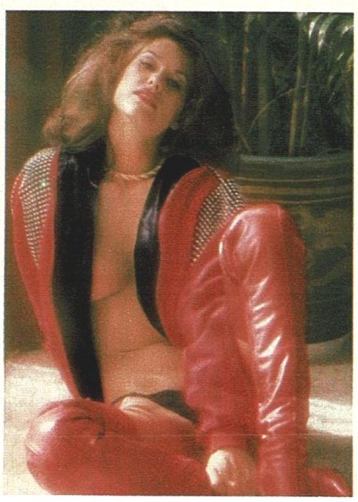
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

Captivating Cody Carmack, long a *Penthouse* favorite and now our newly crowned 1986 Pet of the Year, is a typical Texan in at least one respect. "I'm both a doer and a dreamer. For four years I've wished for this and prayed for this, but I've also *worked* for this, and now it's all come true beyond—well—my wildest dreams! My New Year's resolution is to always count these blessings." Radiantly, she surveys some of the tempting trappings of her newfound wealth, and reminds us that she is the third Pet of the Year in 15 to carry American Indian blood in her veins.

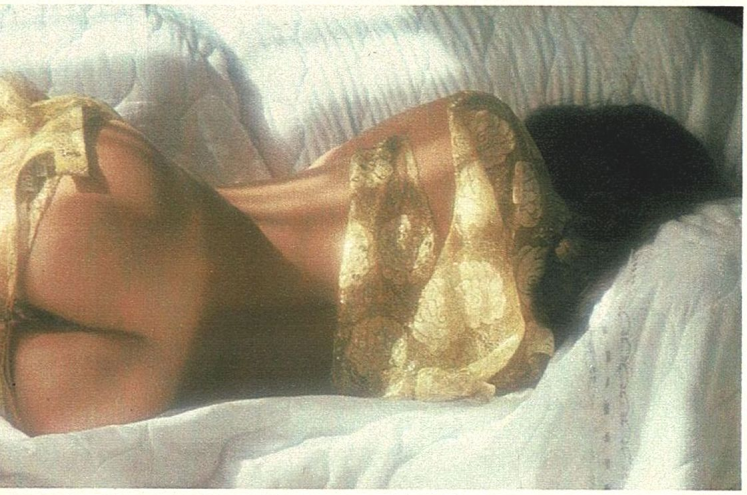
(Below) Cody clearly appreciates the finer things as she poses proudly with her Isuzu Impulse. Our American beauty is stunning in her floor-length, hand-sequined gown, designed for her by Oleg Cassini. Her natural Jasmine White Mink opera cape is by the Flemington Fur Company.

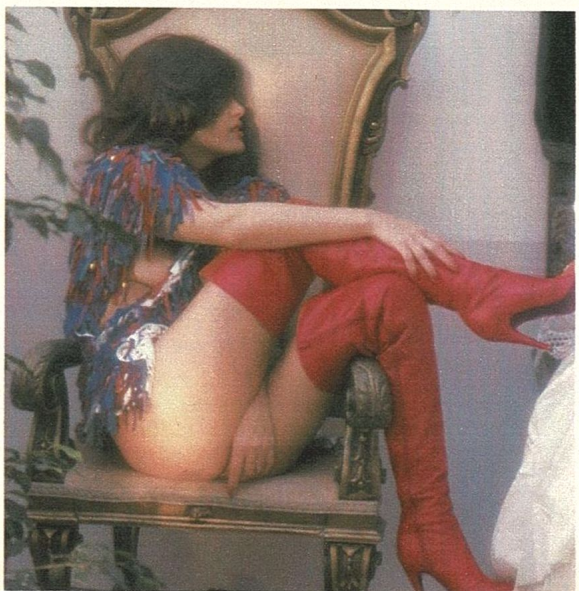






"I'll always stay the way I am," says this appealingly unaffected, 36-24-36-inch, newly evolved Manhattanite. "But I guess I *will* indulge in a few more shopping sprees. And as for the adage that you can't go home again, it's simply not true in my case. I just returned from a long family visit when my mother got remarried." As the oldest of five children, Cody was the blushing maid of honor. "We held the wedding in Bastrop, Texas, with a western theme, including pearl-button shirts and Stetsons, and of course we had horses instead of limousines."





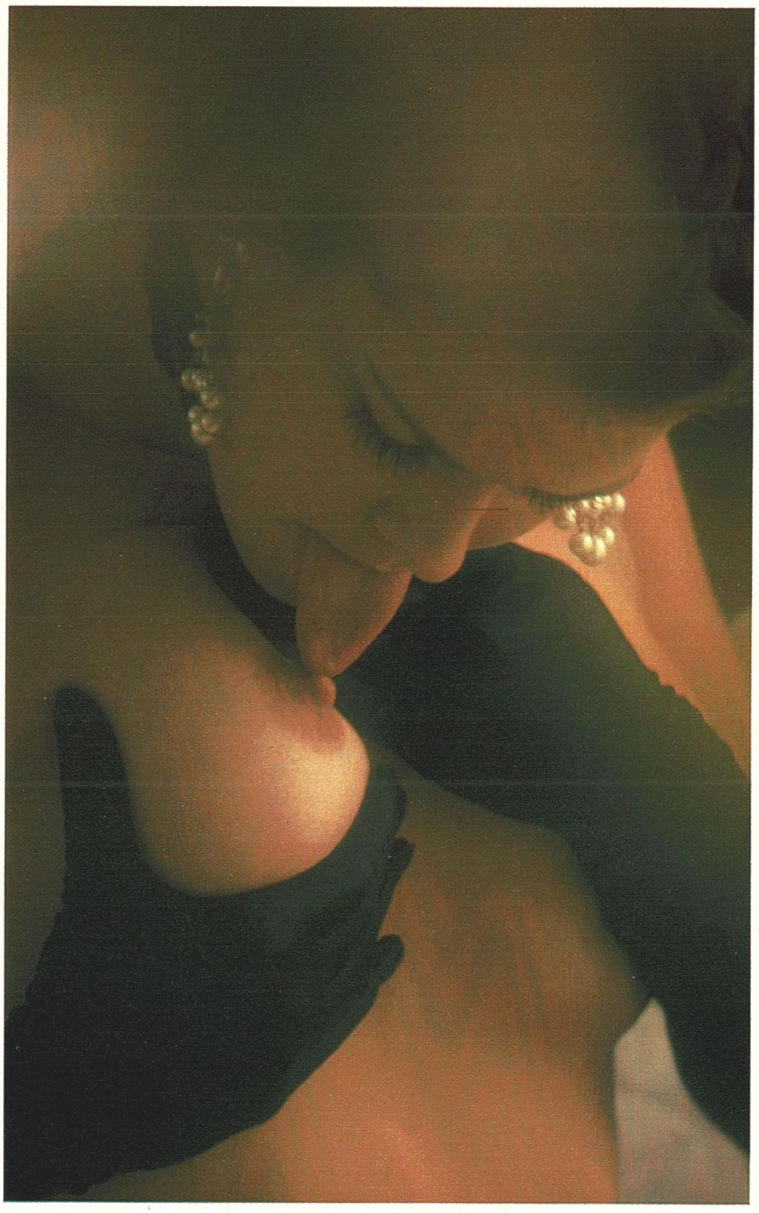
True to her western heritage, our Pet of Pets is an excellent horsewoman and still rides in Central Park every week. "I'd like to see a mugger outrun me on horseback," she laughs. Keeping up with Cody isn't easy, in any case. "Even my current boyfriend hardly gets to see me, I'm so busy. Besides doing posters and videos and promo tours for *Penthouse*, I'm also the official Evian mineral water girl." Her tawny Indian-princess face and form grace billboards in several states here at home as well as in France. "It seems to me that, like most New Yorkers, the French are wonderfully sophisticated about nudity and sexuality."

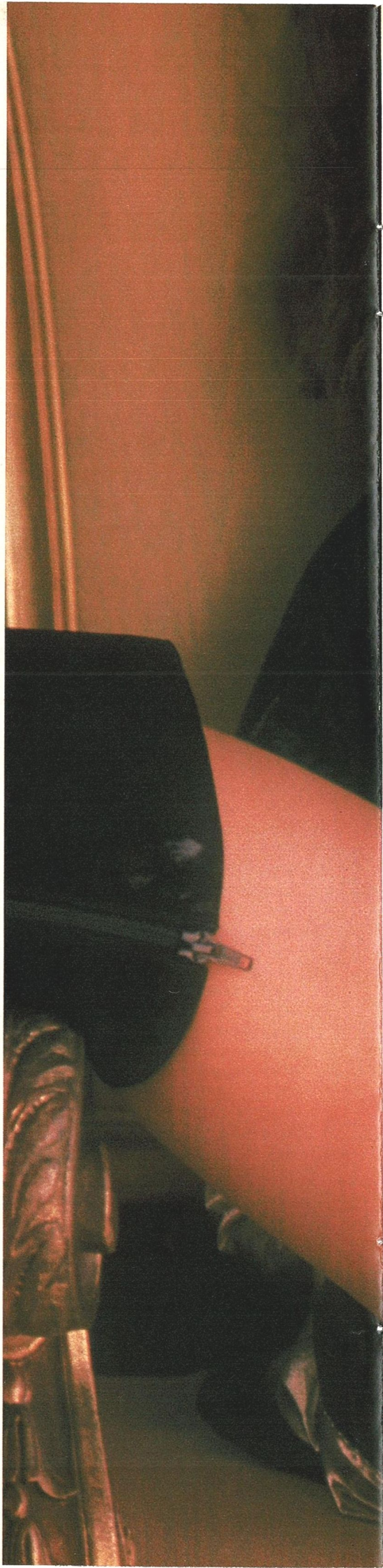
Jacket, suede vest, and jeweled derby provided courtesy of Ellen Lansburgh's THERAPY, N.Y., N.Y.

"In Paris, they treated me like a movie star," she recalls fondly, which is just what Cody wants to be. "I'll have a nice little part in Bob Guccione's upcoming adaptation of *Moll Flanders*, so you can tell Belmondo and Gerard

Depardieu that I'm training, and if they need an eager young leading lady I'll be glad to brush up on my French. Meanwhile, it's a fantastically glamorous job being *Penthouse*'s very own leading lady."

"I've changed so much since I first debuted as a Pet at 19. For one thing, I have a wiser perspective and a different sense of priorities now. Young girls are pretty narcissistic, and I guess I was no exception. Now I'm cultivating the interests and talent and experiences that will augment my career, health, and physical appearance as the years go by." Not that Cody won't do her best to stay sensational. "I work out with free weights three times a week and I drink plenty of mineral water—which is great for my skin—instead of eating lots of tempting, fattening goodies."

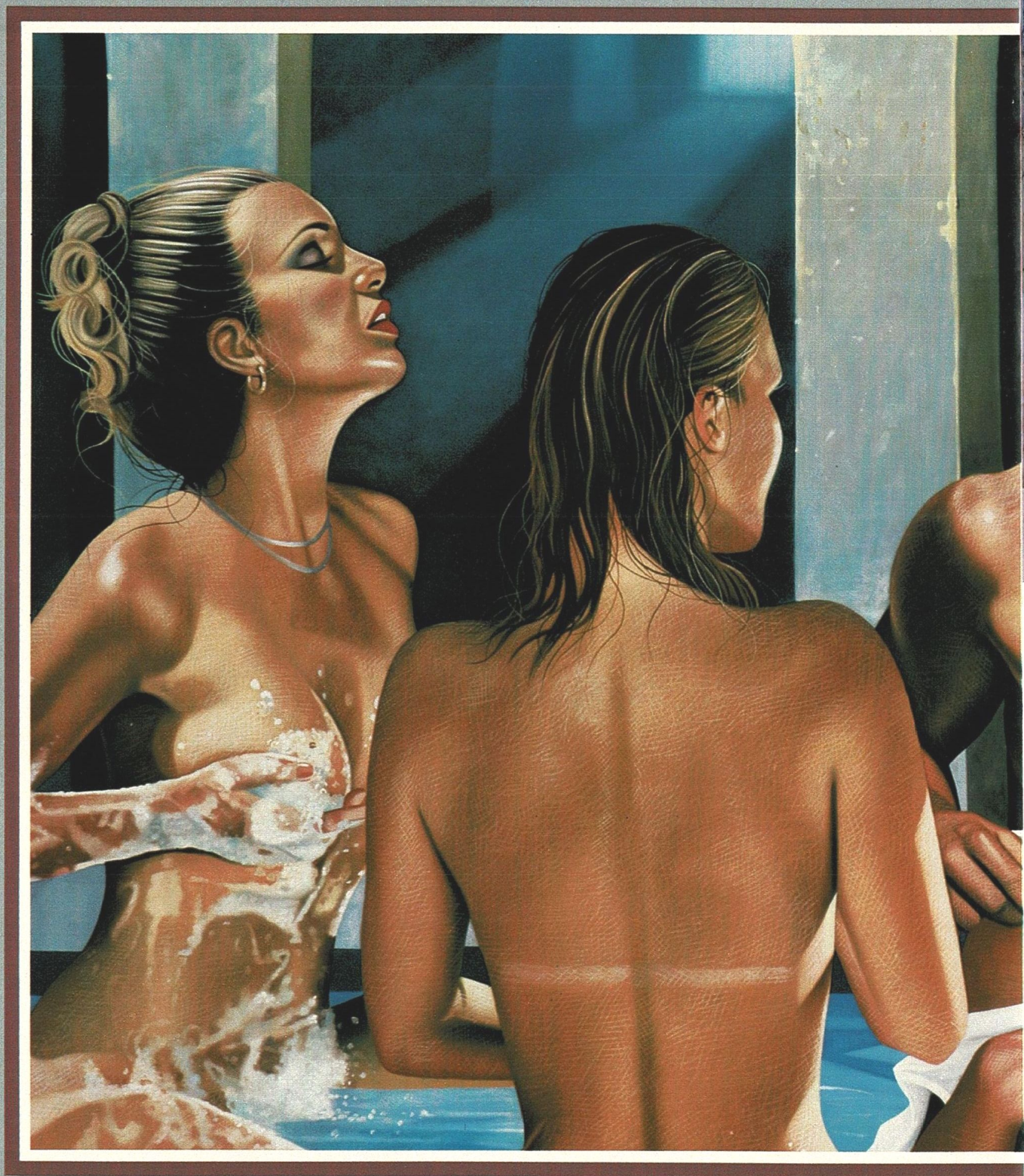




"After all the things Bob Guccione and Kathy Keeton have done for me, the least I can do is look and act my best throughout my reign. I hope by then I'll have nearly as famous a face and figure as Muhammad Ali's. I also want to make my family proud of me. Since I was the firstborn, my parents gave me plenty of leeway and responsibility, and I want to show them I've learned to handle it well." Cody, we have a hunch you can handle anything!

ORGY IN THE CATSKILLS

BY BOB SPITZ



Eight hundred swinging singles
were determined to
have the weekend of their lives. . .
and our reporter was
ready for every single encounter
(or so he thought!).

PAINTING BY ERIC SCOTT

Last winter, suffering from the postholiday blahs, I was perusing the personals column in a local tabloid when an adjacent ad caught my attention. "Singles Weekend," the bold type proclaimed. "Spend a fantastic holiday in our mountain resort where you'll meet people just like you!" I found the prospect of a holiday not too far from home to be intriguing, but the last thing in the world I needed was to meet people just like me—in other words, depressed, defeated, and degenerate.

Beneath the ad copy was a series of pictures depicting hordes of healthy-looking snow bunnies lounging around the hotel's ski slopes, skating rink, and swimming pool. The juxtaposition of all those ex-cheerleader types right across the page from the endless listings of lonely hearts kindled my imagination. *Maybe I ought to look into this,* I thought, jotting down the address. And when the brochure finally arrived, I had almost made up my mind to go.

"Give it a try," a friend urged me. "My cousin's gone to a few Singles Weekends there and come back with all sorts of mind-boggling stories." He related a few that made the "leisure activities" listed in the brochure sound more like heats at a sexual Olympics. "That's the only reason anyone goes there," he said. "What's more, you could stand the company of a new woman or two."

Or three, I thought. And by the time I turned into the hotel's driveway, I was already intoxicated by the various possibilities of what lay ahead.

4:30 P.M.—IN THE LOBBY

The lobby of the hotel must have been the result of an interior decorator's bad dream: a stunning example of Hasidic rococo culled from the late–Miami Beach/Kitchen Sink period, in which taste was obviously considered déclassé. Here among the Greek columns, crushed-velvet sofas, gilt-framed mirrors, crystal chandeliers, and potted palms is a small army of . . . well, *singles,* I guess; singles as far as the eye can see, engaged in a kind of predatory cakewalk.

"Beat It" is blaring out over two mammoth loudspeakers, and setting forth a portentous anthem that seems to underscore the festivities. A few couples try to dance, but for the most part the early arrivals—numbering well into the hundreds—are poised to check out the merchandise.

And the merchandise, so to speak, is displayed like the boat show at the New York Coliseum. Clusters of unattached men and women have positioned themselves strategically along the great hall, posed just so with their blue-jean shanks sunk into the sofas, legs crossed, and arms draped circumspectly over the chair backs with fey mannequin detachment. Smiles convey deceptively mixed meanings while goblets of white wine sway exotically in free hands, never touching the molten surface of high-gloss heavily varnished lips.

Here under one roof we have the available-elite, the ready-willing-and-able, the commitment-conscious who yearn for—oooohh, that word—*relationships* (say it again: *relationships,* aaahhhh), yet messages are flying around the room at a speed faster than if sent by Federal Express, and they all say the same thing: Hands off, buster; this is strictly a preview of what's to come.

It's into this pageant I stumble. Dragging my suitcases through the fray, I prepare to trudge conspicuously toward the registration desk—past the suburban beauty queens and the jocks and the socially aloof—when a rouged-up woman in mauve pedal pushers edges toward me, shifting her chassis into emotional overdrive.

"Here, I'll take those for you," she says, grabbing my suitcases. "It's pretty much of a hike over to registration. You should have parked by the west gate; you would have saved yourself a lot of trouble." Slinging one of my bags over her shoulder, she maneuvers through the crush of singles with missionary skill. "You do have a car, don't you?"

"Mind answering a question?" Judy asks me in the Nightcap Lounge. "I just want to know how many times you can come."

I admit as much, careful to sound as casual about it as possible.

"Yeah? What kind?"

I pull out my rental agreement to double-check. "An '84 Mustang."

"Oh." There is a long, painful silence before she shrugs and sighs. "Well, I guess that's okay. By the way, here's a spare key to my room," she says, removing a duplicate from what looks like a night watchman's ring of masters, "just in case we get separated later on."

"What's your name?" I ask, more out of convention than curiosity.

"Debbie. So . . . whaddya do?"

What do I do? Let's see now, I do the mile in seven and a half flat, a mean roast leg of lamb, and occasionally drugs to take the edge off the ol' bones—all of which are irrelevant to Debbie's inquiring mind. For "What do you do?"—or, more specifically, "Whaddya do?"—is, to the Singles Weekender, the most pressing sociological question since "What is your sign?" fell out of vogue. Which is why I wince as I say, "I'm a [pause] writer."

The confession stops Debbie dead in her tracks. She turns to me, ashen-faced, and for a moment heaven and earth actually seem to stand still.

Then, without pausing, she drops my bags, snatches back the spare-room key, and moves away from me with the dispatch of a mortally wounded gazelle.

Not that I hadn't expected as much. I mean, *a writer.* The species hardly registers on the Catch of the Century chart, let alone gleans respect. Word has it that this year's eligible bachelors come solely from the ranks of hard-core breadwinners: doctors, lawyers, stockbrokers, quarterbacks, coke dealers. Ideally, one might happen upon a quarterback who deals coke in the off-season, in which case even small talk is to be contingent upon the promise of marriage. Judging from the qualifications, one must rate my Singles Potential (or SP, if you speak the language) as grim at best.

And yet, the Debbie episode leaves me feeling the least bit put off. The bile in my throat begins to rise as I complete the inquisitive registration form. (It, too, wants to know what kind of car I drive; I put down "Mercedes" lest they show me the door.)

Nevertheless, I'm determined to make the best of it. If anyone inquires about my profession, I'm determined to—lie. *Yes!* That's what I'll do. I'll tell her I'm a lawyer! Better yet, a lawyer-quarterback in the midst of a residency. (Let her worry about her own coke connection.) That ought to serve me well.

I hoist my bags over a shoulder and trudge off toward my room when a scene near the west-gate entrance catches my attention. I move closer to the revolving door in time to glimpse the frantic figure of Debbie charging outside, stepping out of the path of a Jaguar sedan just in time, as it screeches to a halt in front of the check-in area. Seemingly unfazed by the close call, she edges toward the driver's door, eyes flashing expectantly, as she ogles the backseat, hoping to catch a glimpse of a black housecalls bag, or scattered legal briefs, or, God help her, even a stash of glassine envelopes.

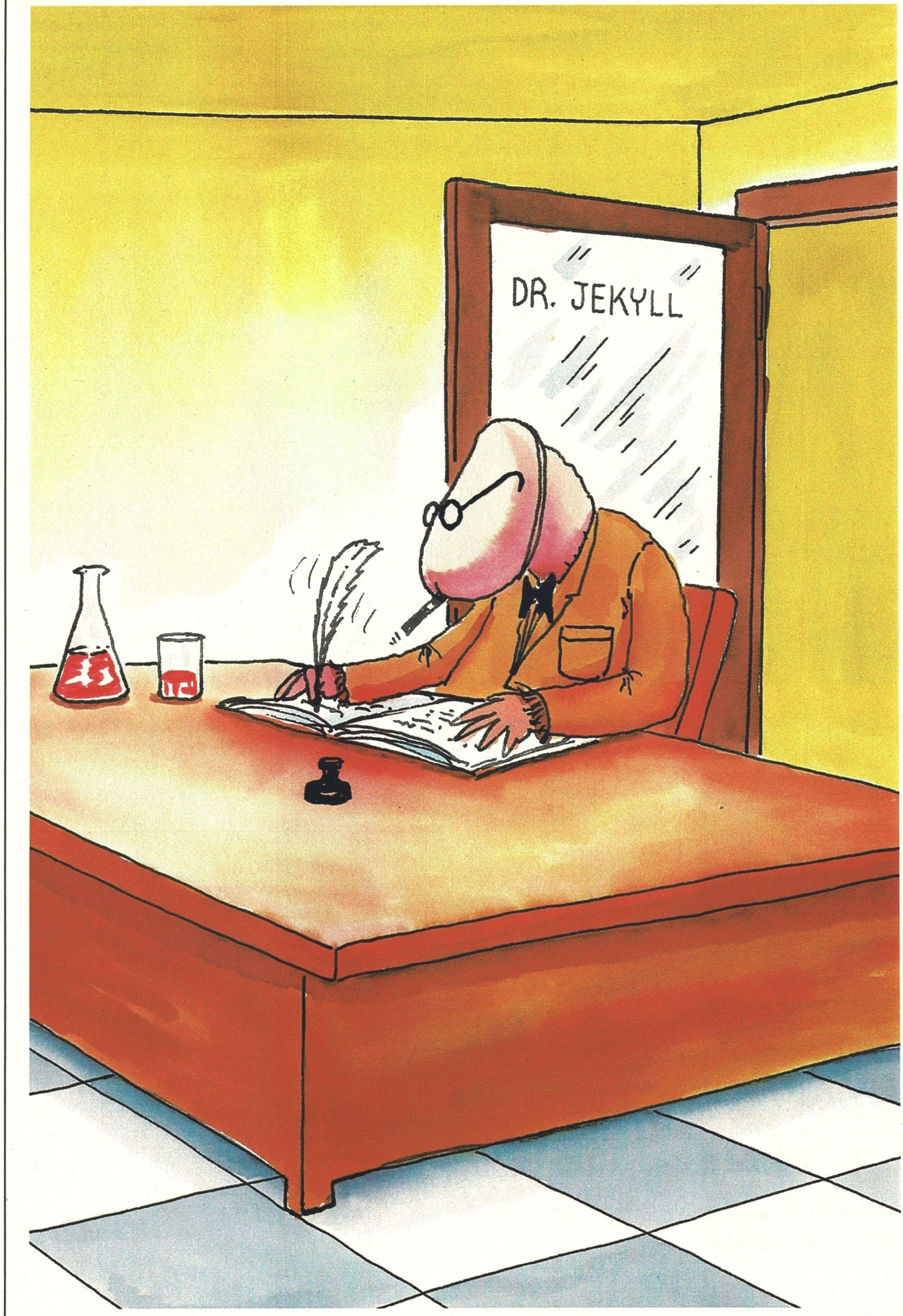
The driver, a rugged sort in a gray denim jumpsuit, slides out from behind the wheel and pauses by the open door. Debbie takes the cue, and sidles quickly to his side. Their chests touch ever so gently as she gazes into his eyes and breathlessly poses her legendary question: "So . . . whaddya do?"

"I park cars," he replies. Then, ignoring her mournful screams, he steps over Debbie's crumpled body and heads toward a bellhop standing by the doors.

5:30 P.M.—IN THE BAR

The Nightcap Lounge is sort of a provisional DMZ located between the lobby and the disco where beleaguered guests

CONTINUED ON PAGE 192

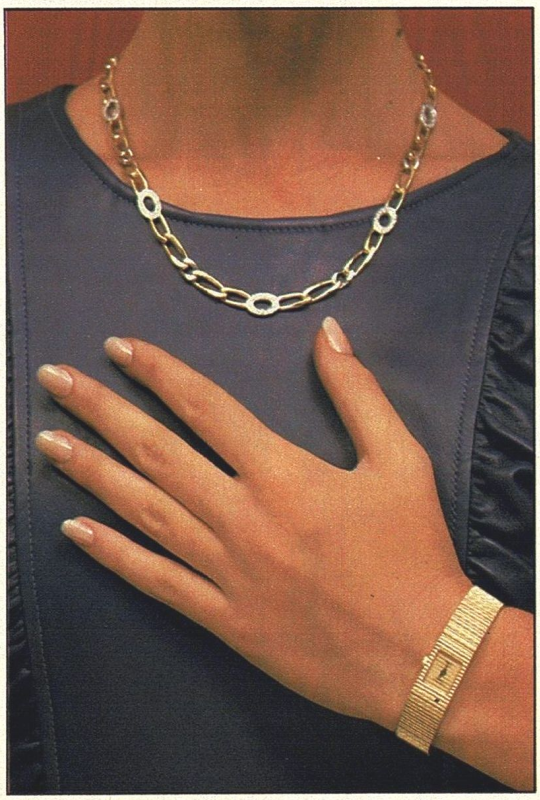


"Wednesday, 10:46 P.M. . . . there is a distinct possibility that I made the formula too strong *this time. . . ."*

BRIDGESTONE

Pet of the Year Gifts

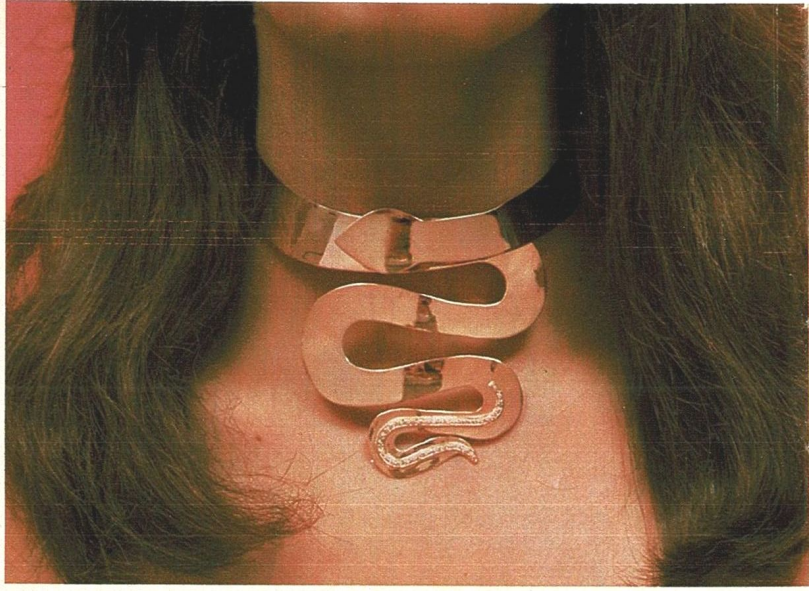
'Tis the season for gift giving, and what better occasion than our annual Pet of the Year coronation, when a lovely American woman is justly rewarded for her beauty, talent, and poise. This time-honored *Penthouse* tradition serves to further the hopes and aspirations of its deserving winner with cash, prizes, and educational and career opportunities, surely providing our Pet of the Year with that extra competitive edge.

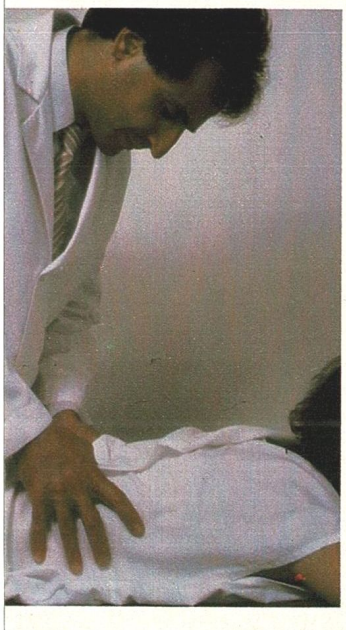


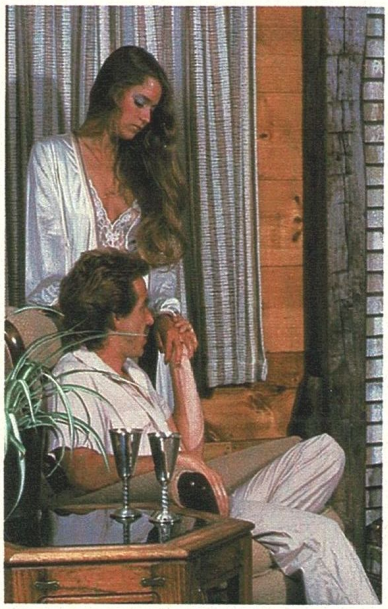
In many ways, beauty is its own reward, but *Penthouse* also maintains that our newly crowned Pet of the Year, Miss Cody Carmack, having been elevated to the pinnacle of Petdom by our disarmed but discerning readers, deserves only the most bountiful beauty queen's ransom this side of heaven. In fact, we'd love nothing more than for our Miss Carmack to follow rock star Madonna's example and become an unabashed "material girl"—not difficult at all considering the Titanic-size treasure trove of consumable goods and services, worth almost a quarter of a million dollars, she's being showered with. The more the better, we feel, if our delectable ambassadress is to represent *Penthouse* throughout the world with the kind of regal grandeur and grace that will never go out of style.

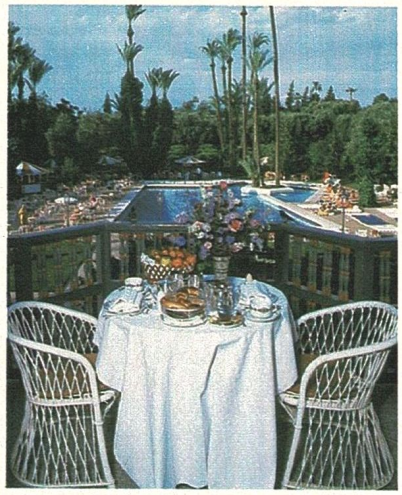
Cody's lavish gifts number in the hundreds, and just some of them are pictured here, including the snappy Isuzu Trooper II, ideal for hauling around truckloads of rapt admirers. Though ball gowns certainly become her, some occasions call for the casual elegance of Style Auto clothes and, when she heeds the call of the wild, boots made for walking from the North Lake Boot Company. Another favored new possession is her swashbuckling Hobie 17 catamaran by Hobie Cat, perfect for sailing off into the sunset. Obviously, though, a large part of her time will be spent enjoying formal engagements. For those, she'll be telling more than the time of day with the Longines Wittnaur elegant gold evening wristwatch, and outshining her spotlights with Richter's stunning 18-carat gold and diamond necklace. A girl with a global mission will need funds to fuel her quest, and *Penthouse* Editor and Publisher Bob Guccione will thoughtfully provide her with $5,000 in cash. Still, it's not only tangible assets that talented, captivating women like Cody covet.

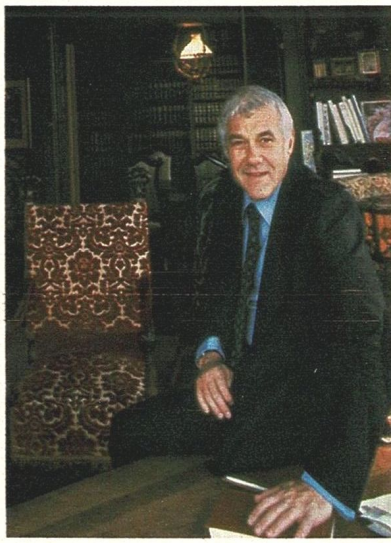
Travel will broaden her experience and refresh her spirits, especially such dream vacations as a Windjammer cruise to St. Martin, a jaunt to exotic Morocco, and several heavenly days on Paradise Island. Achieving lasting fame and fortune involves hard work as well as play. To help her reach her goal, Cody will receive a complete one-year dramatic-arts scholarship, including private classes in speech and communications, at Philip Nolan's New York Academy of Theatrical Arts. There are also countless other gifts, from stereos to scooters, furs to facials, leather goods to lingerie. But maybe the biggest gift for Cody's fans will be her debuting role in an upcoming film by New World Pictures. No matter what medium she chooses, a girl with a message like Cody's will go a very long way. (For a look at the rest of her tribute, turn the page!)

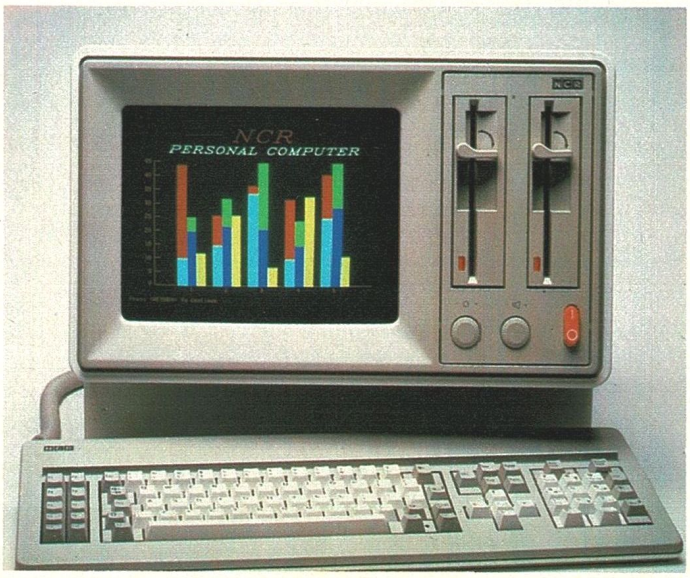




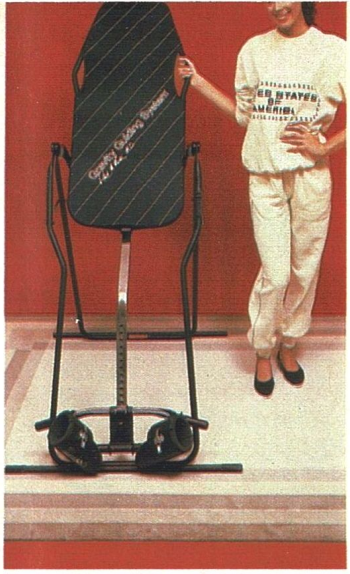


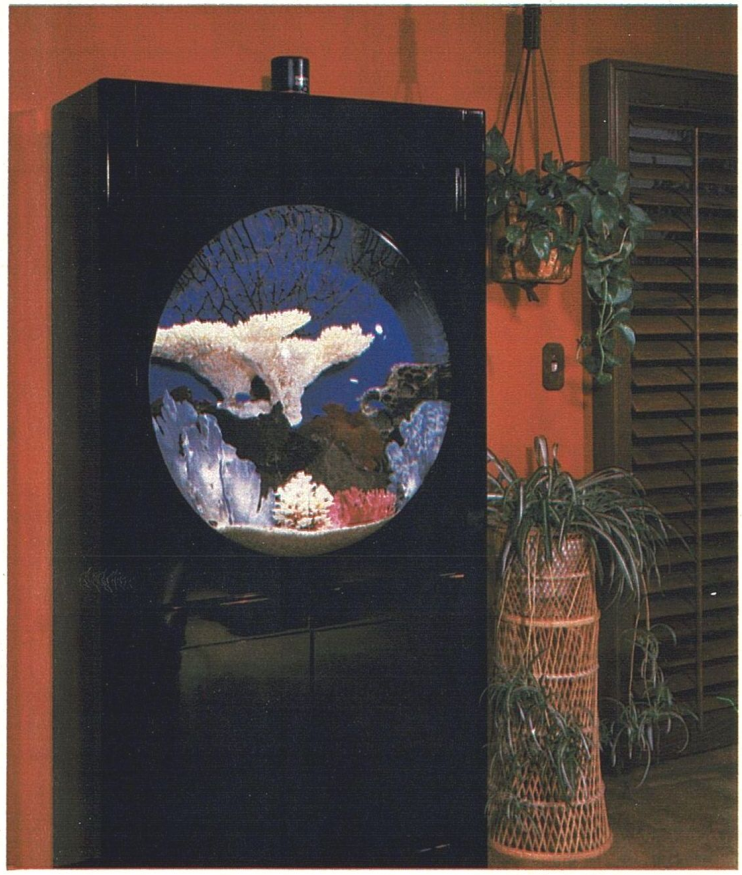


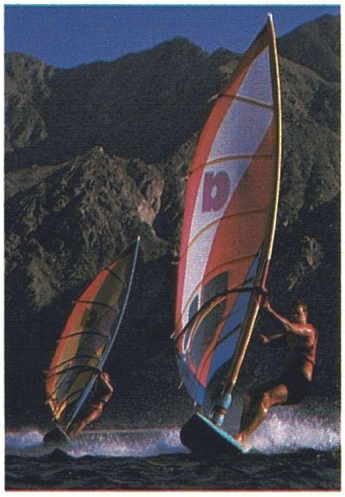


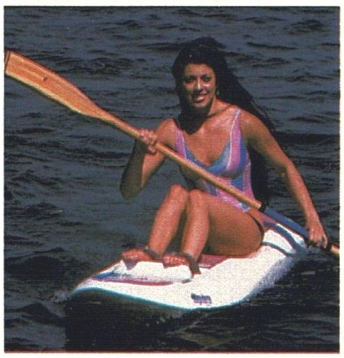


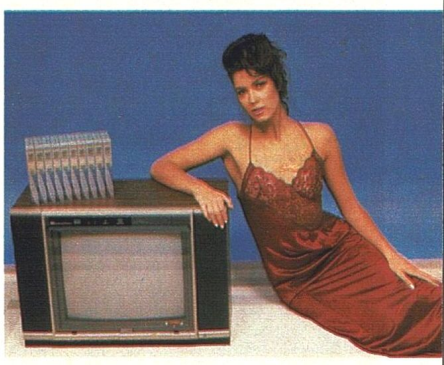
(Top row, left to right) THE SABRE two-wheeler motorbike by AMERICAN HONDA MOTOR CO. will take our Pet wherever she wants to go, and she'll look lovely adorned with jewelry by ARMAK JEWELRY DESIGN, LTD. She will hang out in style with sportswear from STYLE COMPANIES, LTD. on her gravity stretch equipment from GRAVITY GUIDANCE, INC.; a rug from LANE'S FLOOR COVERINGS, INC. Her 1986 BAYOU 300 from KAWASAKI MOTORS CORP. will keep her going mobile. For the latest in sound she'll receive an IS-700(M) & AT-700 Stereo from SANSUI. (Second row, left to right) Chiropractic and nutritional services, courtesy of DR. JOSEPH MIRTO, will cure what ails her. When our Pet wants a romantic hideaway she can check into the luxurious GOLD MOUNTAIN CHALET RESORT. Then it's time for some fun in the sun for two with a Moroccan holiday at LA MAMOUNIA HOTEL in Marrakech including airfare, courtesy of Mr. Hilary D'Costa of FLAG TOURS, INC. One case each of AUSSAY and ARMAGNAC wines by REGAL BRANDS, INC., one case of B & B

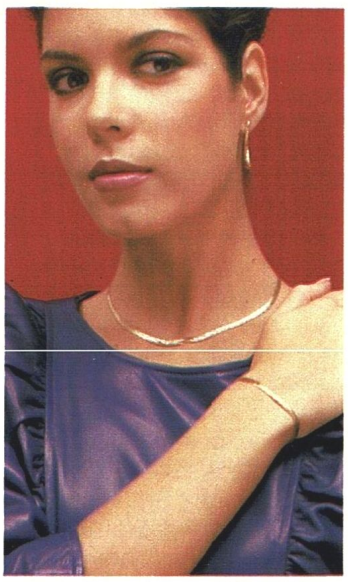




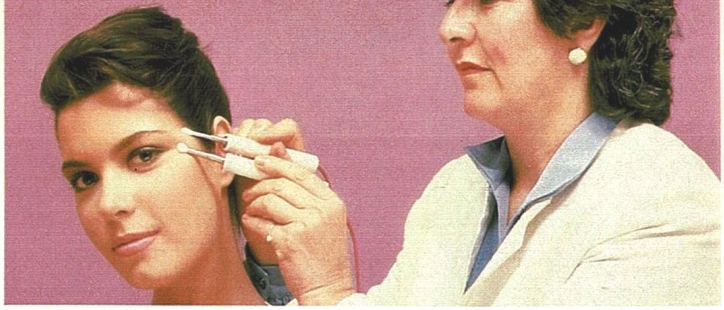


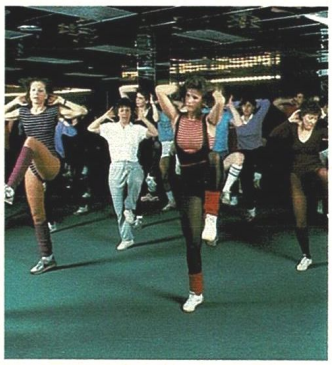


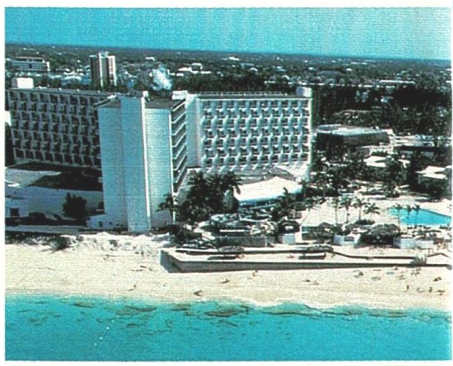


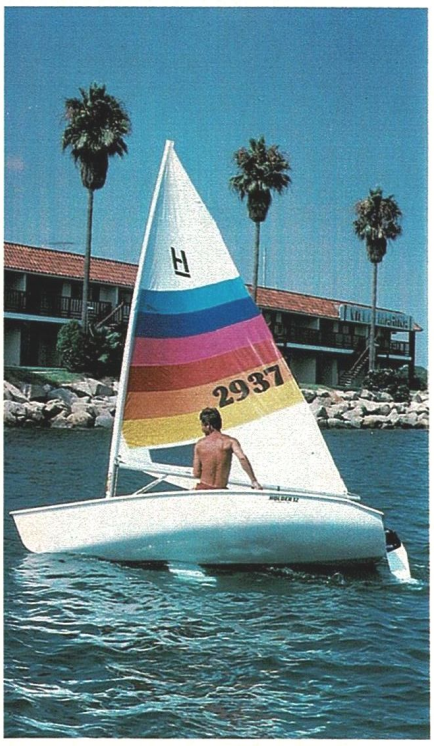


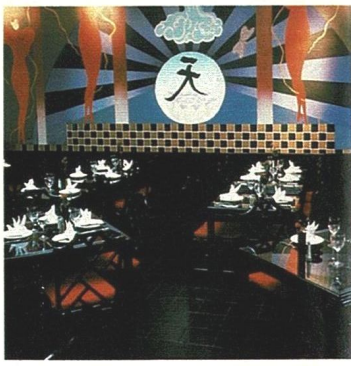
LIQUEUR, BENEDICTINE MARKETING SERVICES, INC., and one case of JOSE CUERVO TEQUILA from HEUBLEIN, INC., will warm her spirits. A customized aquatic showpiece from MIDWEST TROPICAL ENTERPRISES, INC., will grace her home. The Alpha 230A Sailboard by HOBIE CAT will bring the surf to her. She'll create only the best "Impressions" with six pieces of luggage from VENTURA TRAVELWARE, INC., when she's on the move. A beautiful dark-purple leather dress by NORTH BEACH LEATHER, cowboy boots courtesy of DURANGO BOOT CO., and belts from TREDICI, a division of CHARLES BELTS, can only enhance our Pet's good looks. (Third row, left to right) Our queen will be whisked around town thanks to SKYLINE LIMOUSINE SERVICES, LTD. To capture every moment of this memorable year, the MAMIYA GOLD RB 67 complete camera kit from BERKEY MARKETING COS. and the CHINON CP-6 from CHINON AMERICA, INC. The sun's rays will never hurt our queen's eyes with sunglasses from GEMINI OPTICS, LTD. MARVIN MICHELSON offers legal advice throughout her reign. Our beauty will jump the waves in her new Alpha Wave 130 from HOBIE CAT. She can relax after a hard day in luxurious lingerie from Teci De Finis, director of CAMEO COUTURES, while she catches up on the news with a TOSHIBA CZ2064 television set. Videotapes courtesy of PANASONIC CO. (Far left) No task is too difficult with the NCR PC4 computer, courtesy of PARK PLAZA COMPUTER CENTERS, INC. (Left) GOLD HEART, INC. will provide a necklace, bracelet, and earrings to add to her treasures.

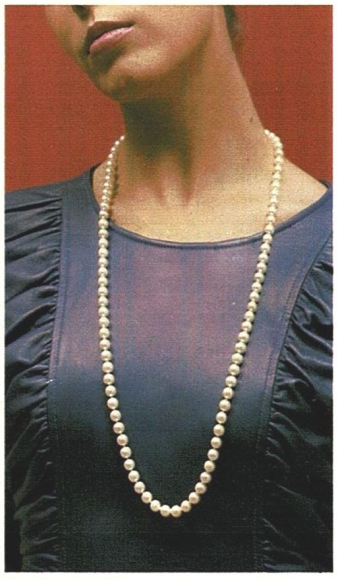




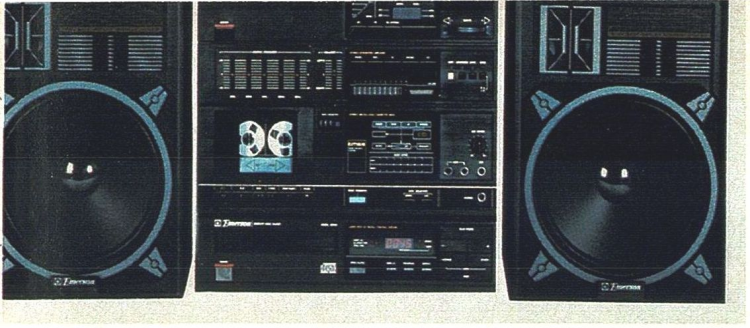


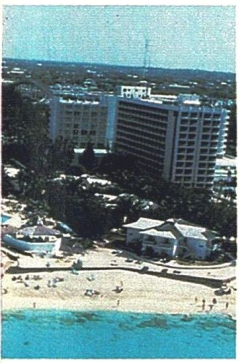


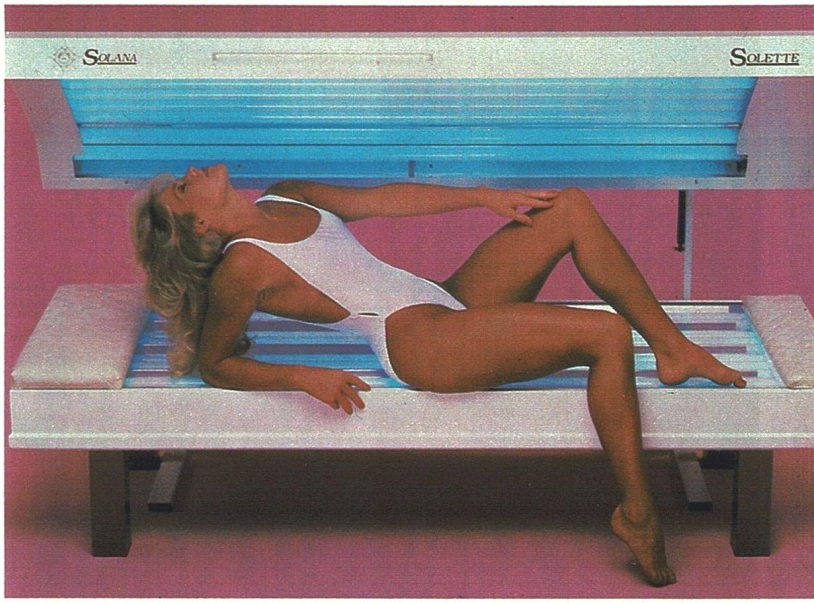




(Top row, left to right) For the best in sound while she drives around town, the SPARKOMATIC SR 430 car stereo and speaker system. For lasting beauty, facial care and services by AGELESS BEAUTY by Helen Pappas. She'll have the latest innovation in listening with the CD 1000P compact-disc package from EMERSON RADIO CORP. She'll open all our hearts with her PENTHOUSE PET KEY studded with rubies and diamonds, designed by FEUER AND WOLF. On those cold days she'll have to choose among her Crystal Fox, Lynx, Ranch Blackglama Mink, and a Racoon coat and hat, all by FADEN FURS. (Second row, left to right) She will fly the skies in her light plane by PARAPLANE CORP. Our beauty will always be in tip-top shape with a lifetime membership to the 21ST CENTURY FITNESS AND NAUTILUS HEALTH CLUB. She'll take to the sun with a one-week trip for two including airfare at PARADISE ISLAND RESORT AND CASINO, courtesy of RESORTS INTERNATIONAL BAHAMAS, LTD., then on to the sea in the inflatable boat with canopy and sail by SEVYLOR U.S.A., INC. (Third row, left to right) Our queen will never worry about reaching anyone with ALPINE'S 9500 Cellular Telephone, or about her safety, with ALPINE'S 8100 Mobile Security System. Enchanted nights are hers with dinner for two, once



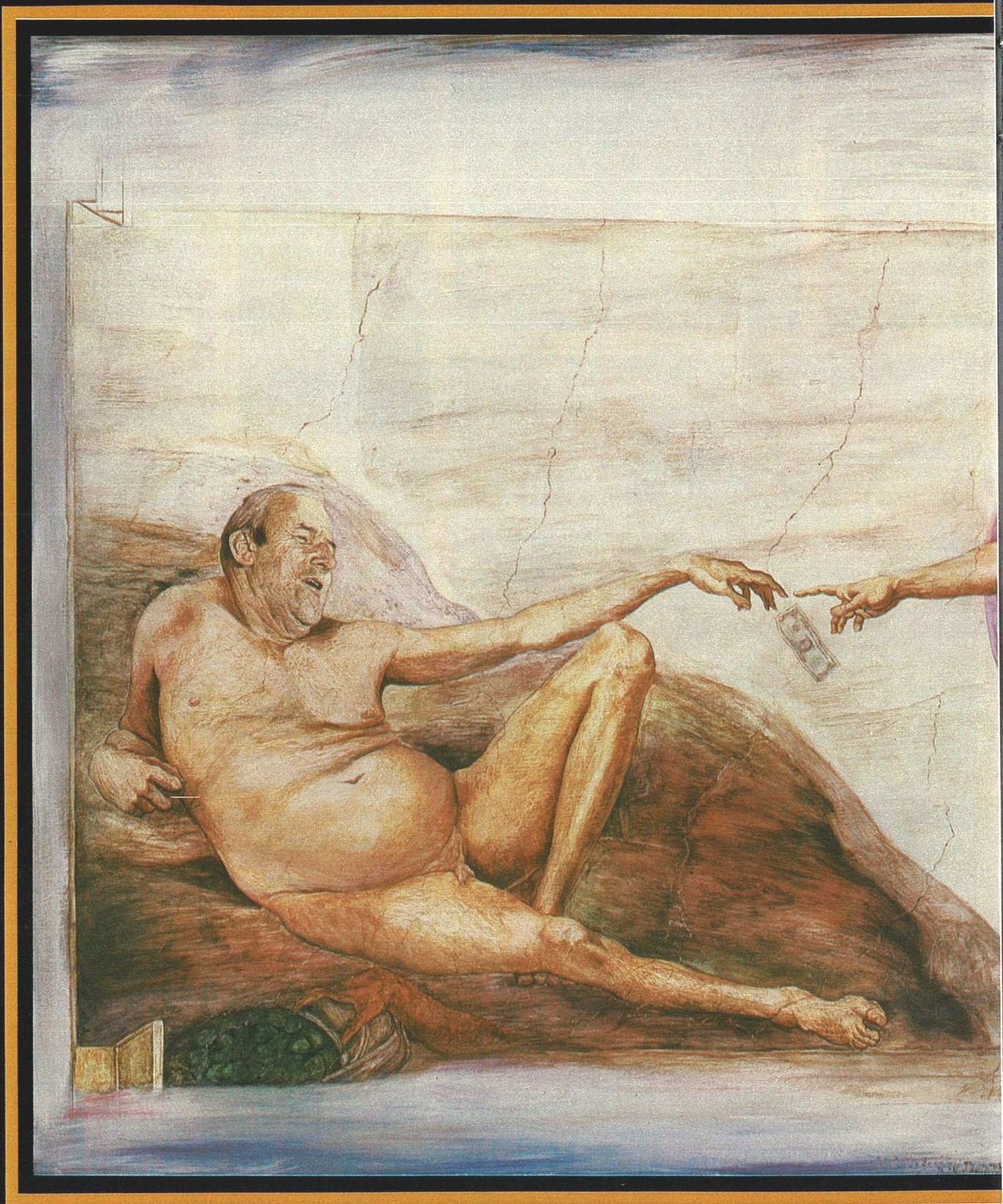




a month, at NIRVANA PENTHOUSE RESTAURANT for an entire year. Our Pet rides the waves on the Holder 12 by HOBIE CAT. The OMNIMOVIE Camera by PANASONIC CO. will help her make a movie of her own. She will be the hostess of a delicious dinner for ten at THE CHINA CLUB. The ultimate in sound will be hers with the Berkeley System 90 stereo from H. H. SCOTT, INC. For that everlasting tan, THE SOLETTE SOLARIUM sunbed by SOLANA, INC. (Far left) An impressive pearl necklace will grace our

beauty's neck, from JAPAN PEARL EXPORTERS ASSN. % TELE-PRESS ASSOCIATES. And to keep her in touch with her friends, old and new, there are phones from THE FONE BOOTH: a CRUSADER Speak-A-Phone and a Code-A-Phone Remote Command Answering Machine; and a WEBCOR Electronic Float Fone. She'll never worry about her weight with the TECHNASONIC WEIGHT TALKER from TECHNASONIC ELECTRONICS, INC. (Left) She'll zip off to appointments on her YAMAHA 125 scooter, courtesy of YAMAHA.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 166



HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE:
FOLK HEROES, PART 33

For the crime of consuming some fruit
God from Eden gave Adam the boot.
But man wouldn't be cursed
If God made Falwell first—
Stealing apples is not <u>his</u> pursuit.

KEETON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 120

Keeton: It could be a wonderful world, particularly if women decide to participate in its creation. If you stop and think about it, societies that are totally male-dominated, and where women's voices are never heard, are those societies which have historically caused the most strife and human suffering. Think of Nazi Germany, Imperial Japan, the Ayatollah Khomeini, and the appalling status of women generally in most Arab countries.

Penthouse: What about leaders like Indira Gandhi, Margaret Thatcher, Golda Meir? These women have led their countries into war and internal unrest.

Keeton: Israel was under attack, and Golda Meir had little or no choice but to fight back. Thatcher was protecting a British colony, a legal as well as moral obligation, and Indira Gandhi was trying to fulfill her father's dream of a united India. I'm not saying that women can't fight or don't fight. When they are threatened, they can be as fierce as any man. However, history tells us that where their voices are heard, there's more moderation.

In her 1982 book *In a Different Voice*, Harvard psychologist Carol Gilligan gives a striking example in the case of Amy and Jake, both 11-year-olds from the same sixth-grade class, who were asked to resolve a moral dilemma. They were told that their mother was ill, and that the druggist would not give her the medicine she needed because they didn't have the money. Jake's immediate solution was to break into the drugstore and steal the drug. Amy's was to think of some way of coming to terms with the druggist. She, in fact, explored every possible solution, except violence.

Penthouse: So, are you saying that men should behave more like women?

Keeton: No, men should continue to behave like men and women like women. However, I think John Naisbitt was right when he said as more women gain power, a synergy of male and female qualities will emerge . . . hence the importance of separate and distinct sexual identities in the first place. It's just better to have men and women pooling their talents and intellects to work together. The Penthouse organization is perfect proof of this. It's probably one of the few companies in the world where women are in many more positions of power than men. And it's been a runaway success in all respects. Doesn't that teach us something?

Penthouse: In your book, you say that robots should perform many of the menial tasks that people hate to do. But will the average person really be able to afford such sophisticated engineering as your robot would appear to suggest?

Keeton: It will be just as feasible as having a car is today. We've always invented gadgets that tend to make our lives easier. Today, you have to at least guide your lawn mower around; tomorrow, a robot will do it for you.

Penthouse: What about jobs for the people robots will inevitably replace?

Keeton: There's always an irrational Luddite fear that new technology will take away jobs, but that has never been true. Recent studies, in fact, indicate that new technology actually improves the quality of jobs for about 80 percent of the people affected. Besides, there will be hundreds and eventually thousands of new employment opportunities. People will have more leisure time, so there will be much more activity and competition in the leisure industry.

Also, cottage industry is on its way back—people are starting small businesses in their homes. Robots will free us to be more creative and do the things we do best, instead of doing the dreary and dangerous jobs that human beings shouldn't have to do.

Penthouse: Other than the leisure industry, what career opportunities do you see opening up in the future?

> The women's movement is in danger of being taken over by a group of very unhappy women who are fighting for the one thing that has punished women most cruelly . . . censorship.

Keeton: Engineering, computer sciences, biological sciences or medicine, electronics and all the space-related technologies, to mention a few. I would not look for work as a spot welder, that's for sure.

Penthouse: If you could choose a career all over again, what would it be?

Keeton: I would definitely opt for getting into the biological sciences, and I would certainly look into molecular biology, genetic engineering, or both. As a young woman, that's what I wanted to study, and I was discouraged from doing so.

Penthouse: You mention genetic engineering. What about the old potboiler scenario that exotic, new diseases are being bred in the laboratories?

Keeton: New diseases are born without our help. Nobody knows how they start. There are even theories from extremely reliable and respected sources that they might be brought here by comets or meteorites, but one thing is clear: The only way we have of combating any disease is through its identification, isolation, and complete understanding of how it works. That means scientific research.

Penthouse: You wouldn't place any curbs on scientific experimentation?

Keeton: Of course. I'm in favor of proper and reasonable precautions, but not the kind of insanity created by Ted Kennedy's lunatic view of genetic engineering a few years ago. Genetic engineering will help us to eliminate many terrible "inherited" diseases, such as hemophilia, Tay-Sachs, diabetes, and a host of other hereditary disorders. It will enable us to vastly enhance our intelligence, improve our immune systems, and generally reengineer and refortify our bodies in such ways that we would be virtually impregnable to disease.

Penthouse: But do you see the actual quality of life improving?

Keeton: The quality of your life has already been immeasurably improved by science. Just think about all the things we have today that we didn't have in 1955. The list is endless . . . there weren't any VCRs, satellite dishes, pocket calculators, Teflon frying pans, radial tires, or even permanent-press sheets. There weren't any pacemakers, artificial hearts, organ transplants, or bionic limbs. In New York City alone, 1,000 people contracted polio. Today science has not only eliminated or neutralized many such crippling diseases, but it offers the very real possibility of extending a normal, healthy, and active life by decades.

Penthouse: Two things—they say—are inevitable: death and taxation. Are you saying that taxation may be more inevitable than death. . .?

Keeton: Actually, there appears to be little limit to the number of times a cell can subdivide—given proper nutrition, of course. By the mid–twenty-first century, we could live to be 200 years or more.

Penthouse: If we could achieve that kind of longevity, and if the world's population continues to multiply—regardless of the rate—there must come a time when we will inundate the earth. How will science deal with the apparently real possibility of human saturation, not to mention all of the collateral implications that would follow? The earth is finite, even if we are not.

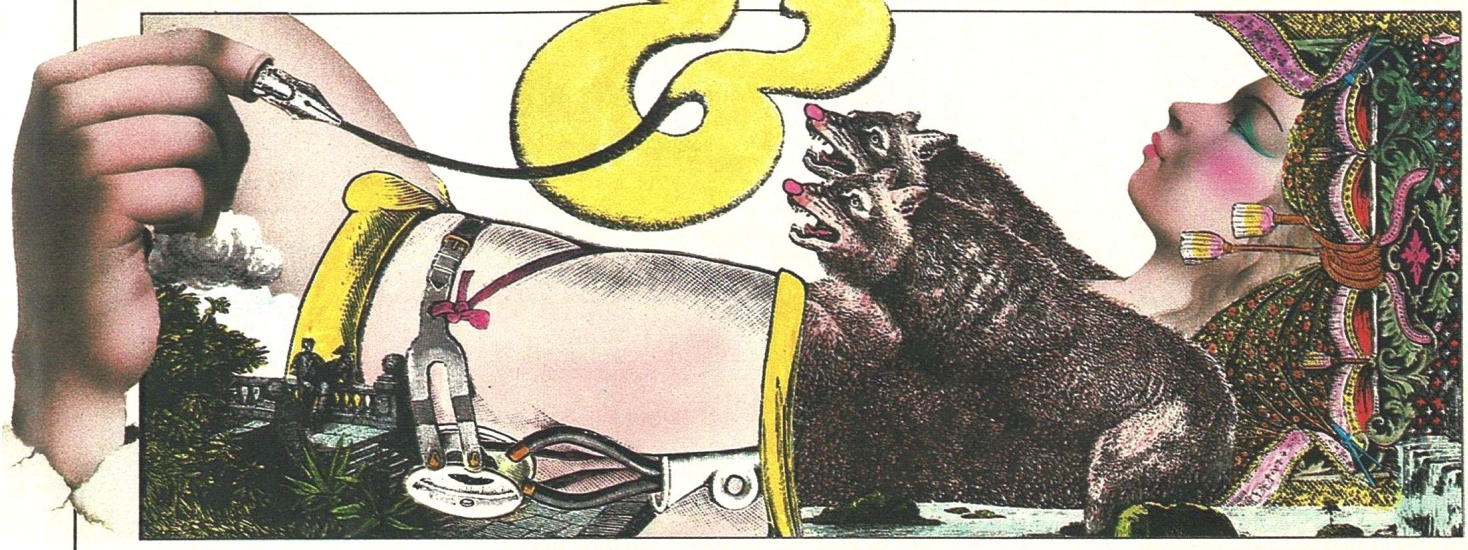
Keeton: Yes, but space isn't. We now have the technological ability to terraform the planet Mars and turn it into another Earth. It would probably cost as much as the MX missile, but look at what we get for our money . . . a whole new world instead of no world at all! The opening up of the American frontier will have been as nothing compared to the incalculable riches that would result from the exploration and ultimate exploitation of our solar system.

Penthouse: Do you, or *Omni*, or both of you, maintain a voice in Washington on subjects like this?

Keeton: Yes, and the response has been varied. I think you need a very strong, a very enlightened, and a very courageous administration to get an exotic project like this off the ground. But there is a growing grass-roots movement among space en-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 152

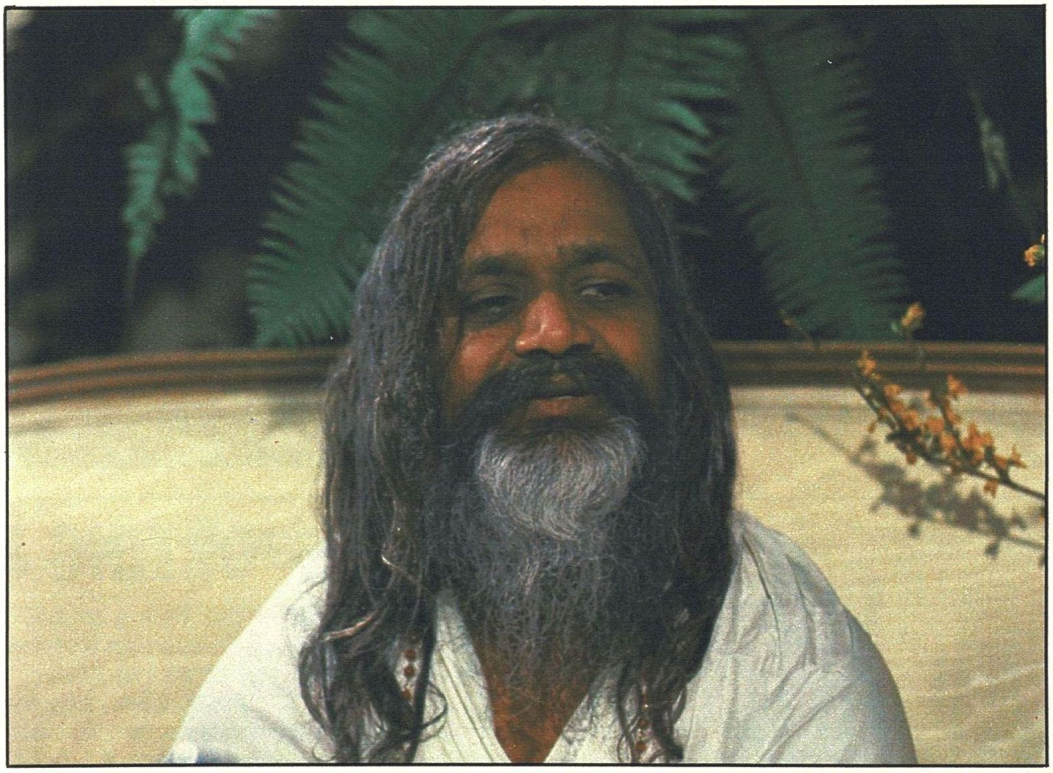
DREAMS & DIVERSIONS



BAD KARMA

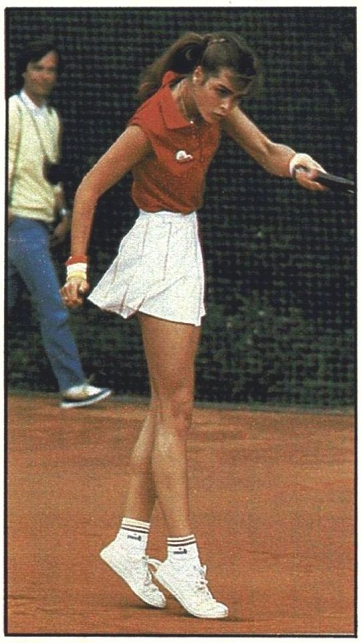
A Connecticut doctor says that strep throats and upper respiratory infections are spread by casual kissing on the lips. He recommends kissing on the cheeks only.

The Maharishi Mahesh Yogi declared that anyone can live forever by following his recommended diet of crushed stones, mercury, and other metals.



SILVER LININGS

Brooke Shields is teaching classes in aerobics at Princeton University.



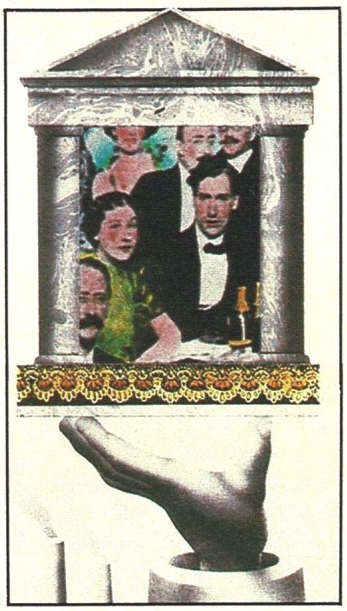
DOG DAY AFTERNOON

A man invited a friend to dine with him at a Long Island restaurant and, upon discovering he did not have enough money to pay the check, calmly excused himself and left the restaurant, telling his friend he had to make a phone call. Actually, police charged, the man went to a nearby gas station, pulled out a gun, and held up the attendant for $250. Then he returned to the restaurant and paid the check of $35, and included a hefty tip.

LIFE AT THE TOP

The Pentagon admitted paying more than $600 apiece for toilet covers on Navy submarine-hunting planes. Senator William Cohen (R-Maine) said the cost "gives new meaning to the word 'throne.' "

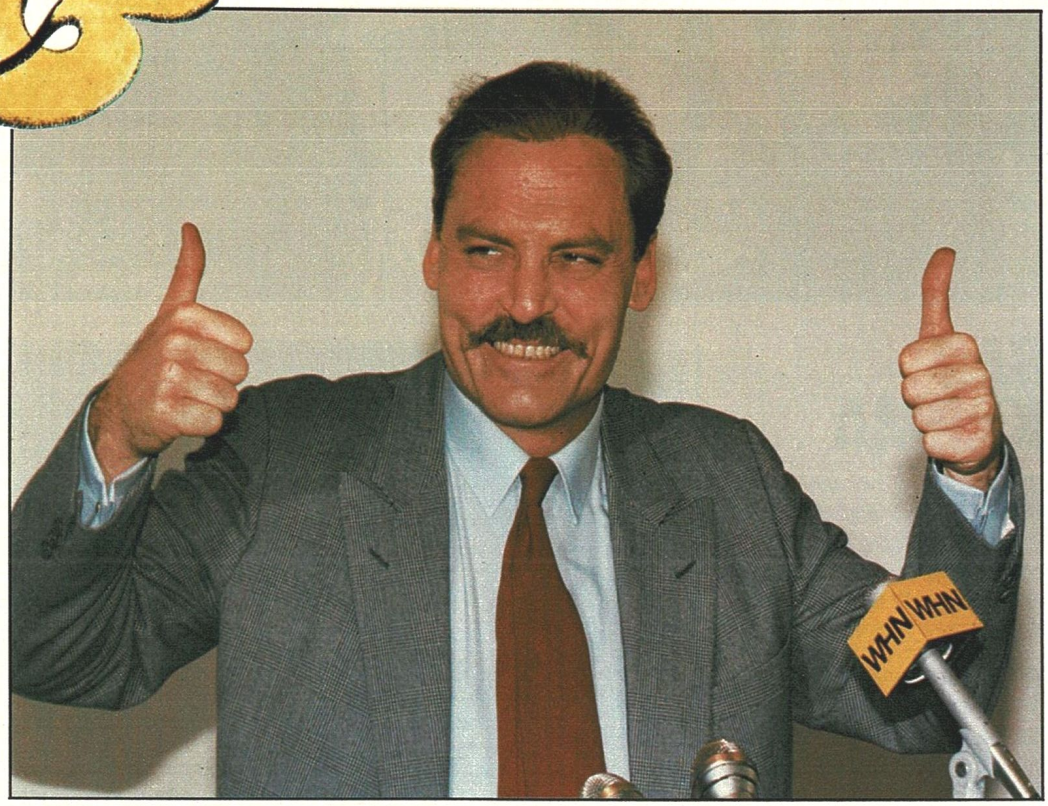
Joanna Carson, ex-wife of entertainer Johnny Carson, asked a court to increase her $200,000-a-month alimony and support payments on the grounds she was having difficulty "making ends meet."

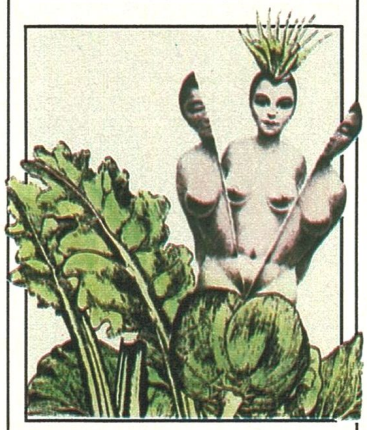


DREAMS & DIVERSIONS

HIGHS AND LOWS

Actor Stacy Keach, star of TV's "Mike Hammer" series, touched off a riot in a British prison where he was serving time on a cocaine charge. Other prisoners resented Keach's special privileges, including a private cell, use of a typewriter and tape recorder, extra visits from his girlfriend, and special treatment by prison guards, who referred to him as "Mr. Keach." During the riot, quelled by prison guards, one inmate assaulted Keach with a hammer.



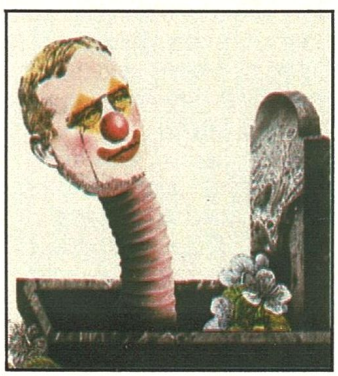


BORN AGAIN

Former Black Panther radical Eldridge Cleaver, now a rabid conservative, showed up at a Berkeley, California, City Council meeting to demand why council members no longer recite the Pledge of Allegiance before council sessions. "Shut up, Eldridge," Mayor Gus Newport said. "Shut up or we'll have you removed."

LAST LAUGH

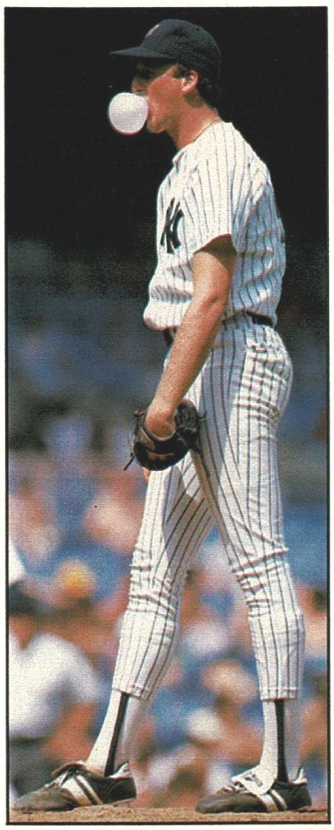
A Great Neck, New York, man, fed up with incessant interference from his mother-in-law, filed a $2 million suit against the woman for harassment and other charges. During the trial, the man detailed six years of the mother-in-law's constant meddling in his life. The all-male, all-married jury awarded him $6,000 in damages.



SPORTING AMERICA

New York Yankee pitcher Joe Cowley was arrested by three police detectives, who told him he was charged with reckless endangerment in a case involving his Corvette and an autograph-seeker in a wheelchair. As Cowley was being led out of the Yankees' dressing room in handcuffs, the detectives admitted it was all a practical joke dreamed up by his teammates.

A New York City couple, finding an extra $97,420 deposited in their account by their bank (which described the deposit as "clearing-house funds"), spent all the money. The couple was subsequently indicted on federal bank-robbery charges, but a judge threw out the case after the defendants explained they thought the money was from a mail contest.



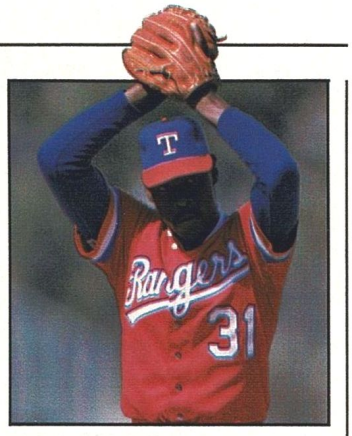
MODERN LIVING

A new survey reports that at least one out of every eight Americans sleeps in the nude.

STILL WATERS DEPT.

Texas Ranger pitcher Dave Stewart was arrested in Los Angeles and charged with having sex with a prostitute in his car. The prostitute in the case turned out to be a 27-year-old transvestite. Stewart told police he was unaware that the prostitute was a man.

A television executive posing as a psychiatrist convinced a New Jersey housewife that she could relieve her husband's sexual disorder by having sex with a man who was mowing her lawn.



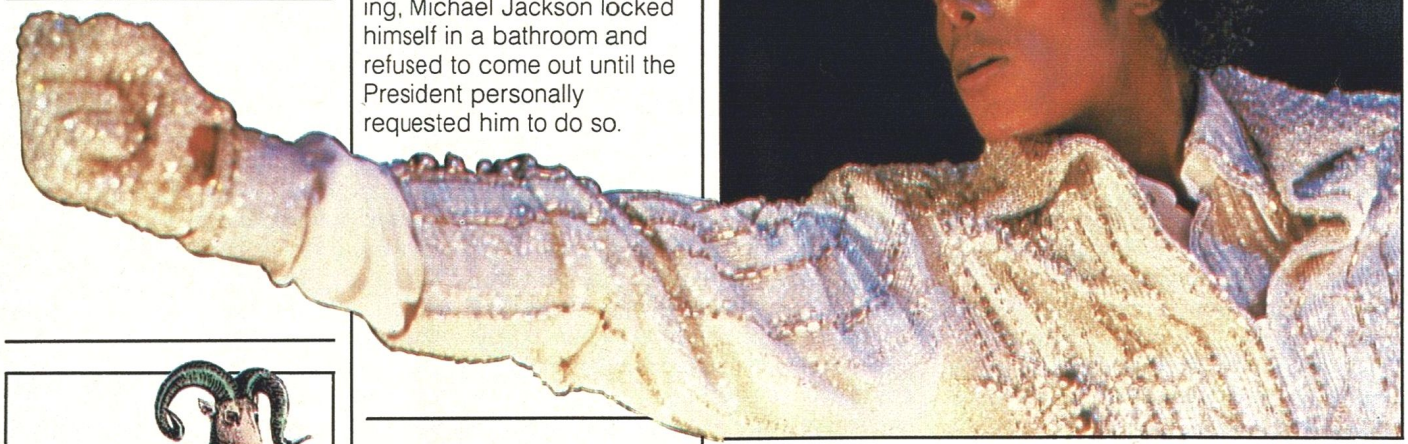
QUOTE OF THE MONTH

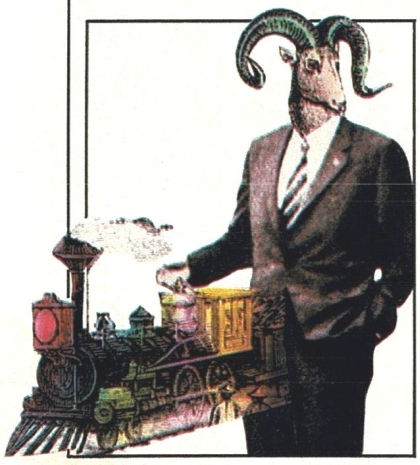
"If I don't have a tan, I feel naked."

—George Hamilton

CLASS ACT

During a visit to the White House to help promote President Reagan's campaign against teenage drunk driving, Michael Jackson locked himself in a bathroom and refused to come out until the President personally requested him to do so.





RAMPANT ACHIEVERS

A New York man managed to steal 1.4 billion tiny worms from his employer, an exterminator who used the creatures to combat termites. The thief was caught when he tried to sell the worms back to his own employer.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We welcome your contributions for future "Dreams & Diversions" columns, and we will give a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse* to each reader whose item is printed. Send clippings to: Dreams & Diversions, c/o Penthouse, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023. Please include the name of the newspaper, the page number, and the date the clipping was published.

KEETON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 148

thusiasts of all ages and persuasions to start such a Mars project. NASA has the will, the way, and the enthusiasm to make it work—providing, of course, one could get the voters and the government behind it.

Penthouse: Does *Omni* actively promote this thesis to the general public?

Keeton: Yes. Constantly! We want to make people understand what the future really holds—the true magnitude of its promise and that there are better things to spend money on than bombs.

Penthouse: Let's talk for a minute about *Omni*. It's now seven years old and very successful. What gave you the idea to start it?

Keeton: The original idea for *Omni* came from Bob. He created and designed the magazine out of the same basic love for science that motivates me, an interest we've both had since we were children. And the challenge for us was to present this relatively unpopular subject to the general public in all its wondrous dimensions. Not with the same prohibitive, boring, and elitist detachment with which it is taught in school. We wanted to entertain while we informed . . . an all-important aspect of the magazine's winning formula. Science can be as breathtakingly interesting and provocative as sex . . . and that's something we know a lot about.

Penthouse: How do you foresee that *Omni* will change over, say, the next decade?

Keeton: I foresee *Omni* as becoming the epicenter of a whole science-related communications empire. It already has its own television series, software division, and book-publishing arm, with over 40 successful books to its credit.

Penthouse: In researching your book, what surprised you most about the responses of women to your questions?

Keeton: What both surprised and pleased me most were the role models that women chose for their daughters. The list they were given included everyone from scientists to politicians, actresses, models, and wives of famous men. Geraldine Ferraro was first, with astronaut Sally Ride a close second. Nancy Reagan and Christie Brinkley were down at the bottom. Ten years ago that table of preference would have been reversed. That's a significant change, in my opinion.

Penthouse: The poll must have been taken around the time of last year's presidential campaign. Do you feel having a female vice president would have been a big step forward for women?

Keeton: Yes, it could have meant a lot to all of us. It's too bad that the media, in its frequently questionable wisdom, blew her private life out of all proportion.

Penthouse: Aren't men subjected to the same proctoscopic scrutiny when they run for public office?

Keeton: Nobody has ever been subjected to *that* kind of scrutiny. Do you think, given the same treatment, that Spiro Agnew would have been elected? I don't!

Penthouse: As more and more women join the ranks of upper management, they will have increasing numbers of men working under them. As a successful executive and employer of many hundreds of men, what advice do you have for the ladies who will populate tomorrow's boardrooms?

Keeton: My advice is to act like a woman. Don't try to be something that you're not—i.e., one of the boys. You don't have to lord your authority over anyone . . . man or woman. I would never presume to insist upon picking up a check when I have lunch with a man, or refuse to allow a man to open a door for me. I've never felt at a disadvantage because I'm a woman. I've never had trouble with so-called sexual harassment on the job either—no man has ever made a serious pass, or ever will, unless I invite him to.

> If anybody is exploited by *Penthouse*, it's men. Women are paid handsomely to appear in the magazine, while men have to pay for the privilege of seeing them!

Penthouse: This advice appears to contradict much of what the women's movement is all about.

Keeton: I think the movement is in danger of being taken over by a group of very unhappy and very prejudiced women. They are the unfortunate lunatic fringe, and it's very sad that they exercise as much influence and control as they do. They are even fighting for the one thing that has pounded and punished and discriminated against women more cruelly than almost anything else I can think of, and *that is censorship!*

Penthouse: They argue that women are exploited by sexually explicit material . . . they say that erotic magazines and films violate women's civil rights by promoting rape, child abuse, and other sex-related acts of violence. . . .

Keeton: If anybody is exploited, it's the men. Women are paid handsomely to appear in *Penthouse*, while men have to pay for the privilege of seeing them!

Penthouse: So you don't believe the women's movement speaks for the majority of women in America?

Keeton: Not at all! If they had really captured the allegiance of the majority of women, the ERA would never have been defeated. Women defeated it, not men, because too many of us just couldn't identify with the strident extremism of its supporters. When the movement first started, it was on the right track, and Bob and I supported it wholeheartedly. Then it disintegrated into the silliness of bra-burning, sharing public toilets, and lighting your own cigarettes . . . to mention a few.

Penthouse: You must get a lot of criticism from feminists because of your association with *Penthouse*.

Keeton: Sometimes, from extremists, but I don't take it seriously. People who feel that way are intellectually deficient . . . or, to put it more precisely, insensitive to the ever-growing, ever-changing world around them.

Penthouse: As the eternal optimist, doesn't it depress you to see that many people are feeling so alienated that they have caused a rebirth in fundamentalist thinking?

Keeton: I have nothing against people turning to spirituality if it works for them. I do have plenty against people who try to force their own spirituality down everyone else's throat. That kind of militant fusion of church and state has no place in a democracy like ours.

Penthouse: How would you answer critics who say, "We have a trillion-dollar debt, my taxes are already ridiculous, and I don't want any of my money going into this pie-in-the-sky stuff. Let's spend our money on Earth"?

Keeton: I would have to answer them by quoting some figures from the Chase Econometrics consulting firm. For every taxpayers' dollar invested in the Apollo space program, seven came back in direct benefits, and $127 came back in terms of the new technologies we were able to export. You can't get much more return on investment than that!

Penthouse: What would you pick as the single scientific development in this century most likely to sustain, if not expand, its importance for us in the next?

Keeton: The breaking of the genetic code. *That* is the key to life itself!

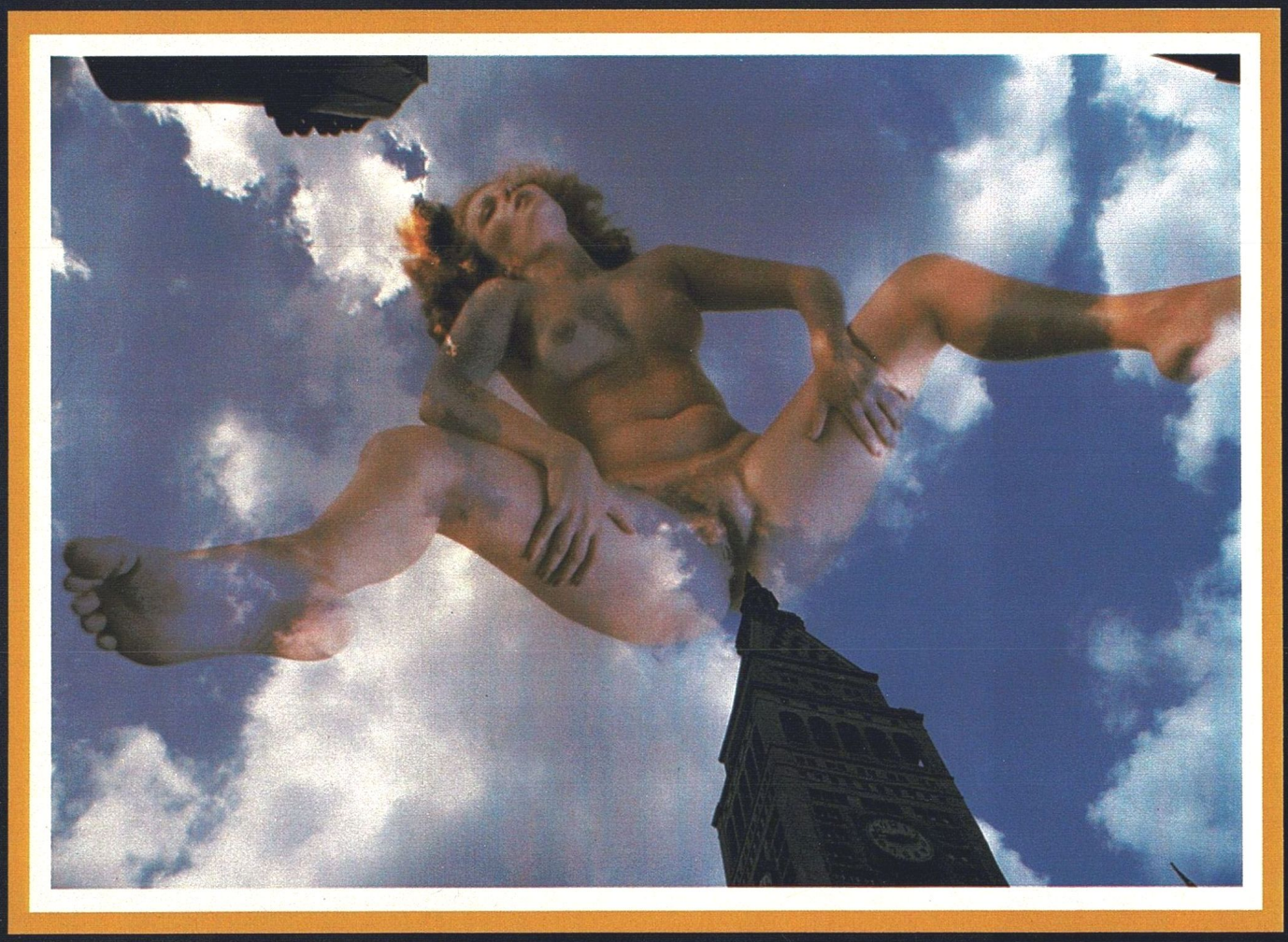
Penthouse: There is an episode from one of Ayn Rand's novels where a particular character is told: "Science has predicted that at some point in the future the sun will burn out and that will be the end of life on Earth." The character to whom that was said replies, "I'm sure by that time science will have invented another sun and life will continue." Do you believe in that approach?

Keeton: By that time, we'll be inhabiting the planets around *many* suns, and we'll have the technology to move the earth out of danger.

Penthouse: One last question: If you are still alive in the year 2085, what will you be doing?

Keeton: Hopefully, I'll be taking my holiday on Mars.

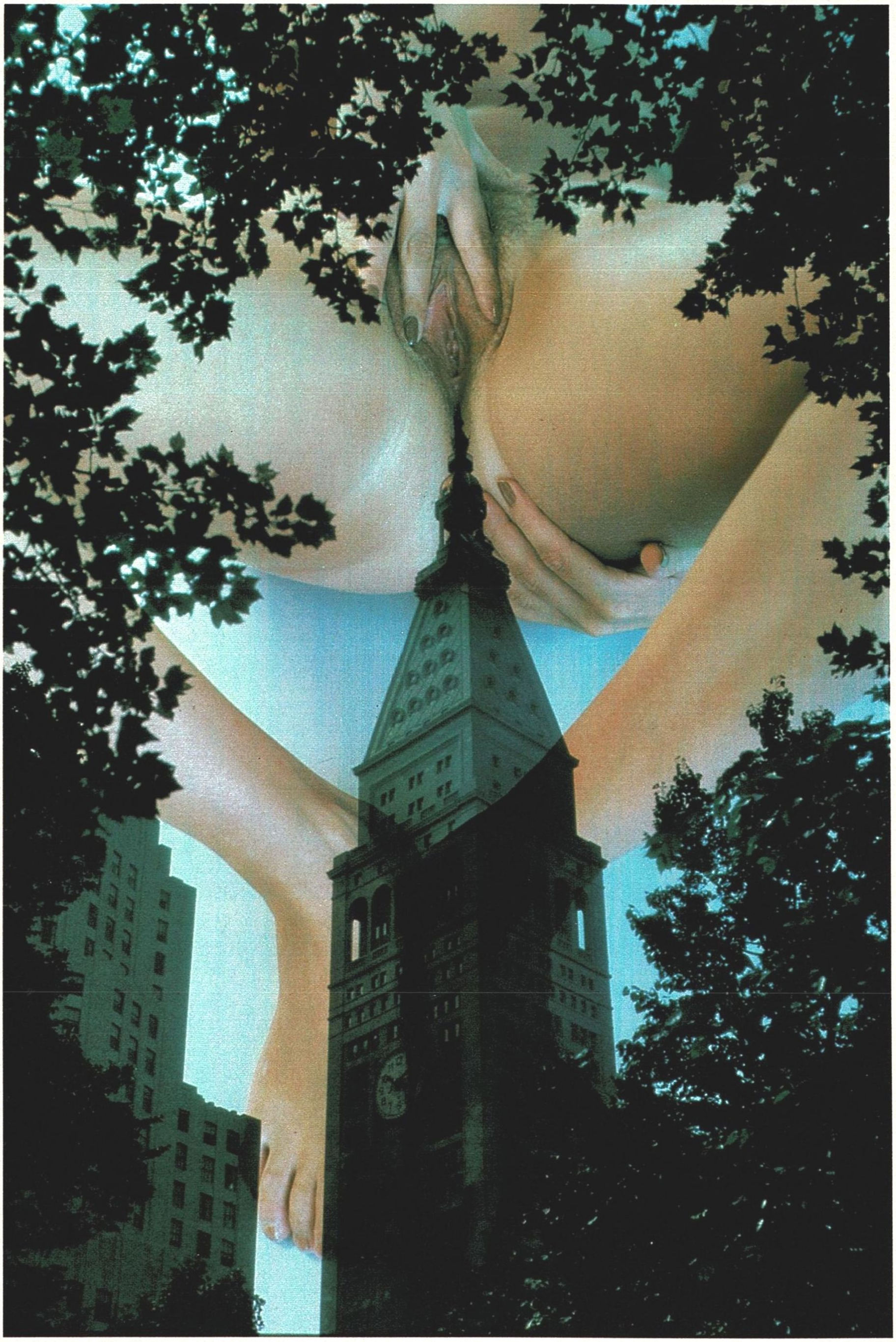
"I create sexual or erotic tension by juxtaposing a powerful man-made object with a delicate, natural female form."



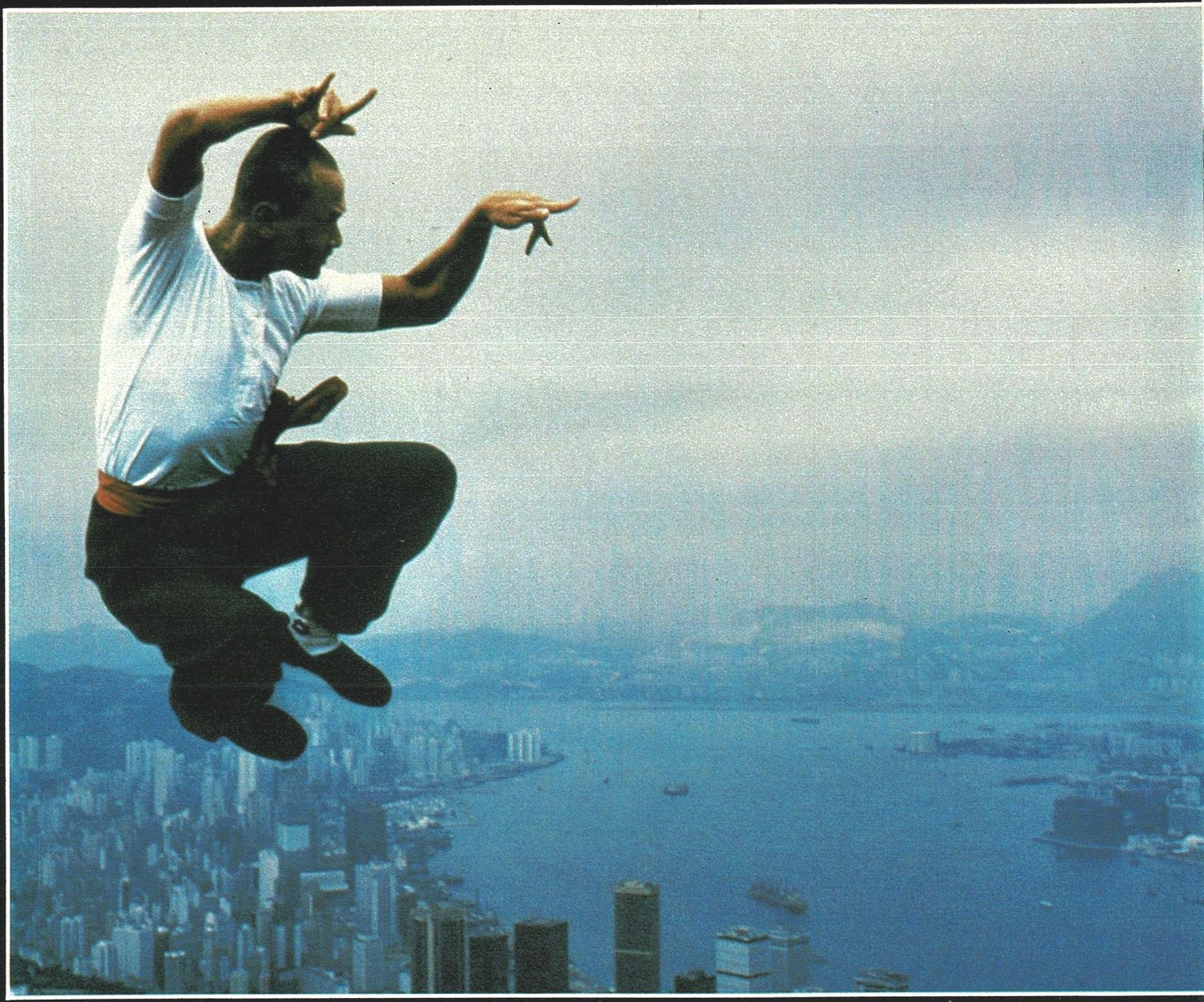
THIGHSCRAPERS

Ed Seeman's photographs suggest the symbolic collision—made all the more inevitable by the "impudence of our creative genius and competitive challenge"—between the masterworks of man and God. According to Seeman's art, one can only challenge one's own creator through the creative process itself. Art and intellect are the weapons of man's ascent. "I have an addiction to things that point," he tells us. "particularly if they point upward. Skyscrapers with their pointed towers, like animal horns and cactus, have always fascinated me. My work is not outwardly aggressive. It is about creating dynamic force—playing with opposites." But is it sexist? Seeman laughs. "How can it be? The women are always on top, in the position of power."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ED SEEMAN

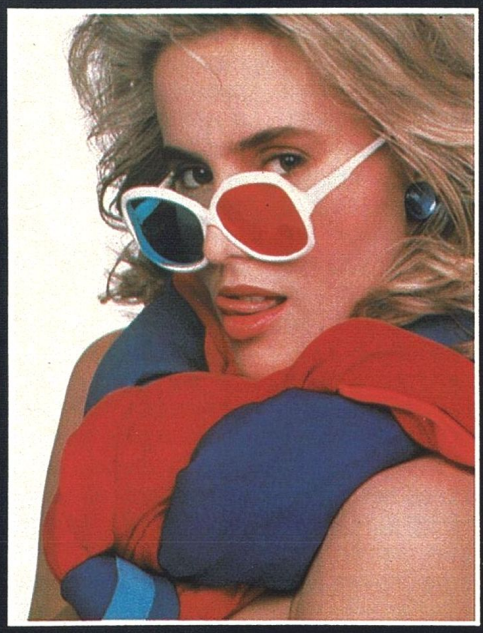


"The nude has been used as an art form for years. What is contemporary is to show the center of a woman's erotica, and to have the courage to say this is the vortex of her sexual energy."



STOP.

TAKE ANOTHER LOOK AT YOUR NEWSSTAND'S NEW LOOK.



$3.50 gets you a sensational new magazine with a whole new outlook on the phenomena of life in our time.

The good, the bad, the beautiful, and the bizarre. The heroes and the villains. The natural the unnatural, and the supernatural.

The January issue. On newsstands today. But it might sell out tomorrow. Play it safe. Buy it now!

Or, to subscribe, call 1-800-247-5470 and charge it; in Iowa, call 1-800-532-1272.

NEWLOOK

XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

I was excited. I convinced her to remove my clothes first. She removed my shirt and pants and ran her hand across my chest hair and then my cock. She pulled out my swollen member and stroked it. She then said, "Go ahead."

I slowly unbuttoned her dress as I kissed her, exposing the most magnificent, erotic chest covered with soft hair. As I unbuttoned more, the more dense it was. When her dress dropped to the floor, the complete beauty of her body was before me. I came instantly on her stomach. My come was dripping from her hair and her cunt was sopping wet from her excitement. Lauren had hair up to her belly button, which I felt was quite unusual. I never imagined that a woman could have chest hair! It started in small amounts between each breast and became thicker below her chest, covering her stomach. It continued onto each thigh, covering each leg completely and slightly onto the base of her back. Her hairs from her belly button to her cunt were carefully braided to hang more than six inches between her legs. I was entranced by its length; I have never imagined that anybody could grow so much body hair, especially a woman.

Both of us acknowledged our attraction to each other. As I made love to her, she began to cry. She told me that no man had ever been so caring. I spent the next hour brushing her cunt hairs so that they would plume from her body. The feeling of her magnificent, soft hairs against my body was an experience no other woman had been able to give me. We were up for most of the night, reveling in our excitement.

That was two years ago, and we are now both deeply in love. Her excessive shyness continues to bother me. She has been living with me in my apartment for the last year. We both have many male and female friends who live in our apartment building. I constantly tell her that her real friends would not dislike her even if they knew her secret, but she refuses to wear more feminine clothes and continues to be ashamed of her body. She confessed that she had never before revealed her body to a man and that she was a virgin before meeting me. Her relationships with two other men were disasters.

Have you ever known any women with abundant hair who resolved a similar problem? Several men have said to me that women's body hair is not objectionable, but most often attractive. I also told her that she could shave some of her chest hair if that would help, providing that she did not touch her cunt hairs. I am deeply in love with her and I am compelled to help resolve her fears. She knows that her hair is my erotic preference and that hairy women turn me on. Your comments, hopefully, will help her be less ashamed and shy about herself. Can you please give me some appropriate suggestions?—A. L.

It is difficult to reassure you. The human race is very conservative and we tend to be nervous or contemptuous when faced with someone who is different. From this stems race and color prejudice, dislike of foreigners. sexual discrimination, etc.

I frequently get letters from men whose girlfriends think they should get circumcised just because most people are. Many women almost starve themselves to death because it is fashionable today for girls to be skinny. Plastic surgeons make a fortune reshaping noses and tits to comply with popular taste. Many bald men spend a lot of time and energy, not to mention money, trying to cure baldness on top of their heads while most of them meticulously remove the hair from their chins every day. Many women remove the hair from their legs, their armpits, and even their pussies, either because they think it makes them more attractive or because the other girls do it. There are a lot of places in the world where your long hair would be considered ridiculous, effeminate, or downright antisocial. Singapore customs officers would arrange for your hair tobe snipped off when you arrive at the airport. The Moroccans would not even let you into their country unless you had it cut!

> If a man has sex
> with a woman once, he seems
> to think that
> whenever he shows up again
> he will have
> an easy lay on his hands.

Now, it would be nice to say that your girlfriend should not be ashamed or embarrassed about her hair. But the fact is that I know a great many kind, considerate people who, if confronted by a woman covered all over with hair, might snigger, be embarrassed on her behalf, and probably refer to her as a freak behind her back. I have met women who were unusually hairy, some of them having clusters of hair growing around their nipples. All of them were unhappy about it and finally had a permanent depilation job. So I think your friend is right to keep her tresses hidden. She could, of course, have it permanently removed by electrolysis, but that, I gather, is not the point. You are lucky to have found each other.

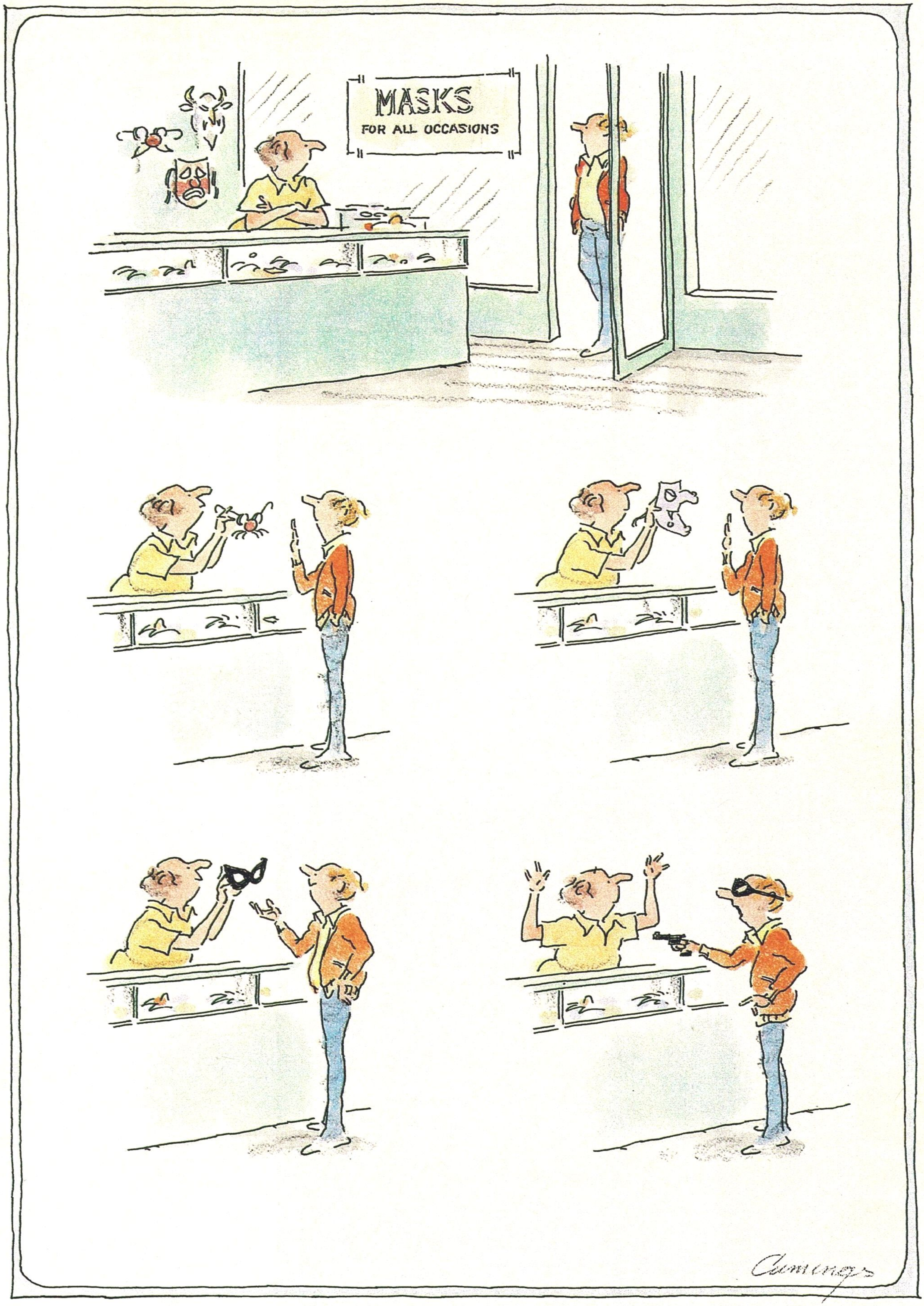
SWEET REVENGE

I am a very attractive, 31-year-old woman. When I was 25, I was engaged briefly to Henry. He broke our engagement after I had already sent out the wedding invitations and my father had spent a good amount of money. Henry soon moved to another city, to our great delight. I was more than surprised to get a call from him at work several weeks ago. He wanted to come by my apartment and "pay his respects." I, very coolly, agreed to let him come over. I spent the remainder of the afternoon mentally reviewing his shoddy treatment of me, and was not in a very forgiving frame of mind when he appeared on my doorstep that evening.

I was pleased to note the general deterioration of Henry's physical appearance, particularly the fact that he was beginning to go bald. He was now 37, recently divorced, and working as a salesman. It was obvious that he wanted to get something started with me again. I pretended to be happy to see him and mixed us some margaritas. I had learned many of the joys of sex in the previous six years. I had also learned how to be a bit of a tease and knew how to make a man want me quite badly. Henry definitely had it coming.

We sipped our drinks and spoke of old times, carefully avoiding any mention of the broken engagement. I soon found myself in Henry's arms and was amused to detect the hunger in his kisses. I hoped that it had been a long time since he last had had sex. I initially returned his kisses with equal passion and then began to draw away when it was obvious that he was becoming excited. His cock was stretched long and hard down one leg of his pants and I rested a hand near it on his thigh. When he moved his leg in an effort to bring my hand into contact with his cock, I let my fingers brush lightly and carelessly over it and then moved them a safe distance away. His own hands wandered over the front of my halter top, and I knew that he was remembering how big my breasts are. I intended to let him have one last look at them and certainly didn't resist his clumsy attempts to unbutton my top.

I reached over and unzipped his pants and gently helped his cock find its way into the open. I decided to ignore it and provoke it in other ways. Henry was now observing my breasts with great relish as I lit a cigarette. I didn't bother to hide my amusement at his predicament and he was plainly irritated that I was enjoying taunting him. His hand was now running feverishly up and down my thigh, and as I crushed my cigarette out, he tugged down the zipper of my slacks. I lifted my hips so that he could slide my slacks off, and he was quick to begin kissing my thighs up to the crotch of my bikini panties. Henry was moaning and his cock was beginning to leak. It was time to move


MASKS
FOR ALL OCCASIONS

into the final stage of this grand tease.

I rumpled his hair and told him to sit up. He must have thought I was ready to fuck, and he began to unbuckle his belt. I nuzzled his ear and whispered that I couldn't go to bed with him because I was engaged to another man. This was untrue, of course, but a good and ironic excuse. Henry looked as if he had been poleaxed. He pulled me to himself and began to desperately kiss and fondle my breasts as he hoarsely moaned "please." I said, "I'm terribly sorry. I suppose I should have told you sooner."

His hand was in my panties by now and I gently tugged it out after he had gotten his finger wet. I disentangled myself and stood, and began gathering my clothes. Henry continued to whine and beg, and I knew that my swaying breasts weren't making it any easier for him to accept my decision. I pointed out to him that I had not been unfaithful to him during the period of our engagement and that I would not be so now.

Henry was as miserable as I wanted him to be. He knew that he wouldn't be seeing my body again. I'm much better in bed than I was, and almost wished that he fully knew what he was missing. He kept asking for a fuck for old times' sake. I told him how good it was to see him again and sent him away.

I got a real kick out of this and am sure Henry is now aware of the power a woman has to make a fool out of him. What do you think about my behavior?—B. G.

In a typically masculine fashion, your ex, Henry—aging, balding, with a broken marriage behind him—stumbles into your life and, instead of humbly begging for forgiveness, makes a pass at you. If a man has once had a sexual relationship with a woman, he seems to think that whenever he shows up again he will always have an easy lay on his hands. The extraordinary thing is that a lot of women fall for that bullshit.

You, however, were strong enough to resist his phony blandishments, although it sounds to me as if you have been punishing the entire male sex for Henry's misdeeds. You have learned how to be a tease with a capital T, and I suspect that you still have a few regrets that Henry was dumb enough to marry someone else. Even though it ended in divorce, do you really believe that his appearance would not have deteriorated if he'd married you, instead?

In your place, I would have gone even further with Henry, by letting him remove my panties and look at and finally suck briefly on my pussy. Then I would have let slip a gentle remark like: "Your tongue work is even more incompetent than I remember, or maybe you just haven't gotten much practice lately." But I suspect you secretly didn't trust yourself to be able to hold back if you let it go too far.

CREDITS

Page 8, Hank Londoner; **page 30 top,** Hank Londoner; **page 30 middle,** Earl Miller; **page 30 right,** Suze Randall; **page 32,** Eddie Adams; **page 43,** Keler/Sygma; **page 44,** AP/Wide World Photos; **page 45,** Sygma; **page 45 bottom,** Tony Korody/Sygma; **page 46,** Sygma; **page 49 middle,** AP/Wide World Photos; **page 49 bottom,** G. Schachmes/Sygma; **page 150 top,** AP/Wide World Photos; **page 150 bottom right,** F.O.S.; **page 151 top right,** Jerry Wachter/F.O.S.; **page 151 bottom right,** Sam Emerson/Sygma; **page 167,** Robert K. Hamilton/Baltimore Sun photo; **page 168,** AP/Wide World Photos; **page 169 top,** Jack Chiang/The Kingston Whig Standard; **page 169 middle,** Ken Feil/Washington Post; **page 169 bottom,** AP/Wide World Photos; **page 210 top,** Hank Londoner; **page 210 second,** Julia B. Veitch; **page 210 third,** Fred Jurgen Rogner; **page 210 fourth,** Bill Lee; **page 210 bottom,** Outline.

Ageless Beauty by Helen Pappas
860 Lexington Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10021
(212) 249-9830

Alpine Electronics of America, Inc.
19145 Gramercy Pl.
Torrance, Calif. 90510
(800) ALPINE-1

American Honda Motor Co., Inc.
100 West Alondra Blvd.
Gardena, Calif. 90247
(213) 327-8280

American Isuzu Motors, Inc.
2300 Pellissier Pl.
Whittier, Calif. 90601
(213) 949-0611

Armak Jewelry Design, Ltd.
16 West 36th St.
New York, N.Y. 10018
(212) 239-4330

Benedictine Marketing Services, Inc.
1290 Avenue of the Americas
New York, N.Y. 10104
(212) 246-1420

Berkey Marketing Cos.
25-20 Brooklyn-Queens Expressway West
Woodside, N.Y. 11377
(718) 932-4040

The China Club
8338 West Third St.
Los Angeles, Calif. 90048
(213) 653-9001
Owner: Ernesto Maldonado

Chinon America, Inc.
43 Fadem Rd.
Springfield, N.J. 07081
(201) 376-9260

Durango Boot Co.
P.O. Box 10
Franklin, Tenn. 37065-0010
(615) 794-1556

Faden Furs
1812 Merrick Rd.
Merrick, N.Y. 11566
(516) 623-9188

Emerson Radio Corp.
1 Emerson Ln.
North Bergen, N.J. 07047

Feuer & Wolf
576 Fifth Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10036

Flag Tours, Inc.
38 West 38th St.
New York, N.Y. 10018
(212) 921-3366

Flemington Fur Co.
8 Spring St.
Flemington, N.J. 08822
(201) 782-2212

The Fone Booth
12 East 53rd St.
New York, N.Y. 10022
(212) 751-8310

Gemini Optics, Ltd.
50 Trade Zone Ct.
Ronkonkoma, N.Y. 11779

Gold Heart, Inc.
565 Fifth Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10017

Gravity Guidance, Inc.
1540 Flower Ave.
Duarte, Calif. 91010
(818) 303-4777

Mr. Harris Lapidus
Gold Mountain Chalet Resort
Box 456, PH
Spring Glen, N.Y. 12483
(914) 647-4332

H.H. Scott, Inc.
20 Commerce Way
Woburn, Mass. 01888
(617) 933-8800

Hobie Cat
4925 Oceanside Blvd.
Oceanside, Calif. 92054
(619) 758-9100

Japan Pearl Exporters Assn.
% Tele-Press Associates
Att'n: Marilyn Di Piazza
342 East 79th St.
New York, N.Y. 10021

José Cuervo Tequila
Consumer Affairs
4 Farm Springs Dr.
Farmington, Conn. 06032

Pet of the Year Gifts

For information on products shown on pages 140–145, contact these manufacturers or stores.

Kawasaki Motors Corp. USA
2009 East Edinger Ave.
Santa Ana, Calif. 92711

Lane's Floor Coverings, Inc.
100-08 Queens Blvd.
Forest Hills, N.Y. 11375
(718) 459-7500

Longines-Wittnauer
145 Huguenot St.
New Rochelle, N.Y. 10802
(914) 576-1000

Marvin Michelson
Celebrity Attorney
1801 Century Park East
Los Angeles, Calif. 90067

Midwest Tropical Enterprises, Inc.
6600 North Lincoln Ave.
Office Center 312
Lincolnwood, Ill. 60645
(312) 679-6666

Dr. Joseph Mirto
Park Avenue Chiropractic
580 Park Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10021
(212) 838-6600

New York Academy of Theatrical Arts
Philip Nolan, Director
184 Fifth Ave., 4th Floor
New York, N.Y. 10010
(212) 243-8900

Nirvana Penthouse Restaurant
30 Central Park South
New York, N.Y. 10019

North Beach Leather
772 Madison Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10021
(212) 772-0707

Northlake Boot Co.
P.O. Box 10
Franklin, Tenn. 37065-0010
(615) 794-1556

Oleg Cassini
% Peggy Nestor
3 West 57th St.
New York, N.Y. 10019
(212) 753-7540

Paraplane Corp.
5801 Magnolia Ave.
Pennsauken, N.J. 08109
(609) 663-2234

Panasonic Co.
Consumer Affairs Dept.
1 Panasonic Way
Secaucus, N.J. 07094

Park Plaza Computer Centers, Inc.
104 East 23rd St.
New York, N.Y. 10010
(212) 595-5353
(212) 759-5820
(212) 505-8200
(212) 344-5151

Regal Brands, Inc.
1290 Avenue of the Americas
New York, N.Y. 10104
(212) 245-1610

Resorts International
915 North East 125th St.
Miami, Fla. 33161
(305) 891-2500 or
(800) 321-3000

Richters Jewelers, Inc.
680 Fifth Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10019
(212) 355-4600

Sansui
1250 Valley Brook Ave.
Lyndhurst, N.J. 07071
(201) 460-9710

Sevylor U.S.A., Inc.
6371 Randolph St.
Los Angeles, Calif. 90040

Sparkomatic Corp.
Milford, Pa. 18337
(800) 233-8837

Skyline Limousine Services, Ltd.
Mr. Geoffrey Rolat
660 Amsterdam Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10025
(212) 724-5444

Solana, Inc.
5112 Azusa Canyon Rd.
Irwindale, Calif. 91706
(818) 960-3885 or call
(800) TANNING

Style Companies, Ltd.
Dept. PH
18730 Oxnard St.
Tarzana, Calif. 91356
(818) 705-1500
(send $1 for catalog)

Teci De Finis, Director
Authorized Cameo Distributor
2 Timber Ct.
Glendora, N.J. 08029
(609) 939-0207

Technasonic Electronics, Inc.
6600 North Lincoln Ave.
Office Center 312
Lincolnwood, Ill. 60645
(312) 679-6666

Toshiba
82 Totowa Rd.
Wayne, N.J. 07470

Tredici, Division of Charles Belts
10 West 33rd St.
New York, N.Y. 10001
(212) 564-7463
(contact Jeff Mandel, showroom)

21st Century Fitness and Nautilus Health Club
220 East 57th St.
New York, N.Y. 10022
(212) 838-3116

Ventura Travelware, Inc.
32-33 47th Ave.
Long Island City, N.Y. 11101
(718) 392-6200

Webcor Electronics
107 Charles Lindbergh Blvd.
Garden City, N.Y. 11530
(516) 794-6200 or
(800) 258-8811

Windjammer Barefoot Cruises
P.O. Box 120
Miami, Fla. 33119-0120

Yamaha
(800) 447-4700

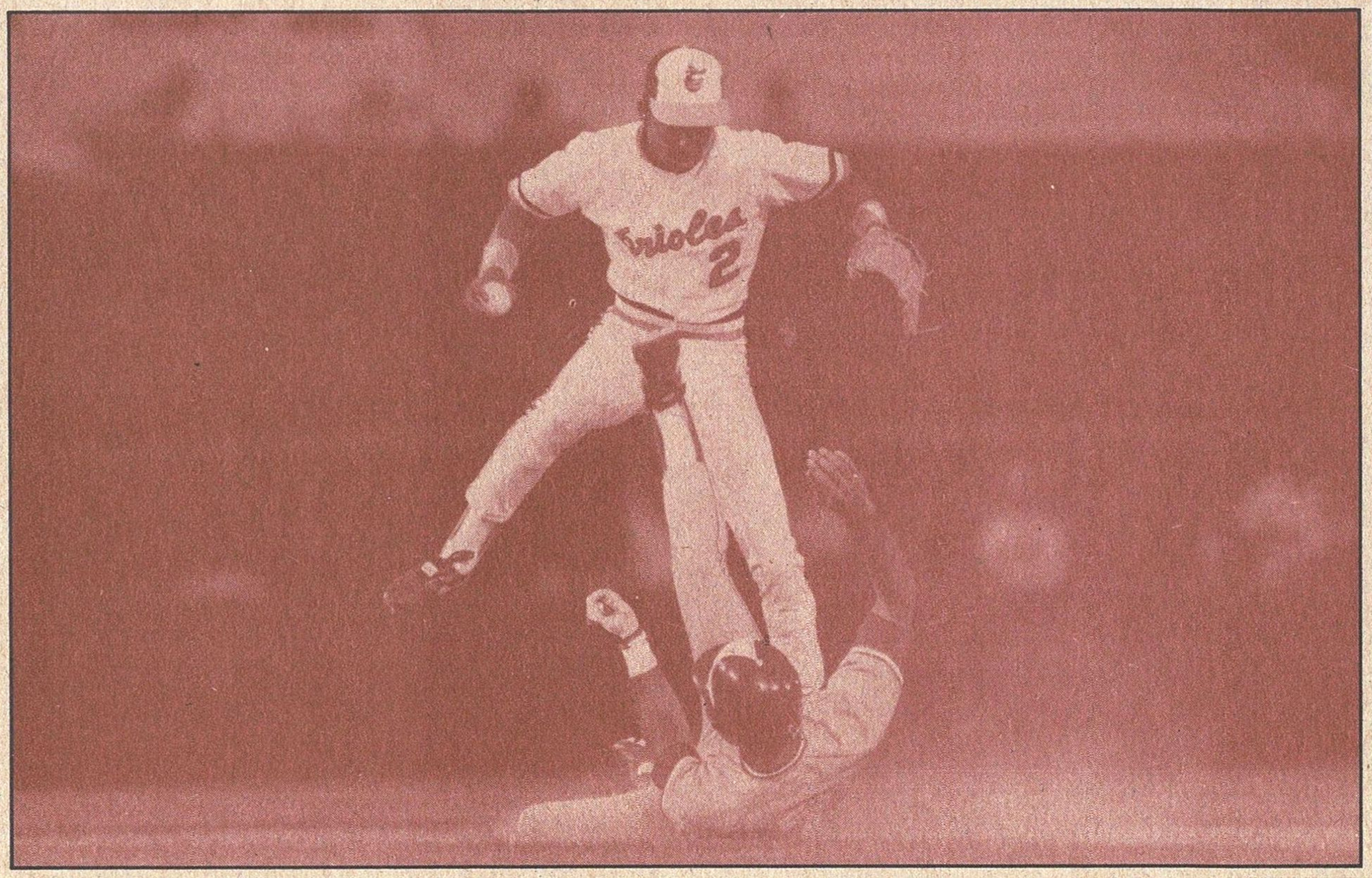
EXTRA

A compendium of bizarre, idiotic,
lurid, and ofttimes witless driblets of information
culled from the nation's press

EXTRA

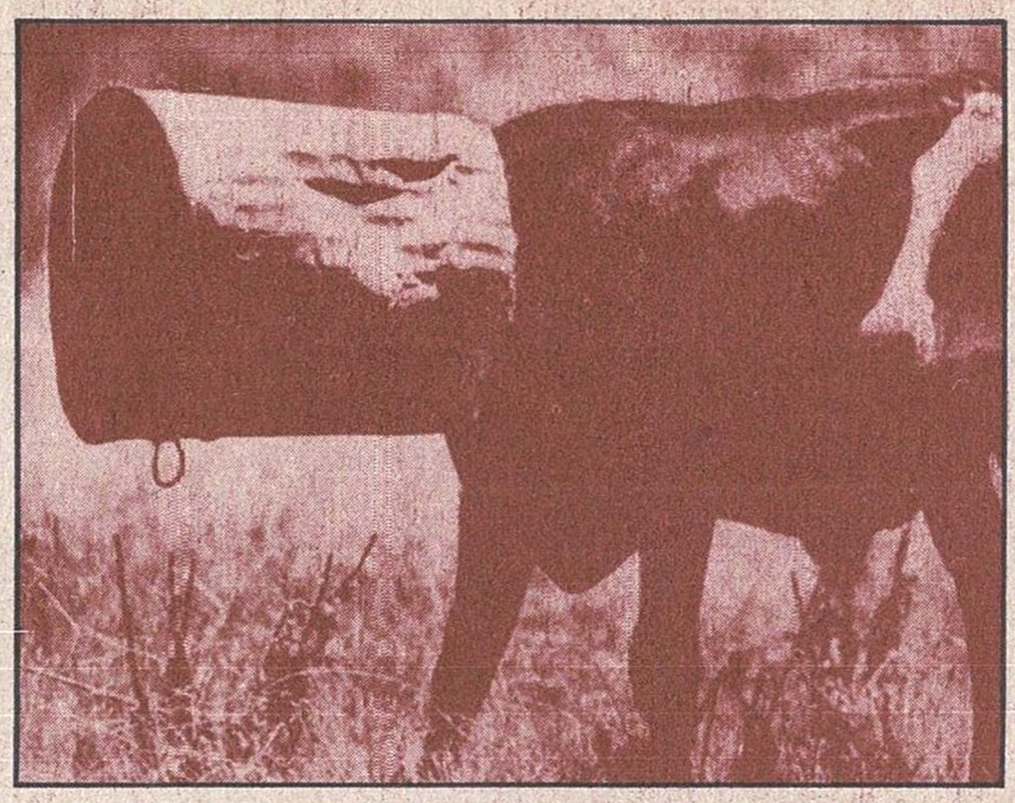
© HARD TIMES, INC. ALL THE NEWS THAT'S PRINTED TO FIT VOL. 4, NO. 12

FOUL PLAY



Looks like a bad day on the field for Baltimore Oriole Alan Wiggins. Things got a little rough when Toronto's Damaso Garcia slid into Wiggins, trying to break up a possible double play. (*Baltimore Sun*—submitted by John J. Kalas, Baltimore, Md.)

Looks like Garcia broke up more than that double play.—Editor



CANNED BEEF

Checking to see what was inside it, this steer pushed his head into a trash can, where it got stuck. After several minutes of the animal's being in the dark, a passerby helped get him out of the can. (*Quad-City Times*—submitted by J. Rice, Rock Island, Ill.)
That's a really bum steer.—Editor

GOD BLESS THIS MOTORCYCLE

It wasn't quite the blessing of the fleet, but it was an impressive sight: the eighth annual "Blessing of the Motorcycles" in Colebrook, New Hampshire. It took three priests 90 minutes to bless 3,800 motorcycles and their riders. The ceremony was organized by the White Mountain Cycle Club. The usual blessing went something like this: "O Lord, I thank you for the marvel of a motorcycle, alive and powerful at the touch of my hands and feet. . . . A thing of tremendous possibilities, wonderful or terrible." The priests prayed for "the skill that will control it completely and wisely" and help in being "alert, courteous, patient, considerate of the right of others on the road." (*Los Angeles Times*—submitted by Randy Kokal, Los Angeles, Calif.)
You could have done a brisk business there selling little plastic Jesuses to put inside the windshields.—Editor

All Dressed Up and No Place to Go

You think you've got problems; poor Dean Steers doesn't know where he's supposed to go to the bathroom. Dean, who lives in London and likes to be called Dena, is having a sex-change operation next year and, as per instructions from his doctors, is acting and dressing like a woman in the meantime. Now here's the problem: When Dean went to a public ladies' room, he was arrested; when he went to the men's room, he was arrested. Steers was lucky to get off with a 25-pound fine. (*Union Jack*—submitted by J. Norman Harrison, Mira Loma, Calif.)
This is just another reason for converting all public toilets to coed.—Editor

TOO MANY COOKS DEPARTMENT

At a party celebrating the first summer in memory without a drowning at a certain New Orleans city pool, a man drowned. Jerome Moody, 31, a guest at the party, was found fully clothed on the bottom of the deep end of the pool where the party was taking place. There were four lifeguards on duty at the party and about 100 of the guests were certified lifeguards, said Madlyn Richard, director of the New Orleans Recreation Department. It appears that Moody, who was not a lifeguard, was not swimming. No one knows how he got into the water or how he drowned. The body wasn't found till the end of the party when the lifeguards began clearing the pool. (*Newsday*)
Next year, they better throw their party far from water.—Editor

Anything for a Vote

The little man in the white outfit is Mayor Ed Koch. The large man in dark garb is Muhammad Alam Ghanna, the "World's Tallest Man." They are holding hands at the Pakistan Independence Day Parade in New York during the recent mayoral election campaign. (*The Knoxville News*—submitted by Steve M. Dalton, Knoxville, Tenn.)
If Koch is ever voted out of office, he can always find a job in a circus sideshow.—Editor

A BIG FLOP

She's a woman, she's big, and she's the winner of the 1985 Canadian Belly-Flop and Cannonball Diving Championship. Peggy Wilson (her nickname's "Passionate Peggy"), 58 years old and the grandmother of nine children, beat out nine other contestants to take the title. (*Edmonton Journal*—submitted by Kevin Grainger, Fort Saskatchewan, Alberta)

And she looks mahvelous, too!—Editor

For the Birds

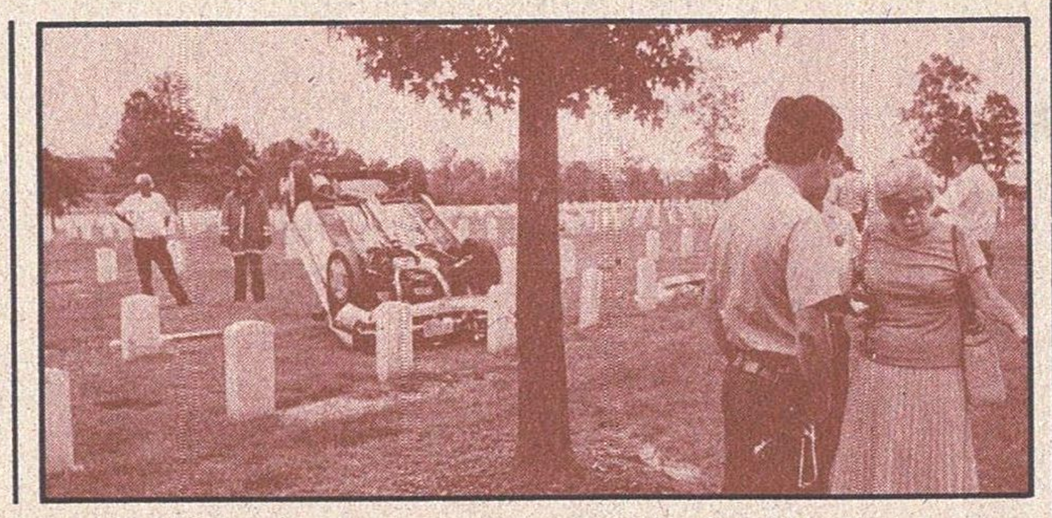
A bill being considered by Connecticut legislators would ban the use of instant rice at weddings, on the grounds that birds eat it and then die of bloating when the rice swells inside them. One of the bill's sponsors suggests tossing birdseed at the newlyweds instead. (*Rocky Mountain News*—submitted by James R. Langley, Aurora, Colo.)

We suggest throwing something else at these birdbrained politicians.—Editor

PARALLEL PARKING

This is Jeanne Baker explaining to a U.S. Park police officer what her car is doing upside down in Arlington National Cemetery, outside of Washington. She said her gas pedal stuck. (*The New York Times*—submitted by Christopher Bergadano, New York, N.Y.)

She didn't realize that she was in a tow-away zone.—Editor



Democracy in Action

It may look like Olympic boxing for businessmen, but it's really a debate between Ecuador's Liberal party Congressman Carlos Plaza and Congressman Lenin Rosero of the Communist Democratic Popular Movement. This was a debate seen on live TV, and when the congressmen came to blows, Plaza's swing revealed a pistol tucked in his belt. (*The Milwaukee Journal*—submitted by Kevin M. Witz, Green Bay, Wis.)

And we thought the Kennedy-Nixon debates were hot stuff!—Editor

WHAT A DISGUISE!

What else could we expect from the motor vehicles department? When the Green Bay Police Department in Wisconsin ordered license plates for their undercover cars, this is what they received: All the plates arrived with the letters PD on them and were useless. (*The Milwaukee Sunday Journal*—submitted by Kevin M. Witz, Green Bay, Wis.)

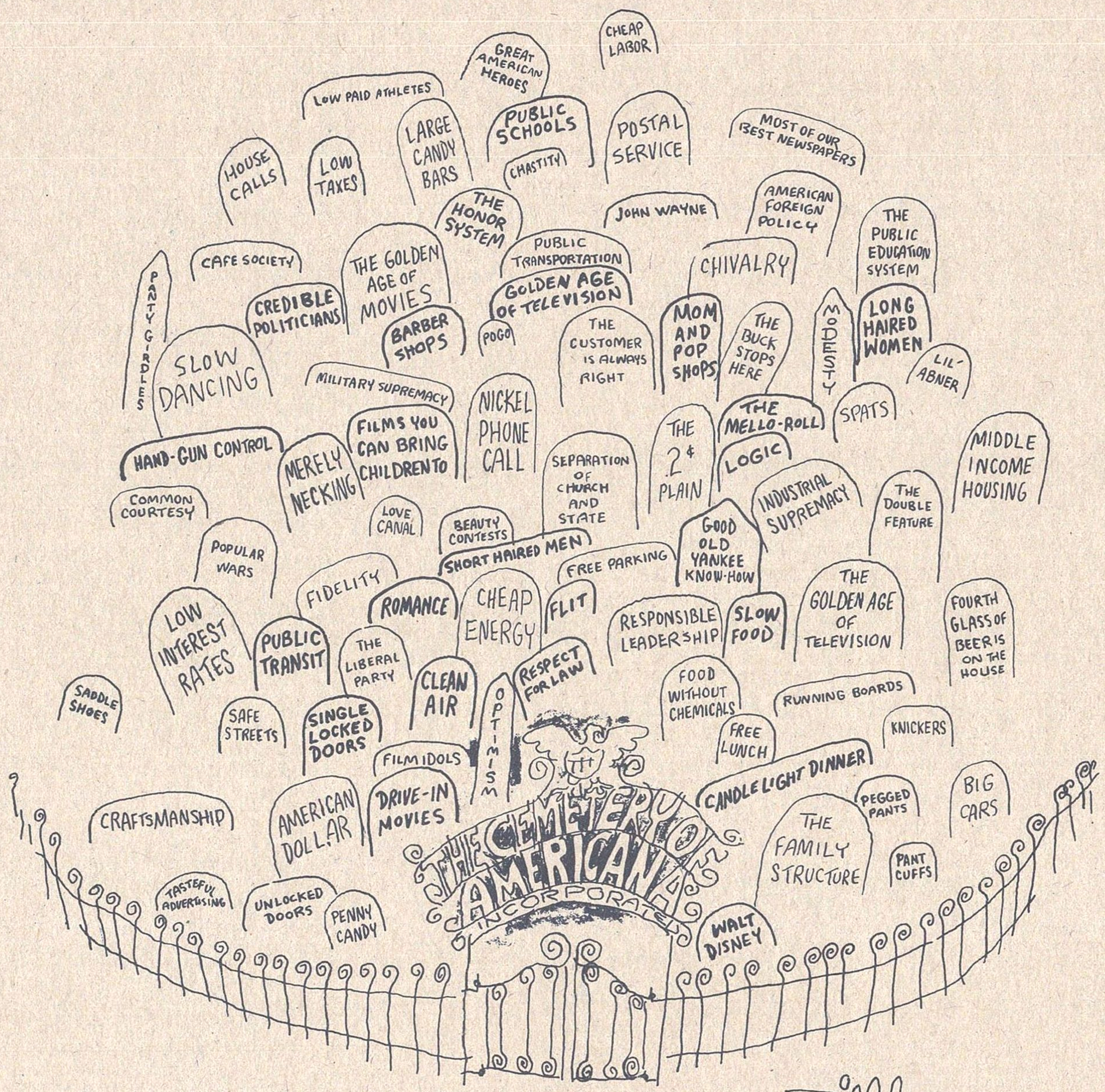
At least they didn't have to stand on line for four hours to receive the wrong plates, like the rest of us.—Editor

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We welcome your contributions for future "Hard Times" columns, and we will give a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse* to each reader whose item is printed. Send clippings to: Hard Times, c/o Penthouse, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023. Please include the name of the newspaper, the page number, and the date the clipping was published.

PARTING SHOT

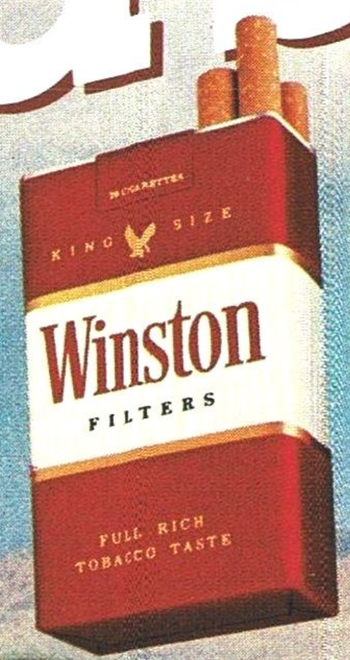
BY BILL LEE



©1986 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

Winston. America's Best.

Excellence. The best live up to it.



16 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

Little Oral Annie has that kind of breezy sexual enthusiasm that endears her to the hearts and crotches of the American male.

X-RATED VIDEO

BY AL GOLDSTEIN

YEAR'S BEST VIDEOS

The problem with buying adult videos for holiday presents is that they usually wind up as gag gifts—most of them are so bad they wind up gagging the person who receives them. The X-rated market is overrun with shoddy products and outright rip-offs. The old adage "Let the buyer beware" should be modified to "Let the buyer be paranoid." Herewith, a list of some of the best adult videos from the year past, for those in whom you want to instill some horny holiday spirit. In no particular order:

Taboo, American Style: Part 1 (VCA)
A sexy soap that can put anybody into a lather. I've seen all four parts of this erotic miniseries, but the protracted release dates for parts 2–4 make this an exercise in delayed gratification for the rest of you. It's worth it. Stay with *Taboo, American Style* and you'll witness some of the hottest sex scenes this side of Krakatau. Centerpiece superstarlet Raven pumps herself up into the evilest torrent of sexuality since Mata Hari.

The Grafenberg Spot (Mitchell Brothers Video)
Proves that you can be funny and sexy at the same time. Ginger Lynn and Tracy Lords, two of the hottest bods in the new California generation of smut newcomers, are matched with old pros Annette Haven, Harry Reems, and John Holmes. The *women* ejaculate on cue, giving sexual anatomy a new twist and turning Old Faithful into Old Faceful. This tape represents Jim and Artie Mitchell's return to adult video after establishing themselves with *Behind the Green Door* and *The Resurrection of Eve.*

Grafenberg: *turning Old Faithful into Old Faceful.*

Bedtime Tales (Essex)
An elegant little tape, perfectly light, and good for couples. The venerable vignette-style plot is harnessed to a sexual romp through seven decades of decadent Americana, from a horse-and-buggery "1915" segment all the way up to the present day. Colleen Brennan is superb in this one, exhibiting a blowsy sexuality that knocks poor Tom Byron straight out of his state of virginity.

Surrender in Paradise and *The Pink Lagoon* (Collector's Video)
When it comes to putting hot-looking ladies in luscious settings and filming them with superb production values, no one really is in the same league with David I. Frazer and Svetlana, the production team that's responsible for the Collector's Video line. These two particular tapes are from their "South Seas" series, with Jerry Butler and a gaggle of gorgeous women making the tropics even hotter.

L'Amour (Caballero)
This sexy-sweet tape in the theme of musical beds in today's divorce-addled society has much to recommend it: deft, intricate plotting about a divorcé who must shack up with his ex-wife; the incredible sultriness of Angel, who plays a young, callow thrill-seeker so well you'd swear it's her true character; the more mature sensuality of Kay Parker. It's put together in a neat, technically proficient package by Marga Aulbach, one of porn's leading female directors.

Squalor Motel (Essex)
The blend of weirdness and sex that was pioneered by *Cafe Flesh* is featured here, as well as some of the hottest oral-sex footage in recent memory. Desiree Lane is the innocent newlywed who wanders into Motel Squalor's labyrinth of lust, and when she finds her way out she's a changed woman. There's a lot of New Wave makeup and maniacal, cackling laughter, and it's all enough to make Dorothy feel like she isn't in Kansas anymore.

Every Woman Has a Fantasy (VCA)
A women's encounter group is at the core of *Every Woman Has a Fantasy,* which allows the plot to stray into vignette-style sexual anecdote. Rachel Ashley has breasts that should be nominated for *two* Oscars, both for best unsupported actress: They're large, beautiful, and reflect the state of her emotions perfectly. Comic relief is provided by John Leslie, who proves what a versatile thespian he is by doing a Tootsie-like drag turn.

Up! Up! And Away! (Caballero)
Lavish settings, absolutely stunning women, good production values—the formula for making a good adult tape is obvious, and with the competition so weak, more should be made. This one involves the steamy, claustrophobic world of high-altitude sex, and would be the perfect choice if in-flight movies ever went X-rated. Stacy Donovan cements her rep as one of the hottest women in adult entertainment with a scene that gives the word *cockpit* new meaning.

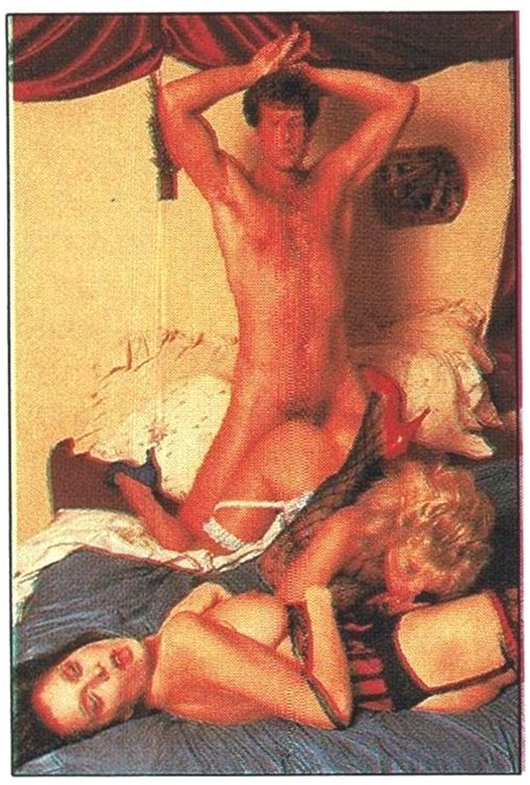
Turn On With Kelly Nichols (Creative Video)
This tape is a little hard to find, but the effort is worth it. It's an old-style "sex education" tape, intended to teach men how to give pleasure to a woman, and it features deliciously slow action and

dreamy, agonizing sex scenes. Kelly Nichols is the faintly dominating guide through the world of female orgasm, but we don't get to see her in action until the last third of the tape. Her body is virtually without par in adult video, and her blowjobs make it look like she could suck the chromosomes off a trailer hitch.

Dixie Ray, Hollywood Star (Caballero)
Originally shot as an R-rated mainstream-release feature, *Dixie Ray* was awarded porn's equivalent of an Oscar for its hard-core version. Anthony Spinelli proves he can match directorial skills with many a Hollywood pro, and the convoluted, twisting private-dick tale he's chosen exhibits his talents perfectly. Lisa DeLeeuw is a breast-fancier's dream here, and John Leslie again proves he's one of the best in the biz.

New Wave Hookers (VCA)
The Dark Brothers, perverts with a purpose, turn it on in this weird, *Cafe Flesh*–influenced epic. Walter and Gregory Dark are the crazy-man production team responsible for this and other quirky, bizarre hits. *Hookers* rests on the not inconsiderable charms of Tracy Lords. The plot is ludicrous jive about New Wave music and hypnotic control, but the sex is hot enough to tip the scales in this one's favor.

Every Woman: *anecdotal.*


Assets: *A lavish production.*

PENTHOUSE PICK

Corporate Assets (Essex)
For its high budget alone, *Corporate Assets* would warrant more than a cursory look. In an era of shot-on-video cheapies which prey on the public's ignorance and unwillingness to educate itself, director Thomas Paine dishes up a lavish production that serves as the setting for some gemlike sex scenes. There is also a level of naturalism to the action which is equally surprising in an adult tape. *Corporate Assets* has a plot you can formulate in one sentence without sounding ridiculous: The head of a large conglomerate keeps a stable of hookers to help him keep clients and customers happy. This is, of course, not too far off the mark as far as modern business practices go. Tish Ambrose, Rachel Ashley, Amber Lynn, and Sheri St. Clair are the call-girl cadre, and all of them, especially the first two, make me proud to be a capitalist and a heterosexual. *Corporate Assets* represents the high level of competency in adult entertainment that was only dreamt about before. But now, with new talent flooding into the biz, it has finally become a reality.
Corporate Assets ⊥⊥⊥

COUPLES' TAPE OF THE MONTH

Naked Scents (VCA)
I can't give this tape my wholehearted recommendation, because it features one of those overly elaborate, stupefyingly intricate plots that adult entertainment is always getting entangled in. But it was made by a woman director, Elissa Christine, and she has exhibited technical expertise, sexual sensitivity, and an eye for beauty which renders *Naked Scents* a good couples' tape. A male/female duo watching this tape can laugh at the plot and get steamed by the animal sensuality of Tish Ambrose and Jerry Butler. Taija Rae continues to develop her acting skills to where they're almost as good as her anatomy—which features huge, creamy breasts and a pouty, cute face. This is Elissa Christine's first effort, and it's a good one. Maybe next time she won't get bogged down in plot.
Naked Scents ⊥⊥

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

Little Oral Annie Takes Manhattan (VXP)
"You could hang pop-tops off of these!"

That's Little Oral Annie talking about the size of her nipples, which she is twirling as she speaks. This tape abounds in that style of dumb, raucous, locker-room humor. What it is represents the modern incarnation of the stag film. Little Oral Annie has that kind of breezy sexual enthusiasm that endears her to the hearts and crotches of the American male. The tape is a jumbled set of plotless images strung together like the worry beads of an institutionalized idiot, but you don't come to entertainments like this for plot. Annie blows her way through one bedroom after another, giving us a gynecological guided tour of gonadal Gotham. It's all mindless, but your prick doesn't have a brain, anyway.
Little Oral Annie Takes Manhattan ⊥⊥

RATING KEY

⊥ Not recommended—You'll either get ripped off or get the least for your money.
⊥⊥ Fair to reliable—You'll get what you pay for with minimum results.
⊥⊥⊥ Good—Standards of professionalism are maintained.
⊥⊥⊥⊥ Highly recommended—The best of its kind available.

DEVIL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

Satan, and was known for using Satanic metaphor to keep his girls in line. On his left arm was the tattoo "Satan's Angels." In a swampy area on the outskirts of Westport, he ordered 17-year-old Robin Murphy to slit the throat of a cult member, Karen A. Marsden, 20. After offering her soul to Satan, Drew decapitated her. Murphy plea-bargained to a lesser charge in return for testifying against Drew.

While telling the court about the killing, Murphy explained how the group had struck Marsden in the head with rocks, cut off her fingers to remove her rings, stripped her, slit her throat, and severed her head and kicked it around. Drew then had sex with the decapitated body, and carved an X on the victim's chest while speaking "a strange language." He then put his thumb in the dead Marsden's blood and made an X mark on Murphy's forehead, telling her that she was now initiated into the group. Drew received life imprisonment and Murphy got a lesser sentence. Reports of cult activity on the outskirts of Westport continue.

Stanley Dean Baker served 14 years in prison for murder, having stabbed a man 27 times in Montana. He dismembered the corpse, took the heart out, and ate it. He had one of the man's fingers with him when he was arrested. During his prison term authorities took 11 homemade weapons from him, as he was threatening to kill them. While he was incarcerated, he organized a Satanic cult among other inmates, yet also became an expert on transactional analysis; strangely enough, he was allowed to travel from prison to prison teaching it.

After being paroled he has looked for a halfway house, but is having problems finding one that will accept him, due to the nature of his crime.

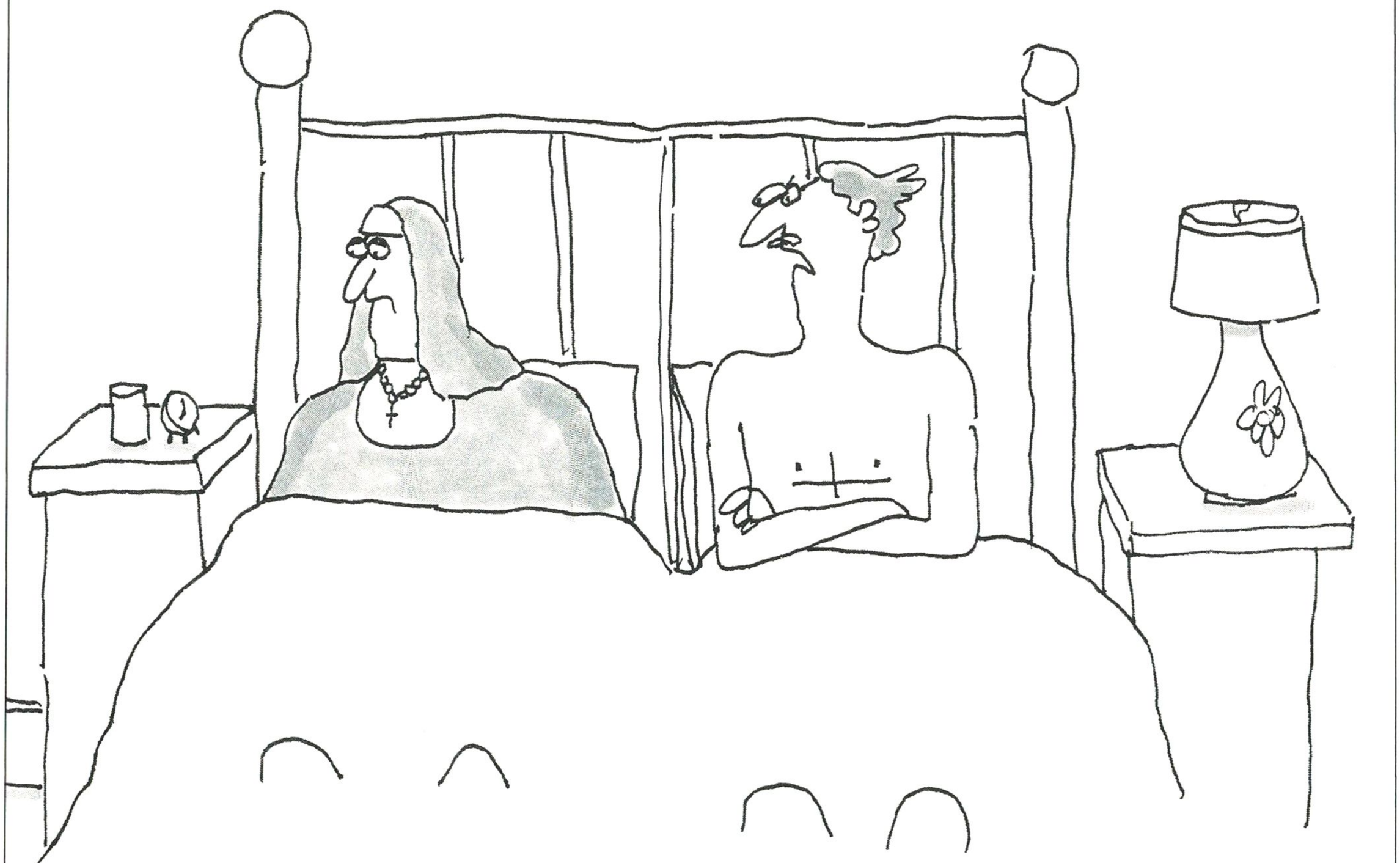
Information exclusive to *Penthouse* has revealed that when Baker was arrested in Montana he told the arresting officers about a cult in the Santa Cruz Mountains south of Los Angeles, where members participated in blood drinking and cannibalism and used a specialized terminology during rituals held according to the Satanic calendar.

Our sources believe that Baker's group and Manson's group were splinter elements of this cult. Arresting officers' reports state that Baker had a swastika tattooed on his left arm and various tattoos of cult significance on the rest of his body. His girlfriend had a tattoo of a swastika on her chest, and Baker claims to have carved swastikas on the chest of cult victims. Baker further told of outdoor sacrificial rituals performed under a wooden shrine carved with demons and gargoyles. The cult also used portable wooden morgue tables with a trough where the victim was placed and tied. Baker described a football-shaped object with six knives welded into it, another apparatus of death and torture. The group also had a portable crematorium in which they cremated their captured prey.

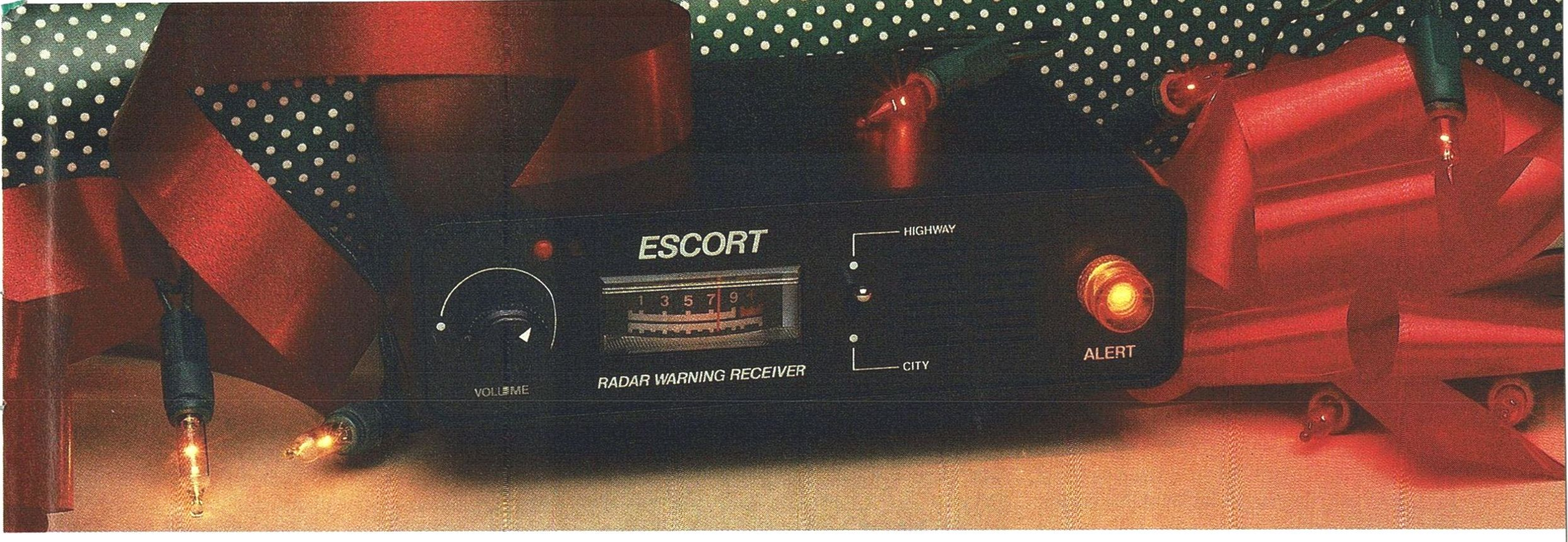
Stanley Baker confessed to one murder in which he claimed to have written on a mirror in the victim's blood, "Satan Save Zodiac." He said this crime was ordered by the cult because Manson was going on trial and they wanted to further terrify the community.

Two weeks after school was dismissed for the summer of 1984 in suburban Long Island, the clothed, skeletal remains of Gary Lauwers, 17, of the "perfect village" of Northport, were found in a shallow grave in Aztakai Woods, a secluded area of Cow Harbor Park, a short walk from the center of town. The police had received an anonymous tip from a teenage girl who had heard other youths, who frequented the park, talking about a murder and a body.

When police arrived, all that remained of the decaying corpse, which had been in the woods for over two weeks, were bones cleaned of flesh but full of indentations caused by wounds knicking the bones. Lauwers had been stabbed over 40 times and beaten by 17-year-old Ricky



"Why can't you just say 'no' and be done with it . . .?"



Overwhelm Your Favorite Driver

Remember those few times when you came up with the perfect gift? You could tell, because the recipient couldn't believe it. He kept asking how you knew.

Hits The Sweet Spot

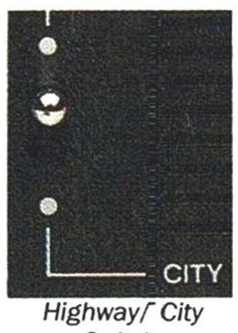
That's the effect ESCORT has on drivers. If they don't already have one, they've heard of it. And what they've heard is that ESCORT is the classic of radar warning, the one *Road & Track* says **"...is highly recommended,"** the one *Car and Driver* says **"...is clearly the leader in the field in value, customer service, and performance..."** Over a million drivers have chosen ESCORT since it was introduced in 1978. Probably you know several of them, just in your circle of friends. Ask about us.

We'll Stand On Our Record

Of course they'll say ESCORT works. Any consumer product that has sold over a million units at the rather steep price of $245 each—and has never been discounted—obviously is in demand. And in the world of high-tech electronics, products that don't work don't stay in demand for seven months, much less seven years.

Power-ON LED and Sensor

Signal Strength Meter



Highway/City Switch

But ESCORT makes an overwhelming gift for another reason. The *way* it works. You know how a few possessions in this life get to be favorites because there's just something about them—a certain heft and feel, a certain way of going about their business—that just seems exactly right.

THE RADAR DEFENSE KIT

ESCORT comes complete with a molded carrying case, detachable power cord, visor clip and hook and loop mounting, spare fuse and alert bulb, and a comprehensive owner's handbook.

ESCORT is like that. The case is made of heat-treated aluminum, which protects the sophisticated components within, and also gives a substantial feel. The audible warning is the same frequency used for Morse code (1024 Hz), which cuts through a Ferrari's interior noise, yet won't jangle your nerves. The alert lamp is controlled by a photo-electric eye, which makes it visible on the brightest day, yet dims automatically for nighttime operation. The list goes on, but we'll trust any ESCORT owner to give you the details.

Another Subject, Equally Important

Meanwhile, here's an ESCORT feature aimed at you, the giver. There is only one way to shop and it's the easy way. You buy direct from us. Call toll-free. We're as quick as UPS. There are no hidden charges. We pay all shipping and handling. If you're really in a hurry, Federal Express is only a little extra.

Christmas or anytime, we make the same promise. If you aren't satisfied within 30 days, send ESCORT back. We'll refund all your money and your return shipping cost. We've been making this offer since 1978 and so far it has been refused over a million times. We think that's a pretty overwhelming statistic.

But around here, overwhelming is simply business as usual. Now let us overwhelm your favorite driver.

Try ESCORT At No Risk

Take the first 30 days with ESCORT as a test. If you're not completely satisfied return it for a full refund. You can't lose.

ESCORT is also backed with a one year warranty on both parts and labor.

ESCORT $245 (OH res. add $13.48 tax)
Slightly higher in Canada

TOLL FREE . . 800-543-1608

VISA MasterCard

By mail send to address below. Credit cards, money orders, bank checks, certified checks, wire transfers processed immediately. Personal or company checks require 18 days.

ESCORT®
RADAR WARNING RECEIVER

Cincinnati Microwave
Department 100-005-A13
One Microwave Plaza
Cincinnati, Ohio 45296-0100

Tune in "Talktalk," the satelite call-in comedy talk show. Sunday evenings on public radio stations. Check local listings.

© 1985 Cincinnati Microwave, Inc.

Kasso of Northport, while Albert Quinones, now 17 and also of Northport, watched.

These teenagers, who lived on the streets, in backyards, woods, cars, boats, and friends' floors, had dropped out of school. They used and sold acid and angel dust. Quinones testified that on the day of the killing he had taken one hit of mescaline and his three companions had taken at least three each.

Kasso and Quinones listened to the heavy-metal music of groups such as Judas Priest and Black Sabbath, robbed graves, shared Satanic books such as LaVey's *Satanic Bible*, and became self-sanctified Satanists. They were deemed to be too wild for the Knights of the Black Circle, the more formal and apparently more restrained religious Satanist group in the community.

Kasso and Lauwers had been arguing for over a month about ten bags of angel dust that Lauwers had allegedly stolen from Kasso. The debt had been paid, the friendship seemed reunited, and school was out. Drugs were selling and spirits were high in Cow Harbor Park the first evening of summer vacation. But as night progressed, the argument about the angel dust resurfaced. For the self-styled Satanists, their chronic consumption of hallucinogenic drugs and the Satanic philosophy they embraced built to a self-destructive climax. Soon, according to the testimony of Quinones:

"They were just rolling around on the ground and shit, and Gary [Lauwers] got up to his feet after Jimmy [James 'Drac' Troiano] had run up to him and kicked him in the ribs. Ricky [Kasso] then just bit him in the neck, bit him in the ear, and started stabbing him. Gary ran into the woods and Jimmy picked up the knife and handed it to Ricky. Ricky then made Gary get on his knees while he was being stabbed and say, 'I love you, Satan.' Ricky kept stabbing him and shit, and in the end Gary was just screaming, 'I love my mother,' as he died."

Ricky Kasso was arrested four weeks later and hanged himself in the Suffolk County Jail. Quinones was granted immunity for his testimony. Jimmy Troiano was acquitted of the killing, but remains in custody on other charges.

In the two-week period before authorities were told about the murder, some of the town's young people visited "to watch the maggots eating the flesh from the bones."

The community of Northport is hoping that the stench of evil will go away. No official connection exists between Kasso and any organized Satanic death cult, but a source close to the investigation pointed out to *Penthouse* that Kasso was awaiting trial for a grave robbery. He allegedly had stolen a skull and a left hand, both symbols used in Satanic death rituals, and had made connections in the occult underground in New York to sell the skull for $500.

The most compelling and best-documented research on the issues of organized Satanism won a major UPI award for investigative journalist Maury Terry, who has recently signed a contract with Doubleday for a book on Son of Sam and cults that may be related to him and other killers.

Queens District Attorney John Santucci reopened the Son of Sam case two years after Berkowitz was arrested. The D.A.'s investigation strongly supports Terry's conclusion that David Berkowitz, who pleaded guilty to the killing of five young women and one man, plus the wounding of six others with a .44-caliber revolver, did not act alone. There is also considerable evidence that Berkowitz was, in fact, a member of a Satanic cult; that two of his closest friends, Mike and John Carr, the real sons of Sam Carr (who have since died violently), were the cult members who invited him to join; that Berkowitz in fact pulled the trigger in only two of the eight separate attacks; that at least one of the other women victims was killed by one of Berkowitz's friends; and that the cult probably ordered one of the shootings to silence an informer, and some of the others to cover up the cult motive for the first killing.

"This is the third month in a row you've led your division in sales, Harper. You may have anything on the middle shelf."

For several years, Berkowitz and a number of informants revealed the evidence to Queens D.A. Santucci, investigative journalist Terry, and a handful of police officials throughout the nation. Terry's meticulous research, which began prior to Berkowitz's arrest, includes over 100 letters written by Berkowitz himself, eyewitness interviews of surviving victims and witnesses, the re-creation of attacks, and numerous contacts with official sources familiar with the case. This seven-year research effort documents that there was a group of Satanist drug dealers involved in the Son of Sam killings; that Berkowitz feigned insanity and became the public scapegoat for the group; and that surviving members of the group still exist and continue to function in New York, Texas, the Dakotas, and Los Angeles.

Asked why he has devoted a large segment of seven years of his professional life to this investigation, Terry responds, "In and of itself, the Son of Sam case is one of the biggest investigations in U.S. criminal history. But beyond the published evidence, there is evidence that has been uncovered that shows the Son of Sam killings to be the tip of an iceberg, indicative of a network of linked Satanic cultists throughout the United States."

An example of the police cover-up of cultism in the Son of Sam affair was a letter found in Berkowitz's apartment at the time of his arrest, but withheld from the public by top New York police officials and by then–Brooklyn District Attorney (and now admitted child molester) Eugene Gold. The letter reads:

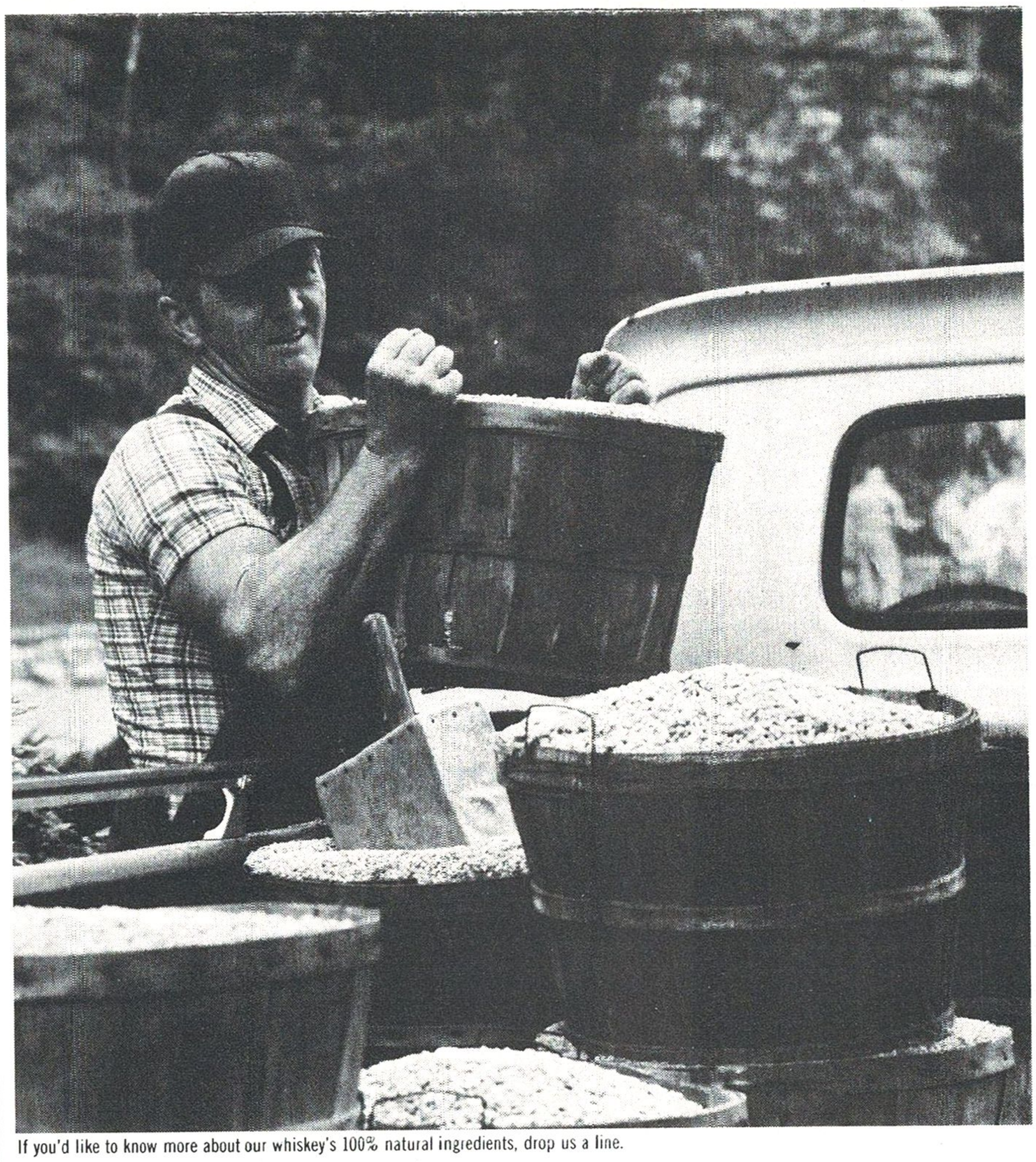
"This warning to all police agencies in the tristate area. For your information, a Satanic cult (devil worshipers and practitioners of witchcraft) that has been established for quite some time, has been instructed by their high command (Satan) to begin to systematically kill and slaughter young girls or people of good health and clean blood.

"They plan to kill at least 100 young wemon [sic] and men, but mostly wemon, as part of a Satanic ritual which involves the shedding of the victim's innocent blood. . . ."

Terry reports Berkowitz wrote this letter so that the police would find it and pursue the case, but they didn't at that time. It resurfaced three years after Berkowitz's arrest, when it came into Terry's hands and was made public for the first time. Terry checked with police agencies around the tristate area and found that no law-enforcement officials were ever advised of the existence of the letter.

Berkowitz also wrote to a minister in an undisclosed midwestern town:

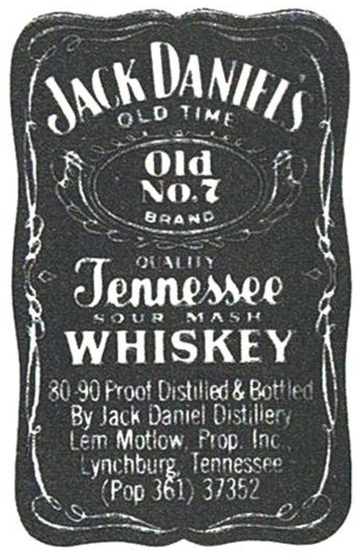
"I really don't know how to begin this letter, but at one time I was a member of an occult group. Being sworn to secrecy or face death, I cannot reveal the name of the group, nor do I wish to. This group contained a mixture of Satanic practices,



If you'd like to know more about our whiskey's 100% natural ingredients, drop us a line.

CLARENCE MOREHEAD takes pride in what goes into every batch of Jack Daniel's Tennessee Whiskey.

Mr. Morehead (and all our employees) know there's nothing but natural ingredients in Jack Daniel's. Just natural corn from the plains of Illinois; natural rye and barley from Wisconsin's heartland; natural spring water from the hills of Tennessee. And absolutely nothing more. That's the way we've always made whiskey here in Lynchburg, Tennessee. And, with prideful men like Clarence on the job, that's the way we always will.



CHARCOAL MELLOWED DROP BY DROP

included the teachings of Aleister Crowley and Eliphas Levi. It was (still is) totally 'blood' oriented and I am certain you know just what I mean. The coven's doctrines are a blend of ancient Druidism, teachings of the secret order of the Golden Dawn, black magick [sic], and a host of other unlawful and obnoxious practices. . . .

"To break away completely is impossible because of a pact each new member signs in his own blood. Also, each new and carefully screened recruit supplies a picture or pictures of all his or her family members plus their addresses. These items are used, if necessary, as tools for blackmail, coercion, and eventually physical harm should one attempt to betray the group. . . ."

Berkowitz himself has stopped talking publicly since having his and his father's lives threatened, but informants from inside Attica have furnished names, places, and events that have been confirmed by out-of-prison sources in Los Angeles.

Currently the Son of Sam probe is focused on the State of California, "where it all began," Terry says. Queens D.A. Santucci states that the investigation "remains open and new developments are being pursued as they become known and available to us. I believe Berkowitz did not act alone, that others did aid and abet him in the commission of these crimes. We hope to be able to bring some of them to justice, but it is a difficult investigation."

Terry notes that one of the major difficulties is "the fact that more than ten people directly connected to the case have died violently. And it's tough to prosecute or obtain evidence from a corpse."

Perhaps the most publicly outrageous, infamous, and prolific serial killer of this decade is Henry Lee Lucas (see *Penthouse,* February 1985). His image and story have been featured in the pages of most leading magazines, on television news, and on documentary shows worldwide.

One aspect of his epic stories of horror, however, has been consistently overlooked by the press: his claimed involvement in a Satanic devil-worship cult which he calls "The Hand of Death."

News stories last year claimed Lucas had recanted his crimes. But in a letter smuggled out of his McClennan County jail cell in Texas, Lucas said he was being forced to change his story. He said he believed that the Hand of Death was behind it. And while news stories generally ignored his pleas not to believe what was coming out of the jail, a smuggled tape was being played on national television by a minister who had been told by Lucas that he was being forced to cooperate with his captors and they wanted him to say that he had only killed three people. In another smuggled note to Sheriff Jim Boutwell, Lucas reminded the sheriff that he (Lucas) had said that the cult would stop his confessions.

Sheriff Boutwell, who had custody of Lucas during the 18-month investigation of his murders, says of Lucas's Satanism: "I think Lucas is greatly prone to exaggerate numbers [thousands of people he knew in the cult]. And when he talks with the media, in particular, he's extremely prone to exaggerate—not so much with law enforcement. When he said the cult had thousands of members—this particular cult he was in—I have always doubted that. But I don't know that. Nobody knows. I don't even know if that particular cult exists as he has said it does. I do strongly believe that Ottis Toole [Lucas's killing companion] has had some involvement with a cult. Because I've interviewed both of them, spent a lot of time with both of them.

"There are some training camps in the Everglades; there have been for years. The majority of them are used by people wanting to overthrow another government. What I'm trying to say is that this particular thing has not been proven."

> After I joined this cult, we would kidnap people and cut their heads off and take parts of their bodies to the cult meetings.

When asked if he thinks there is some truth to Lucas's claim, Sheriff Boutwell says, "Yes. I think there is some truth in it."

Other sources have told *Penthouse* that Florida investigators have confirmed a Florida-based cult that Toole had connections with. Another serial killer in Georgia told his psychotherapist about delivering stolen cars to a cult-oriented car-theft and drug-dealing ring based in Jacksonville. Jacksonville was Ottis Toole's home, and the car-theft ring and drug-dealing ring described by the Georgia killer strongly resemble those Henry Lucas has claimed he had been working for in Jacksonville.

The following is an excerpt from several interviews with Lucas about his cult claims. The FBI has compiled accounts of the investigation into Lucas's claims about the Hand of Death for in-house use, but are not speaking publicly about their investigation.

How did you make your first contact with the cult?

Well, I was down in Jacksonville and met Ottis Toole one afternoon. He was a homosexual and he asked me to go home with him and meet his family, which I did, and I became a part of that family. Ottis got me in the cult that he was already a member of. He knew we could be together more and become partners in crime.

What sort of crimes did you commit for the cult?

When I first joined the cult, I only did kidnapping. It was about a year later, after training, that I began doing the killings. Like I said, I had killed before, but after I joined this cult I started killing at many different levels. Instead of just robbing a store and killing, we would kidnap children, hitchhikers, prostitutes, or whoever, and would slice people up and cut their heads off and take parts of their bodies to the cult meetings.

You said that in the beginning you only did kidnappings.

Well, I made over 35 trips into Mexico, each time taking three or four kids, and I can remember exactly where the house in Mexico is. It's deep into Mexico and it's a big ranch-type house and we would take the children there. The bosses of the cult would tell us how many they wanted and the ones they would give me the best money for were small children, between the ages of four and 11.

How much were you paid to kidnap the kids?

A thousand dollars a load.

What did the cult do to these children?

Well, some children were just sold to wealthy Mexicans, especially the pretty, blue-eyed blond ones, and these kids are still living today. Some of the others were sold into prostitution, some were used as sacrifice in a cult meeting, and some were raised by families in the cult to be killers themselves.

You said earlier that you were trying to make right the wrong you've done in your life. What are you doing about the cult and these children?

That's just the point. No one wants to believe the cult story. The TV people cut it out. The writers don't write about it. But some of the law-enforcement people in different states are investigating.

Why is it so difficult for the police to obtain documented evidence on cults?

They're just like me. We are trained not to leave evidence. If it wasn't for me, they couldn't find out about me. I'm the only one who's giving evidence about me. They ain't finding nothing about me until I tell them.

Who are these people?

They're people just like you and me. Some of them travel and live on the road and some of the members just like the fun.

I am told that by seeing photographs of unidentified victims who are not your victims, that you can tell if it was a cult killing.

Yes, I can. I can tell you because we were taught to leave a mark on the body

or near the body. You can tell sometimes by the way a body is left. Each of the victims is a sacrifice to the devil. You got different types of marks. You've got your blotches, you've got your stripe marks. You've got your pin marks, and sometimes we would make a zigzag with a ballpoint pen.

But the drug trafficking is part of it?

The drug traffic, the hired killing, and a lot of kidnapping in our country is part of it. I could take you down to Mexico where a lot of these kidnapped kids are living today, but the law-enforcement people can't work it out.

What sort of meetings would you have?

We had meetings. They were more or less party meetings. Sometimes we would go down to the beach somewhere or back in some deserted area, and you would have more or less a séance.

Be more specific.

Everyone could be high on drugs. Sometimes a member would bring a victim, either alive or dead, and sometimes would bring a head or another part of the victim's body and each of us would testify about the destruction we had been part of since the last meeting. Sometimes we would use our own cult members—say, if someone was about to leave the cult, then they were as good as dead. The high priest would come in with a hooded-type cloak and could get some people so worked up that they could walk through fire around the altar and not even feel it. We would get higher and higher on drugs. We would rub each other's bodies with the blood of the victims or of the animal and some members would drink each other's urine. During all of this, someone would be chanting and praying to the devil. Towards the end, the victim would be killed and each of us would drink blood and eat part of the body.

You said you would read the Bible?

Yeah, there's a *Satanic Bible,* but it's a bible with prayers and readings of the devil. There's no place that ever spoke of Jesus Christ, but it speaks about the devil and that Satan is the only king left here in this world.

Why should we believe you?

Because it is the God's truth. Time will bear me out. They didn't believe me when I was telling them about my victims, either. I know that I'm going to die for my crimes and I want the cult exposed.

Allegations of possible Satanic activities surround two California serial-murder cases that have made national headlines in the past few months: specifically, the Leonard Lake/Charles Ng case in Calaveras County, and the Richard Ramirez Night Stalker case of Los Angeles and San Francisco.

Not since the Charles Manson family cult murders of the late sixties has a case produced such widespread public concern or publicity as has the investigation, capture, and incarceration of Richard Ramirez, the 25-year-old Mexican-American tagged by the media as the Night Stalker.

Unlike the Hillside Strangler case or the Skid Row Stabber case, the Night Stalker series of brutal murders, robberies, and assaults brought terror to Middle America. Night Stalker victims were middle and upper-middle class, and were not of just one sex or age. Ramirez, additionally, exhibited several signs of Satan worship that have been confirmed since his arrest:

- Ramirez has a tattoo of a pentagram, a symbol associated with witchcraft, on his left hand.
- Ramirez's acquaintances have stated that for the past few years he wore only black and carried only black valises.
- Cassettes of heavy-metal music containing Satanic references were found in his possession at the time of his arrest.
- Painted pentagrams were left on the walls of some victims' homes.
- A shoe print was found at one of the murder scenes that matched footprints that were found at a site, in East Los Angeles, known to be a meeting place for cult societies.

Claralyn Balazs said that her former husband, Leonard Lake, "was a pagan and a devout survivalist, a person who looked for his philosophical underpinnings in a vigilant and perhaps compulsive manner." Balazs said that when they first met, Lake associated with "white witches" and that she had once accompanied him to a witches' ball in Berkeley, California.

Balazs stopped giving information to the media and police after she was told by her attorneys that she could be incriminating herself, and has since stopped talking.

Arlo Smith, district attorney of San Francisco, has assigned a special criminal-investigation unit to Satanic cult crimes. Bob Holmes, one of the investigators in the unit, told *Penthouse* that if Satanism is part of criminal activity, it is used as a tool by a small, well-organized group of individuals to traffic large amounts of drugs and pornography, as well as to launder money.

Holmes added that Satanism is not against the law, but because so many allegations have been made about Satanic criminal activities, a long-term investigation is underway.

A San Francisco pathologist has been instructing coroners in neighboring communities about how to identify signs of Satanic activity at the scene of a murder and on victims' bodies.

Such signs might include pentagrams carved on the victims' bodies, wax drippings, and various tattoos and incisions around the groin area.

Perhaps the most colorful and best known of all American Satanists is Anton LaVey, who was the undisputed spiritual leader

of the largest group of Satanists in the sixties and seventies. At the age of 16, LaVey ran away from his Oakland, California, home to join the Clyde Beatty Circus as a cage boy, and soon became an assistant lion tamer. By 18, he had left the circus to join a carnival, where he formulated an act doing astrology charts and telling fortunes, a pastime which taught him the elements of show business. He also learned hypnosis, the show-biz variety, and learned to play the calliope so well that he quit the circus and began playing the organ for a living in various San Francisco burlesque houses.

When LaVey married in San Francisco, he entered the City College of San Francisco to study criminology and became a photographer for the police department. In a June 1975 article in *Argosy,* he recalled, "I saw the grimmest side of human nature, people shot by nuts, knifed by friends, kids splattered in the gutter by hit-and-run drivers. It was disgusting and depressing."

So he left the police department, took up organ playing again, and soon got involved with black magic and began collecting occult knowledge and combining it into a *Satanic Bible* based on the works of Aleister Crowley, Eliphas Levi, John J. Lovecraft, and Carl Jung. LaVey's Satanism offered ways for the novitiate to gain personal power. During this time he organized fund-raisers for his endeavors by sponsoring open meetings about Satanism. They were Black Masses conducted with a carnival flair, show-biz-style—incorporating his knowledge of music, colorful art-deco trappings, and the public's seemingly insatiable hunger for the bizarre.

LaVey soon attained celebrity status and the Church of Satan, organized around his own flamboyant personality and his *Satanic Bible,* soon boasted 7,000 members. He was a paid consultant on Roman Polanski's *Rosemary's Baby* and appeared in several other occult films playing the part of the devil himself. On behalf of his "church," he courted famous movie stars. Second in command to LaVey was Kenneth Anger, author of *Hollywood Babylon.*

During the height of his glory, LaVey owned a lion and walked it around the streets of San Francisco, drove an oversize custom-built black hearse, and directed the Manson family's Susan Atkins in a revue called "Topless Witches' Sabbath." Atkins's part was to play a corpse. When the rest of the cast left the stage, she liked to stay in the casket because she enjoyed it. Events such as this gave rise to the observation that LaVey's Satanism was simply atheism with psychodrama.

While Anton LaVey's Satanism shamelessly exhibited the trappings of a carnival sideshow, another famous Satanist group allegedly employed a more spine-chilling approach. The Process, a cold, matter-of-fact title for a seriously Satanic organization, was begun in 1962 in London's Mayfair district by Robert and Mary Anne de Grimston.

Robert hailed from an aristocratic family and had a military school background. Mary Anne was a madam from England. They married and formed the Church of the Final Judgement, which wasn't just a religion, but a combination of Satanism and psychotherapy that gained entrance into the human psyche by using generous amounts of personal power and control over others.

The Church of the Final Judgement was shattered several times when powerful members disagreed with the leadership. (Mary Anne herself split off from Robert and formed another group.) Some fringe members of that first group, however, are among those named in connection with the Manson family and other cult killings. These members' names have not been discovered in investigations involving Satanism, but in probes into kiddie porn, child abuse, and drug trafficking. Mary Anne and Robert had come a long way from Anton LaVey's comparatively mild brand of show-biz Satanism.

> "There is evidence," says a reporter "that shows the Son of Sam killings to be . . . indicative of a network of linked Satanic cultists throughout the U.S."

Different from either of these two examples of religious Satanism is Dr. Michael Aquino's Temple of Set. If the de Grimstons' brand of devil worship was harsh and violent, and LaVey's a charlatan's dance, Aquino's particular foray into the netherworld is precise, articulate, and intellectual.

Aquino—who, surprisingly, holds a lieutenant colonel's rank in the United States Army—first met Anton LaVey when the young Aquino visited LaVey's black-painted Victorian home in San Francisco for a "lecture" in 1969. He remembers telling a friend, "We'd better not eat or drink anything they offer us in there, because you can never tell about these people."

Aquino, a meticulous intellectual, immediately saw through the show-business psychodrama, but became interested in the *philosophy* of Satanism. During Aquino's tour of duty in Vietnam, he correspondec with LaVey and, when he returned stateside, was ordained into the priesthood by LaVey himself.

Aquino went on to earn a Ph.D. in political science, and later taught the subject. He holds a top-secret clearance in the Army.

When Anton LaVey began indiscriminately selling priesthoods in the Church of Satan, Aquino saw it as a perversion of the principles of Satanism. The former national commander of the Eagle Scout Honor Society formed the Temple of Set in 1975 and immediately set about to change the image of Satanism there. Gone are the trappings of carnivalism. There are no black Victorian houses. The psychodrama has given way to meditation and intellectual dialogue, based upon Aquino's 50-page recommended reading list.

Much remains to be learned before it becomes clear whether these reports, hundreds of them from all over the country, are based on chilling fact or in the tortured minds of unreliable informants. Is Satanism indeed a hard reality in America, or is it a psychiatric metaphor for a society going mad?

Perhaps both.

While it is possible that some individuals might be using Satanism as a convenient scapegoat for their own psychoses or as an explanation for horrible tortures suffered during their childhoods, the sheer number telling similar tales argues against this. But could it possibly be this bad?

Admittedly, it seems startling that a lieutenant colonel in the United States Army, who is also a doctor of political science holding a top-secret clearance, is the high priest of the leading religious Satanic group in America. But, like many other revelations encountered during this research, it is true.

There seems to be a common thread in the allegations against the cults—themes of personal power and control over others, the use of cameras, domination over society, mind-control techniques, and, in some cases, even blood terrorism.

It is possible that the motives range from individual power needs to drug-induced psychoses to these cults actually being simple fronts for high-level drug dealers, traffickers in kiddie porn, child prostitution, and snuff films. Some conspiracy buffs even suggest that the cults are KGB-supported. And while this seems totally insane, we are reminded of one sobering fact: A year ago, high-level officials of a behavioral science unit of the FBI in Quantico, Virginia, thought cults were a laughing matter. Now, members of that same unit are taking it seriously enough to hold conferences and mount investigations into the subject.

Jean-Paul Sartre once said that the difference between Americans and Europeans is that Americans don't really believe in the existence of evil.

That may soon change.

A rare chance for
you—as private citizens—to help
decide the future of one
of today's most sensitive issues.

HIGH-TECH BABIES

BY JUDIANNE DENSEN-GERBER, J.D., M.D.

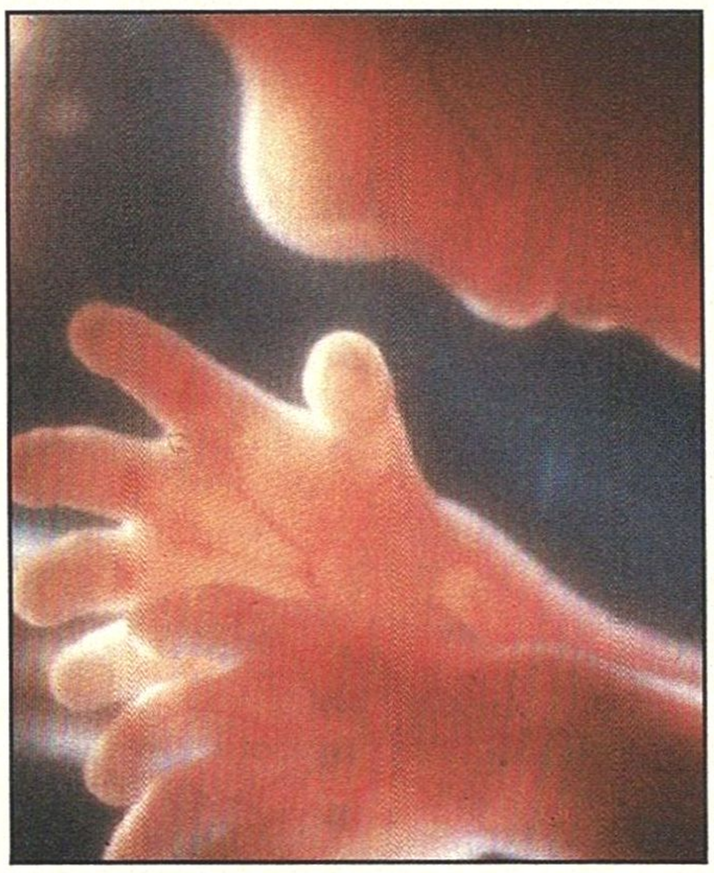
One of the most challenging and provocative issues in science is how to deal with the many startling reproductive aids coming into use. Artificial insemination has been available for some 20 years, and we still haven't solved all the ethical and legal dilemmas it raises. In vitro fertilization—so-called test-tube babies—and the use of host mothers—women who carry someone else's baby to term—are bringing further puzzles, both for prospective parents and for lawmakers.

Take just one case that could happen today: Both members of a legally married couple are sterile, so they obtain a donated egg and donor sperm. These are used to create an embryo in the laboratory. The prospective mother also cannot carry a child, and the couple pays a third woman to do so. When the baby is born, the host mother who carried the child, the genetic mother who donated the egg, and the woman who commissioned the creation of the baby sue to obtain custody of the child. Who gets the child? Do the others have any parental rights or responsibilities? If the host or genetic mother keeps the child, should she return her fee?

So far, there are no state or federal laws to govern such cases, but the need for them has not been overlooked. Last summer, the Michigan legislature asked Odyssey Institute Corporation of Connecticut, the research institute I founded and operate, to gather information to help them devise policies to regulate the new reproductive technologies. Our Birth Technologies Poll is one of the first steps in this project.

Please give the questions below some serious thought, then mark down your answers and send them to the Birth Technologies Poll, Department P, Odyssey Institute Corp., 817 Fairfield Avenue, Bridgeport, Conn. 06604.

Remember, this is a rare chance for private citizens to guide the course of legislation on one of the most sensitive issues in science and society. Your views



are important. Feel free to write out whatever details you'd like to add on a separate piece of paper. By September 1986, legislation will be introduced in at least ten states, and the lawmakers are listening.

Thank you for your help.

PERSONAL DATA
Please tell us about yourself.

1. Are you male or female?
☐ Male ☐ Female

2. What is your sexual preference?
☐ Bisexual ☐ Celibate
☐ Heterosexual ☐ Homosexual

3. How old are you?
☐ Under 20 ☐ 20–29 ☐ 30–39
☐ 40–49 ☐ 50–59 ☐ 60 or over

4. What is your marital status?
☐ Married ☐ Single
☐ Separated/Divorced/Widowed

5. How many natural and/or adopted children do you have?
☐ None ☐ One
☐ Two to four ☐ Five or more

6. What is the highest level of education you have attained?
☐ Did not graduate from high school
☐ High school graduate
☐ College graduate
☐ Advanced degree

7. Please check the total income earned by you and other members of your household in the last year.
☐ Less than $10,000
☐ $10,000–$19,999
☐ $20,000–$29,999
☐ $30,000–$39,999
☐ $40,000–$49,999
☐ $50,000–$59,999
☐ $60,000–$69,999
☐ $70,000 or more

8. What is your religious status?
☐ Agnostic ☐ Atheist
☐ Catholic ☐ Jewish
☐ Muslim ☐ Protestant
☐ Other

CONCEPTION UNDER GLASS
Following are some high-tech ways to give a couple the child they want and various circumstances in which they might be used.

Assume for now that the parents-to-be are legally married. Please indicate whether you strongly agree with, somewhat agree with, are neutral to, somewhat disagree with, or strongly disagree with the following statements.

9. In vitro (test-tube) fertilization, using the couple's own sperm and egg, should be used to overcome infertility.
☐ Strongly agree ☐ Somewhat agree
☐ Neutral ☐ Somewhat disagree
☐ Strongly disagree

10. Artificial insemination with donor sperm should be used when the husband is infertile.
☐ Strongly agree ☐ Somewhat agree
☐ Neutral ☐ Somewhat disagree
☐ Strongly disagree

Startling new reproductive aids are creating ethical and legal dilemmas—both for prospective parents and lawmakers.

11. Artificial insemination with donor sperm should be used when the husband carries a genetic disease.
☐ Strongly agree ☐ Somewhat agree
☐ Neutral ☐ Somewhat disagree
☐ Strongly disagree

12. Artificial insemination with sperm chosen for the donor's high IQ, or another desirable trait, may be used even when the husband is fertile and free of genetic disease.
☐ Strongly agree ☐ Somewhat agree
☐ Neutral ☐ Somewhat disagree
☐ Strongly disagree

13. If a woman is infertile, she may be implanted with a donated egg fertilized by her husband's sperm.
☐ Strongly agree ☐ Somewhat agree
☐ Neutral ☐ Somewhat disagree
☐ Strongly disagree

14. If both husband and wife are infertile, the woman may be implanted with a donor egg fertilized by a donor sperm.
☐ Strongly agree ☐ Somewhat agree
☐ Neutral ☐ Somewhat disagree
☐ Strongly disagree

15. A host mother should be allowed to carry a couple's child when the natural mother cannot.
☐ Strongly agree ☐ Somewhat agree
☐ Neutral ☐ Somewhat disagree
☐ Strongly disagree

16. A host mother should be allowed to carry a couple's child for the convenience—not the medical necessity—of the natural mother.
☐ Strongly agree ☐ Somewhat agree
☐ Neutral ☐ Somewhat disagree
☐ Strongly disagree

17. If a wife is infertile, a host mother may be fertilized with the husband's sperm.
☐ Strongly agree ☐ Somewhat agree
☐ Neutral ☐ Somewhat disagree
☐ Strongly disagree

PARENTAL RIGHTS

Some of the most important questions about artificial insemination, host motherhood, and other forms of high-tech maternity deal with the legal rights of the donors, host mothers, and couples seeking a child.

Please respond in the same manner as in the previous section.

18. The donation of egg and sperm cells should be regulated by the government.
☐ Strongly agree ☐ Somewhat agree
☐ Neutral ☐ Somewhat disagree
☐ Strongly disagree

19. A sperm or egg donor has parental rights, such as visiting the child.
☐ Strongly agree ☐ Somewhat agree
☐ Neutral ☐ Somewhat disagree
☐ Strongly disagree

20. The recipient of a donated egg should be considered the child's legal mother.
☐ Strongly agree ☐ Somewhat agree
☐ Neutral ☐ Somewhat disagree
☐ Strongly disagree

21. A host mother carrying a fetus to term for an infertile couple has the right to visit the child.
☐ Strongly agree ☐ Somewhat agree
☐ Neutral ☐ Somewhat disagree
☐ Strongly disagree

22. A donor's name should be kept on record.
☐ Strongly agree ☐ Somewhat agree
☐ Neutral ☐ Somewhat disagree
☐ Strongly disagree

23. The child, once grown, should have access to information about the donor—for example, medical data—other than the donor's identity.
☐ Strongly agree ☐ Somewhat agree
☐ Neutral ☐ Somewhat disagree
☐ Strongly disagree

24. The child, once grown, should be told the donor's identity.
☐ Strongly agree ☐ Somewhat agree
☐ Neutral ☐ Somewhat disagree
☐ Strongly disagree

25. Donors should be paid.
☐ Strongly agree ☐ Somewhat agree
☐ Neutral ☐ Somewhat disagree
☐ Strongly disagree

26. Host mothers should be paid.
☐ Strongly agree ☐ Somewhat agree
☐ Neutral ☐ Somewhat disagree
☐ Strongly disagree

27. Donors should be able to offer their sperm or eggs for sale.
☐ Strongly agree ☐ Somewhat agree
☐ Neutral ☐ Somewhat disagree
☐ Strongly disagree

28. Sperm and egg donors should undergo screening for genetic and other diseases that they could pass on to the child.
☐ Strongly agree ☐ Somewhat agree
☐ Neutral ☐ Somewhat disagree
☐ Strongly disagree

29. Someone should be able to set up a business as an egg and sperm broker.
☐ Strongly agree ☐ Somewhat agree
☐ Neutral ☐ Somewhat disagree
☐ Strongly disagree

30. Where a host mother carries the child, the woman who contributed the egg should be considered the legal mother.
☐ Strongly agree ☐ Somewhat agree
☐ Neutral ☐ Somewhat disagree
☐ Strongly disagree

31. The host mother should have some parental responsibilities, such as child support.
☐ Strongly agree ☐ Somewhat agree
☐ Neutral ☐ Somewhat disagree
☐ Strongly disagree

32. The host mother should have some parental rights, such as custody of the child.
☐ Strongly agree ☐ Somewhat agree
☐ Neutral ☐ Somewhat disagree
☐ Strongly disagree

33. A host mother should be allowed to keep the child if she decides to do so in mid-pregnancy.
☐ Strongly agree ☐ Somewhat agree
☐ Neutral ☐ Somewhat disagree
☐ Strongly disagree

34. Host mothers who are paid should return their fee if they decide to keep the child.
☐ Strongly agree ☐ Somewhat agree
☐ Neutral ☐ Somewhat disagree
☐ Strongly disagree

35. If a host mother has become an alcoholic or otherwise endangers her pregnancy and a defective child results, the prospective parents should be able to break her contract or sue for damages.
☐ Strongly agree ☐ Somewhat agree
☐ Neutral ☐ Somewhat disagree
☐ Strongly disagree

36. If a host mother miscarries, she should receive full payment.
☐ Strongly agree ☐ Somewhat agree
☐ Neutral ☐ Somewhat disagree
☐ Strongly disagree

37. If a host mother miscarries, she should receive a partial payment.
☐ Strongly agree ☐ Somewhat agree
☐ Neutral ☐ Somewhat disagree
☐ Strongly disagree

38. If a host mother miscarries, she should return her fee.
☐ Strongly agree ☐ Somewhat agree
☐ Neutral ☐ Somewhat disagree
☐ Strongly disagree

39. If a host mother is injured during implantation surgery or during her pregnancy, she should receive workmen's compensation.
☐ Strongly agree ☐ Somewhat agree
☐ Neutral ☐ Somewhat disagree
☐ Strongly disagree

40. A would-be host mother should be allowed to offer her services on the open market.
☐ Strongly agree ☐ Somewhat agree
☐ Neutral ☐ Somewhat disagree
☐ Strongly disagree

41. A host mother should be able to abort the fetus independently or to participate in deciding whether to abort the fetus.
☐ Strongly agree ☐ Somewhat agree
☐ Neutral ☐ Somewhat disagree
☐ Strongly disagree

42. If it becomes possible for the husband to carry the fetus to term, that should be encouraged in a certain percent of marriages, including cases where the wife is busy with her career or is infirm.
☐ Strongly agree ☐ Somewhat agree
☐ Neutral ☐ Somewhat disagree
☐ Strongly disagree

43. If male pregnancy becomes viable, a male should be permitted to be a host mother even if he is not the donor father.
☐ Strongly agree ☐ Somewhat agree
☐ Neutral ☐ Somewhat disagree
☐ Strongly disagree

44. If it becomes possible to carry a child to term in a womb machine from the four-month mark, it should be allowed.
☐ Strongly agree ☐ Somewhat agree
☐ Neutral ☐ Somewhat disagree
☐ Strongly disagree

45. A fetus should be transferred to a womb machine shortly after conception, if the parents wish to do so.
☐ Strongly agree ☐ Somewhat agree
☐ Neutral ☐ Somewhat disagree
☐ Strongly disagree

46. If an embryo is not implanted into a mother, there should be a limit to how long it is allowed to develop in a uterus-like environment outside the body.
☐ Strongly agree ☐ Somewhat agree
☐ Neutral ☐ Somewhat disagree
☐ Strongly disagree

EMBRYO'S RIGHTS
What rights does an embryo have? Respond as before.

47. All embryos produced in the laboratory should be implanted immediately into a woman.
☐ Strongly agree ☐ Somewhat agree
☐ Neutral ☐ Somewhat disagree
☐ Strongly disagree

48. It is right to freeze embryos for medical purposes, such as to improve a woman's chance of conceiving at a later date.
☐ Strongly agree ☐ Somewhat agree
☐ Neutral ☐ Somewhat disagree
☐ Strongly disagree

49. Embryos should be tested for genetic defects before implantation.
☐ Strongly agree ☐ Somewhat agree
☐ Neutral ☐ Somewhat disagree
☐ Strongly disagree

50. Embryos should be used for scientific research.
☐ Strongly agree ☐ Somewhat agree
☐ Neutral ☐ Somewhat disagree
☐ Strongly disagree

51. Embryos should be used to test drugs for harmful side effects.
☐ Strongly agree ☐ Somewhat agree
☐ Neutral ☐ Somewhat disagree
☐ Strongly disagree

52. Parkinson's disease and other illnesses might be cured by transplanting tissue from a fetus into a patient; fetuses should be donated for these operations.
☐ Strongly agree ☐ Somewhat agree
☐ Neutral ☐ Somewhat disagree
☐ Strongly disagree

SEX SELECTION
It may soon be possible to predict or manipulate the sex of an embryo before implantation. Respond as before.

53. These techniques should be used where there is a known risk of sex-linked genetic disease.
☐ Strongly agree ☐ Somewhat agree
☐ Neutral ☐ Somewhat disagree
☐ Strongly disagree

54. They may be used simply because parents prefer to have a boy or girl.
☐ Strongly agree ☐ Somewhat agree
☐ Neutral ☐ Somewhat disagree
☐ Strongly disagree

TRANS-SPECIES HYBRIDS
Techniques are now being used to fertilize cow eggs with human sperm. Scientists wielding such technology have already created what they call "trans-species gametes." Respond as before.

55. Scientists should be allowed to continue to create and experiment with trans-species gametes in the lab.
☐ Strongly agree ☐ Somewhat agree
☐ Neutral ☐ Somewhat disagree
☐ Strongly disagree

56. The U.S. government should determine how far trans-species gametes may develop (the British have set the limit at the two-cell stage) and just how they should be destroyed.
☐ Strongly agree ☐ Somewhat agree
☐ Neutral ☐ Somewhat disagree
☐ Strongly disagree

HEART DISEASE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68

for profit. Its high-tech fix for coronary-artery disease doesn't work. In addition, millions of dollars are being poured into work on the artificial heart, which is plagued by even more complications than the bypass procedure.

As Dr. Preston concluded in his widely discussed *Atlantic* article, "We now spend more on the coronary bypass operation than we do on medical research and prevention of heart disease combined. If we could divert half of what we spend on this one treatment into programs to help people . . . lower cholesterol in their diets, reduce hypertension, and exercise more, the benefit would be greater than if we doubled our spending on treatment after the disease strikes."

ALTERNATIVE TREATMENTS

Although coronary-bypass surgery is widespread, other modes of treatment for coronary-artery disease are also being employed by orthodox medicine. But these other modes, too, employ invasive techniques that attempt to eliminate the symptoms of the disease rather than its cause. All of the techniques endorsed by orthodox medicine are the products of an intensely competitive, profit-motivated medical system.

Balloon angioplasty: This is a procedure that entails threading a balloon-tipped catheter through the blood vessel until the coronary-artery blockage is reached. At the point of blockage, the balloon is inflated, dilating the coronary artery. Balloon angioplasty has been used in this country since 1978. It is only appropriate when the blockage is fairly close to a main artery. Among those treated, 85 percent have responded positively. However, some patients require another treatment within three years after the first. Balloon angioplasty can also be performed on patients with blockages in more than one vessel. Among such a group, in one study, 90 percent responded positively, while the other ten percent eventually underwent bypass surgery.

Balloon angioplasty is not as radical as bypass surgery. It costs far less ($1,000–$4,000) and requires only a short hospital stay. It is also less dangerous: Only about half of one percent of patients die during the procedure, while 2.2 percent suffer heart attacks and 4.3 percent require emergency surgery. To date, there have been no studies that compare the effectiveness of balloon angioplasty to drug therapy, nor is its long-term effectiveness clear at this point. Because it is considered experimental, Medicare stopped paying for balloon angioplasty in 1982. Similarly, private insurance companies will not provide full coverage for this procedure.

Drugs: Intensive drug therapy is a common alternative to coronary-bypass surgery. All of the drugs currently in common use—nitroglycerine, beta-adrenergic blocking drugs (beta blockers), long-acting nitrates, anti-arrhythmic agents, digitalis, and calcium blockers—are aimed at eliminating the localized *symptoms,* not the underlying *causes,* of heart disease. We will confine our discussion of drugs to one very old treatment and two relatively new ones: digitalis, beta blockers, and calcium blockers.

Digitalis: An extract of the foxglove plant, now produced synthetically, digitalis has been used to treat cardiac disorders since the late eighteenth century. It is commonly used to treat abnormal heart rhythm. This condition results from inefficient pumping action of the heart's chambers, which causes backup of fluid in the heart and lungs. Digitalis strengthens the pumping action of the heart; in 1980, 23 million prescriptions for it were written in the United States alone. A study by Massachusetts General Hospital cardiology researchers found that "there are patients who are helped by digitalis and there are also those who are not. This latter group is much more common than most physicians would have predicted."

Like most drugs, digitalis carries with it the potential of unwanted side effects.

"Don't be a fool, Billy!"

© 1984 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

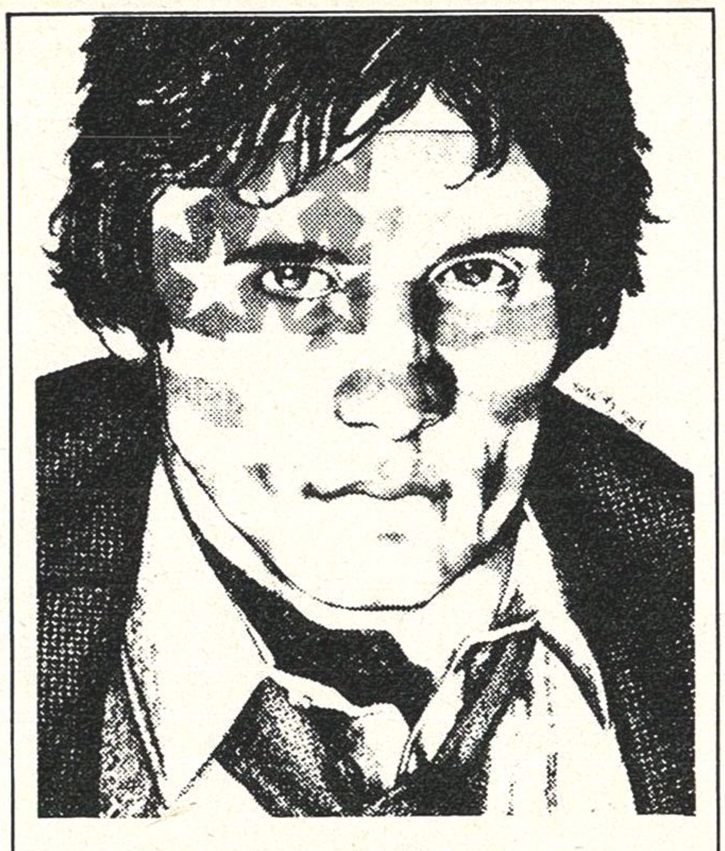
KING: 17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, 100's: 17 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

You've got what it takes.

Salem Spirit

Share the spirit.
Share the refreshment.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.



ESPIONAGE MAGAZINE

Washington and Moscow
London and Havana
East versus West
The Third World War
Sabotage and Infiltration
Crap shoots and Double-dealing
Missions and Escapes
Ciphers and Satellites
Spies and Moles
Traitors and Heros
Fast-paced, Subtle
Sometimes brutally blunt
Past, Present and Future
Fact and Fiction

ESPIONAGE MAGAZINE

For a one year subscription (6 issues) send your check/money order, payable to "Leo 11 Publications, Ltd." for $15 in U.S. funds ($17 in Canada, $20 foreign) to: ESPIONAGE Magazine, Department 5P, POB 9874, Wilmington, DE 19899.

These include fatal changes in heart rhythm, gastrointestinal upset, and neurological symptoms, including headache and changes in vision and personality.

Beta blockers: In use since 1965, beta blockers have been hailed as "one of the major therapeutic advances of this century" by Dr. William H. Frishman, author of a textbook about them. Beta blockers diminish the stimulatory effect of adrenaline on the heart, much to the advantage of patients with angina or heart-rhythm abnormalities. Among patients who have already suffered a heart attack, beta blockers can help prevent another. Almost 4,000 such patients recently participated in a government study on the beta-blocking drug propranolol. The study found that propranolol decreased their death rate by 26 percent. Propranolol is now the second-best-selling prescription drug on the market, accounting for $171 million out of the $240 million in annual sales of beta blockers. Thirty-four million prescriptions for beta blockers are written annually.

Dr. Jay N. Cohn, head of the cardiovascular division at the University of Minnesota Hospital, sums up the role of the beta blockers as far as the pharmaceutical companies are concerned: "It's hot. These companies are all getting into the heart field. This is where the action is in the drug business."

Because beta blockers are so new, little is known about their long-term effectiveness. Known side effects include allergic reactions, congestive heart failure, and abnormally slow heart rhythms. Also, a combination of beta blockers and calcium blockers has proven fatal for some angina patients.

While this treatment has undeniably worked to the advantage of millions of heart-disease patients, it fails to address the causes and prevention of heart disease. It is another ingenious technological measure aimed at keeping the symptoms and complications of the disease in a holding pattern, with the hope of thereby prolonging life.

Calcium blockers: Calcium blockers represent an exciting breakthrough in the treatment of heart disease, both for doctors and researchers concerned about causes of atherosclerosis, and for drug companies who see in them more enormous profits from the huge market for heart medicines (about $2 billion annually). Used in Europe for the past ten years, calcium blockers act to impede the absorption of calcium and other minerals into the heart muscle and muscular walls of coronary arteries, relieving patients of spasms, irregular heartbeats, and angina. The advent of this drug heralds the American medical establishment's belated recognition of the role that mineral metabolism plays in heart disease, and in that way somewhat narrows the gap between the conventional and holistic outlooks on heart disease.

So far, three calcium blockers have been approved by the FDA. Each of the major U.S. pharmaceutical houses is spending millions of dollars to get its own brand-name calcium blocker approved before the relatively old patents on the drug expire. At the same time, they are racing to acquaint doctors with their particular calcium blocker.

Calcium blockers could effectively treat up to three-quarters of those patients now undergoing coronary-bypass surgery to reduce angina and prevent heart attacks. But more importantly, while many doctors have assumed that angina and heart attacks are caused solely by narrowed arteries, the role of arterial spasm, related to calcium metabolism, is now being recognized. These spasms can occur in muscle cells surrounding healthy coronary arteries or in sclerotic vessels. The calcium blockers produce only mild side effects, such as headaches and constipation.

While the medical community is still treating the *symptoms* rather than the *causes* with calcium blockers, the drugs do represent an important step toward the recognition that excess calcium within cells contributes to heart disease. Yet the treatment does not go far enough. It merely *blocks* spasm-causing calcium without getting to the root of the matter and helping the heart patient restore normal calcium levels within the body.

THE CASE AGAINST CHELATION

The gist of critics' complaints against chelation therapy is that it doesn't work, that it may prevent patients from seeking traditional treatment, and that it is not only expensive but dangerous. But several studies have been published recently that document both the efficacy of chelation and the mechanisms by which it works. These studies confirm increased blood flow to the brain and legs following chelation therapy. There are reports of laboratory tests showing improved rather than endangered kidney function, as was previously believed, following chelation. And a controlled epidemiological study seems to show chelation is capable of preventing cancer in those exposed to lead toxicity.

WHAT IS CHELATION?

Chelation therapy is an inexpensive, noninvasive technique now being used in the United States by about 1,000 physicians and in other countries. Treatment consists of slowly infusing into the patient's bloodstream—usually in the doctor's office—a solution containing disodium EDTA, a chelating agent. This infusion is performed in accordance with strict guidelines established to insure safety—especially to the kidneys, which must process the EDTA for excretion. Patients may sit, recline, read, talk, doze—even walk about—during chelation treatments. Each treatment takes several hours, and is repeated at least 20 and sometimes as many as 100 times, de-

pending on the patient's condition. These treatments are administered from one to three times weekly. The cost of each treatment ranges from $40 to $90.

The word *chelate* comes from the Greek word *chele,* which means "claw." A chelating agent is one that "claws" a metallic substance from the arterial wall by bonding with it. Current opinion is that EDTA removes excess deposits of iron, copper, and other heavy metals from the body. This is consistent with EDTA's long-recognized medical application for removing lead and other toxic metals from the body and for removing calcium in cases of hypercalcemia (excess calcium in the blood).

Metals such as copper and iron are thought to serve as catalysts in the formation of free radicals—abnormal, free-floating molecules of waste—which are implicated in the formation of plaque on artery walls. By eliminating and preventing the formation of free radicals, chelation supposedly facilitates the natural replenishment and oxygenation of cells forming the arterial walls, and ultimately permits an increased volume of blood flow to all organs, tissues, and cells.

Once the EDTA solution has entered the vein, it is circulated throughout the body by the bloodstream, bonding metals to itself and carrying them out of the body. Most of the EDTA solution, carrying along chelated waste particles consisting of free-radical molecules and toxic heavy metals, is eliminated in about four hours. In 24 hours, more than 90 percent of the EDTA solution is eliminated. Since small quantities of trace minerals and some vitamins are also removed, the physician prescribes the appropriate nutritional supplements.

The concept of chelation is not unique; it already exists in nature. Through chelation, plants are able to take inorganic elements and change them into part of their structure. Through chelation, detergents, cleaners, and soaps float dirt out of laundry and rings out of bathtubs. It also exists in our own bodies. Through the chelation of iron, our blood's hemoglobin can transport oxygen.

But any suggestion that chelation therapy may work in cases of atherosclerosis is dismissed. *Science News* quoted William Jarvis, president of the National Council Against Health Fraud, as saying chelationists talk about how the therapy works in order to make themselves sound scientific: "Once they start talking mechanisms and avoiding the question of safety and effectiveness, that's a tip-off that it's quackery."

THE TRUTH ABOUT CHELATION

Because proponents of chelation therapy claim it is effective for many conditions, chelation's critics irrationally contend that this is but another sign that chelation therapy is a fraud!

Chelationists claim that the therapy is an effective treatment for atherosclerosis, the accompanying chest pains, senility, complications of diabetes, arthritis, and some cases of high blood pressure. It is said also to alleviate the symptoms of stroke and peripheral vascular disease, with virtually no risk of death or serious side effects. In addition, chelation practitioner James Julian, M.D., in his book *Chelation Extends Life,* claims that chelation therapy "reduces abnormal and toxic metal deposits, abnormal calcium deposits, blood cholesterol, blood pressure, leg cramps, pigmentation, varicosities, and size of kidney stones. It improves circulation, skin texture and tone, vision, hearing, and liver function; and relieves to various degrees digitalis toxicity, lead toxicity, symptoms of senility, pain, symptoms of irregular rhythm, phlebitis, scleroderma, skin ulcers, and Wilson's disease."

Garry F. Gordon, M.D., adviser to the board of the American Academy of Medical Preventics and one of the nation's leading authorities on chelation therapy, asserts: "It stops the angina on at least eight out of ten patients." Bruce W. Halstead, M.D., author of *The Scientific Basis of EDTA Chelation Therapy,* states that the clinical evidence of improvement is in the range of 90 percent. In other words, 90 percent of his patients feel a definite improvement in their health after chelation therapy. Many of these patients are in their seventies, or even older.

Dr. Halstead sums up his experience with chelation therapy as follows: "We have now done so many treatments with so many hundreds of patients that I haven't got the slightest question [of its beneficial effects] in my mind."

Here is a typical case history from *Chelation Can Cure,* a book written by osteopath Edward McDonagh, who founded the chelation clinic in Gladstone, Missouri, that bears his name: "The patient was under fifty and two years earlier had had an aortic graft put into her abdomen because the circulation was blocked to her leg. She had gangrene in her right foot and was in constant pain. She couldn't sleep and amputation of her foot was the only alternative that conventional medicine could offer. Yet the patient refused further surgery because the first had not worked and there was no guarantee that another operation would do the trick. In fact, since her surgery, things had only gotten worse. She couldn't walk more than a few feet without stopping. There was no pulse in her foot. She sought treatment from Dr. Elmer M. Cranton, a Harvard Medical graduate in Trout Dale, Virginia, because he offered chelation therapy. After thirty treatments her foot was healed, and now she can walk a mile without any pain. She remains well four years later."

Many similar stories are contained in Dr. Cranton's book *Bypassing Bypass* (Stein and Day, 1984): "At age 72, the patient (a physician himself) decided against the triple coronary bypass op-

Send for Free Facts

Choose from 29 Career Opportunities!

Get an Associate Degree or Career Diploma Without Attending College . . . at Home in Spare Time!

Now it's easy to train for a money-making career...even get a degree if you want...to help you get a better job. Find out what you need to know about any one of these programs with no obligation to buy anything, now or ever. No salesman will visit. Just check the one program that interests you most. You will receive free facts, color brochure and information on employment opportunities.

No need to attend a College or University to get your 2-Year Degree or Career Diploma

Compare your present salary with the kind of money you could be making in any of the careers listed below. Whether you want an executive career or whether you want to work with your hands, now you can train at home through independent study. Check over the business and technical degree programs as well as the other exciting programs that can train you for a new money-making career or help you with advancement on your present job.

It's easy!...It's fun! You learn from specialists

You need no previous experience for any of the courses listed below. No need to change your daily routine or take time from family or job. Our staff of educators, consultants, administrators, authors and distinguished instructors are specialists in home-study training.

So whether you choose a 2-year Business or Technical Degree or career training leading to a Diploma, you'll be a "class of one" with your exams graded by experts who offer comments and suggestions whenever needed.

Get free facts at no cost. Just check the program you're interested in and call toll-free or mail the coupon today. You'll get full information and a color brochure without obligation and no salesman will visit.

CALL TOLL-FREE
1-800-228-5300/Dept. HPSC5
Call Anytime. Operators to take your call 24 hours a day, 7 days a week.
OR MAIL COUPON TODAY!

265ZA

ICS SINCE 1891
International Correspondence Schools
Education Service Center, **Dept. HPSC5**
Scranton, Pennsylvania 18515

Please check only ONE box!

BUSINESS DEGREE PROGRAMS
- ☐ Business Management
- ☐ Marketing, Sales & Advertising
- ☐ Finance
- ☐ Accounting

TECHNICAL DEGREE PROGRAMS
- ☐ Civil Engineering Technology
- ☐ Mechanical Engineering Technology
- ☐ Electrical Engineering Technology
- ☐ Electronics Technology

CAREER DIPLOMA PROGRAMS
- ☐ Computer Programming
- ☐ High School
- ☐ Auto Mechanics
- ☐ Surveying & Mapping
- ☐ Drafting
- ☐ Air Conditioning & Refrigeration
- ☐ Wildlife/Forestry Conservation
- ☐ Art
- ☐ Police Sciences
- ☐ Microcomputer Repair
- ☐ Diesel Mechanics
- ☐ Electrician
- ☐ Small Business Mgmt.
- ☐ Electronics
- ☐ Catering/Gourmet Cooking
- ☐ Gun Repair
- ☐ Motorcycle Mechanics
- ☐ Hotel/Restaurant Mgmt.
- ☐ Small Engine Repair
- ☐ TV/VCR Repair
- ☐ Fitness & Nutrition

Name _____ **Age** _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

eration his doctor recommended and, on the basis of his own research, undertook chelation therapy instead. Two years later, he is, in his own words, 'pain-free, practicing medicine, riding my Honda motorcycle, and not worrying anymore.' . . . A doctor's wife who was suffering from chronic and severe angina pectoris struck out on her own (against her husband's wishes) and underwent chelation therapy. After about twenty treatments, she is once more walking, driving a car, cooking, and taking trips. Everyone—even her once disbelieving husband—tells her how well she now looks. . . . Another patient had had a coronary bypass but it had not worked; in fact, after the operation she felt worse than before. She was a complete invalid at fifty. Yet forty treatments with chelation therapy restored her to health and a normal, active life."

These stories certainly sound too good to be true. Dr. Jean Eckerly is currently, as a result of political pressures applied by her state licensing board, the only remaining physician openly using chelation in Minnesota. Dr. Eckerly says that after three years she is still continually surprised at the results she gets with chelation, because "all my training says it shouldn't work."

Dr. Eckerly believes prevention is the best approach to heart disease. But, she says, "Chelation is crucial in already symptomatic patients. They show marked changes in symptoms and ability to function." She mentions crippling angina and claudication as two conditions that she finds chelation sometimes helps dramatically. She estimates her success rate with the therapy at about 80 percent.

New to chelation therapy, Dr. Eckerly is echoing the amazement expressed by many of the doctors who have worked with it. Dr. Logan Robertson of North Carolina, when asked for the strongest evidence he's seen for chelation therapy's efficacy, points to himself. He had retired from a career in occupational medicine when he had a heart attack. He was totally disabled by the attack, and was told by his doctors he couldn't leave the hospital without coronary-bypass surgery. Instead, Dr. Robertson opted for nonsurgical treatment. He was given Inderal, a beta blocker, which caused depression. (He says heart patients have nicknamed the drug "end-it-all.") He tried nitroglycerine patches. He was given calcium blockers. None of them helped. He had severe angina, was unable to walk across the room, and was awakened at night with pain. Finally, he went to Dr. Elmer Cranton for chelation treatments. Today he takes long walks and has no trouble climbing hills.

To critics' comments that the most valuable aspect of chelation therapy is diet and exercise counseling, Dr. Robertson responds that chelation is, indeed, only part of the process.

Dr. Edward McDonagh is more adamant in his defense of chelation per se. "Chelation therapists aren't the only ones offering stress management and diet counseling. All modalities are important. But," he challenges critics, "if they can reverse atherosclerosis, stroke paralysis, and diabetic gangrene with stress management—let's see them do it!"

The AMA and FDA say chelation's efficacy remains unproven because double-blind studies have not been performed. But recently published studies furnish evidence that chelation may in fact stand on firm scientific ground, double-blind or no. These studies seem to confirm that chelation therapy does indeed, by whatever means, enable arteries to carry more blood to vital organs.

PROVING CHELATION'S EFFICACY

Three separate studies, using two different measurement techniques, have documented highly significant degrees of improved cerebral blood flow following intravenous EDTA treatment.

The first was made public by Dr. Lloyd A. Grumbles at a symposium in Chicago

"Take it off!"

in 1979. Dr. Grumbles was one of the first physicians to use radioisotope blood-flow studies to measure objective changes in chelation patients. His studies showed sharply increased blood flow to the brain following the treatments. Dr. Grumbles's results in this area were confirmed in a paper published by H. Richard Casdorph, M.D., Ph.D.

Cardiologist Casdorph practices traditional medicine, but also uses chelation therapy. Trained at the Mayo Clinic and the University of Minnesota, he was recently chief of medicine at Long Beach Community Hospital in California, and is a former assistant clinical professor of medicine at the University of California Medical School at Irvine. Dr. Casdorph studied chelation therapy and followed the controversy surrounding it for four years before he finally administered it.

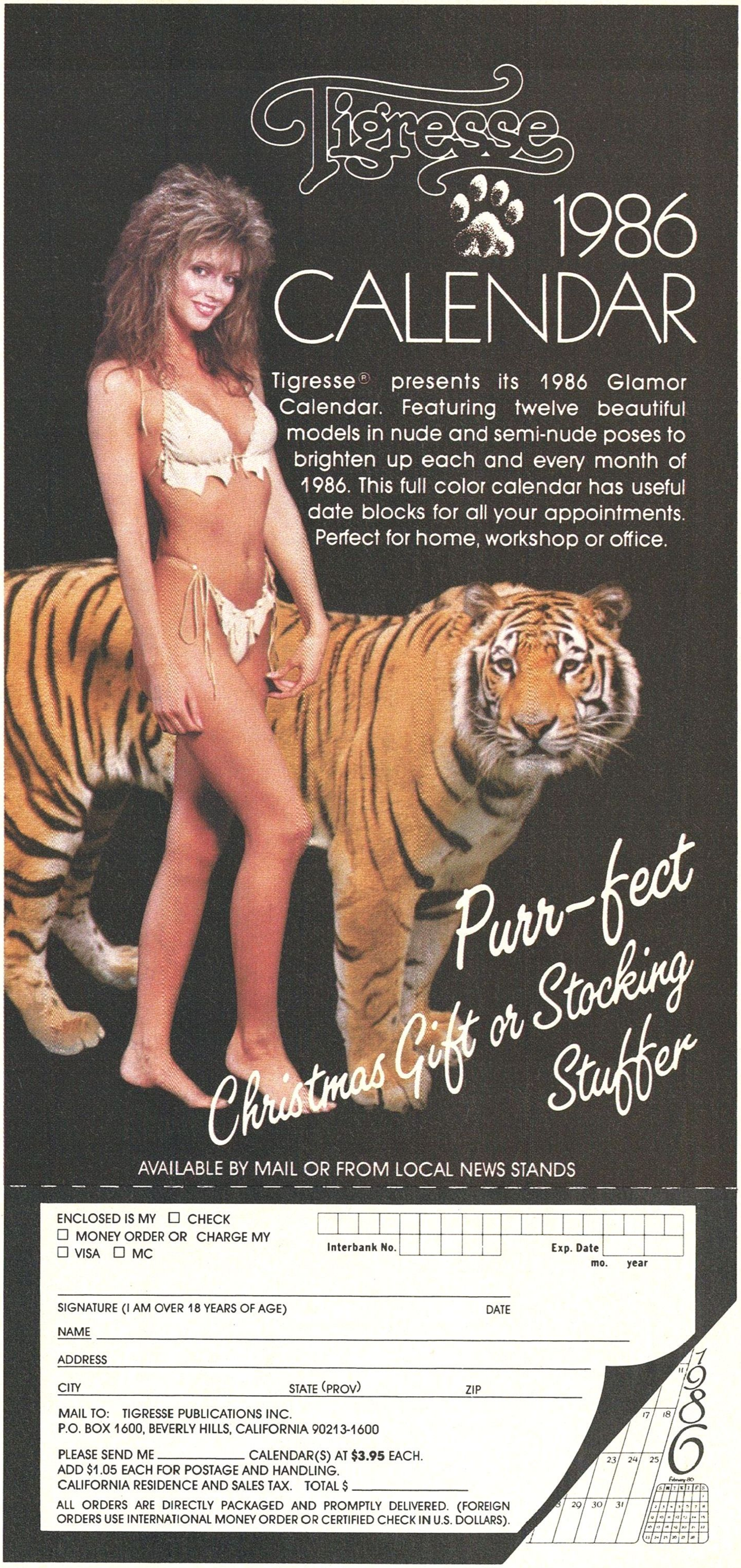
Radioisotopic blood-flow testing offered Dr. Casdorph a way to objectively measure the improvements his patients were reporting. He conducted a comprehensive test involving two groups of patients. One group had documented impairment of cerebral blood flow resulting in some sort of brain disorder, and the second group suffered from coronary-artery disease.

Among the patients who had cerebral blood-flow impairments, Dr. Casdorph did a brain-flow study before and after chelation. Confirming Dr. Grumbles's findings, he reported, "All 15 patients improved clinically, including those with little or no improvement in cerebral blood flow. Only one patient showed no change in blood flow but did . . . improve clinically. Her transient ischemic [heart] attacks that were occurring prior to therapy disappeared entirely during and after treatment."

Out of 18 patients in the second group, all of whom were suffering from atherosclerotic heart disease, Dr. Casdorph observed a statistically significant improvement in left ventricular function. All patients improved clinically, and in all but two there was a complete subsidence of chest pains. One patient who did not have complete relief of chest pains had twice previously undergone open-heart surgery. Even so, during the course of chelation therapy, her cardiac symptoms were markedly ameliorated.

Dr. Casdorph attempted to get his research paper on chelation published in *The New England Journal of Medicine* and *Annals of Internal Medicine*, both of which had published his letters and articles in the past. Both journals refused his article. He also offered to present his paper to the American College of Chest Physicians, but was informed that they had no space for it in their program. The paper finally appeared in *The Journal of Holistic Medicine*.

It is interesting to note that despite the thoroughness of Dr. Casdorph's research and the encouraging nature of the results, the Long Beach Community Hos-



pital requested that he stop using chelation therapy. Dr. Casdorph refused, as he believes that chelation is one of the most beneficial treatments available for patients with vascular problems, and continues to practice chelation therapy. He is one of the lucky survivors of the war against chelation therapy.

The fact that EDTA infusion increases cerebrovascular blood flow was confirmed by using a method of measurement invented at Johns Hopkins University. This method determines arterial insufficiency by measuring the firmness of a person's eyeball. Among the authors of this study were Dr. Emmanuel Cheraskin, professor emeritus and former chairman of the department of oral medicine at the University of Alabama in Birmingham. Fifty-seven patients were evaluated objectively for cerebrovascular arterial blockage before and after infusions of EDTA. Blockage diminished in patients by an average of 18 percent following therapy, with 88 percent showing objective improvement in cerebrovascular blood flow.

CHELATION AND CANCER

A pair of Swiss scientists from the Institute for Radiation Therapy and Nuclear Medicine at the University of Zurich found that cancer mortality among 231 adults living adjacent to a heavily traveled highway was much higher than among persons living in a traffic-free section of the same country town. These scientists, Drs. W. Blumer and T. Reich, reasoned that this higher cancer mortality rate was due to automotive emissions, as well as to high levels of lead and cadmium found in the dust of "automobile roads." This was consistent with statistical evidence that showed a higher incidence of cancer in cities than in the country.

Blumer and Reich are the only researchers to have compared death rates from cancer in a matched population of chelated and nonchelated persons. In the residential area they studied, 59 of the adults living adjacent to the highway received chelation therapy; 172 matched control subjects did not.

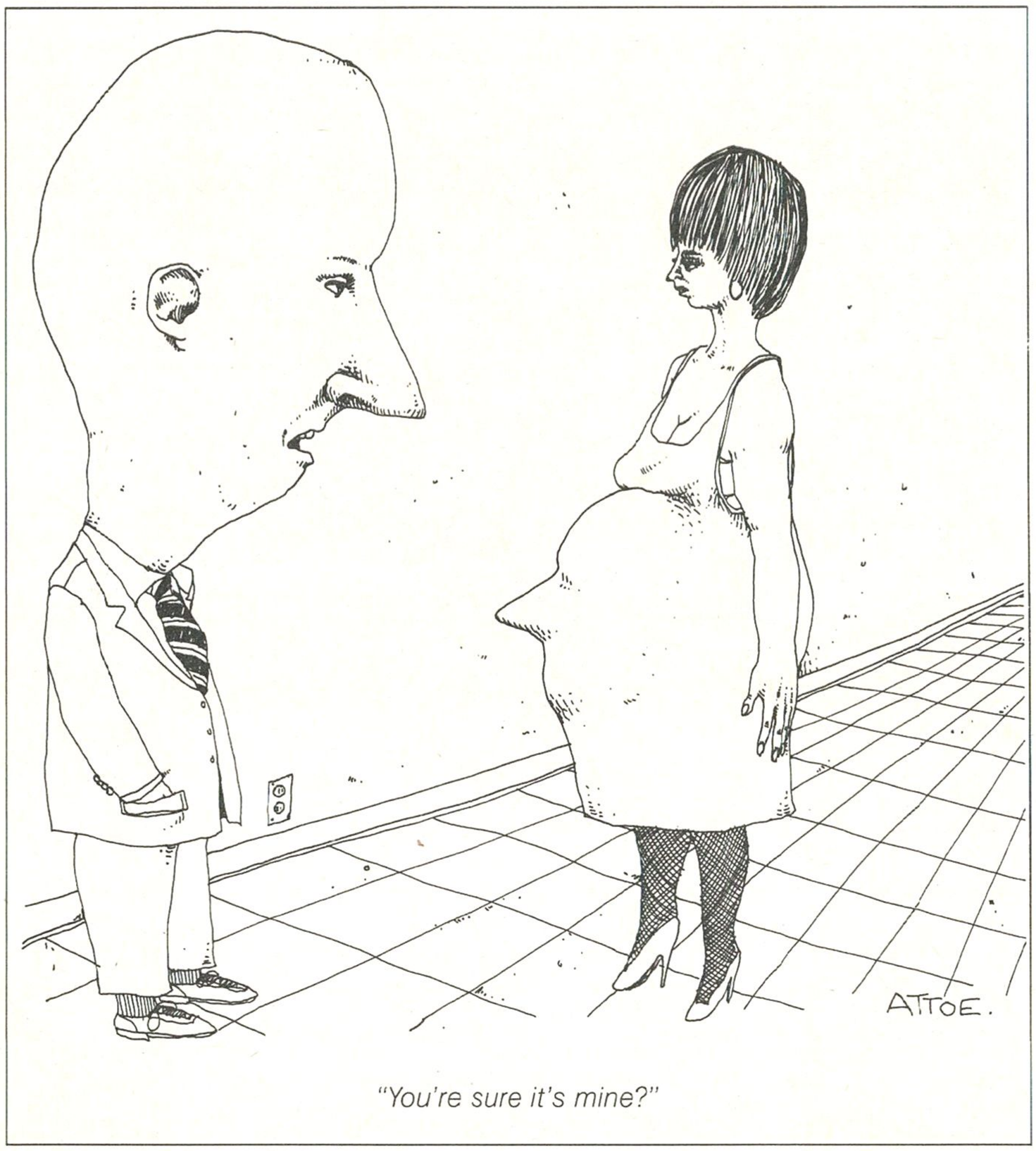
In the study period of 18 years, only one of the 59 chelated patients died of cancer. Thirty of the 172 persons not treated with EDTA died of cancer. Deaths from cardiovascular disease were also significantly lower in the chelated group. A skeptical University of Zurich epidemiologist who examined the data confirmed the Blumer-Reich data. Blumer and Reich also refer to a 1961 study which indicated that intravenous injections of calcium EDTA could impede the growth of experimental carcinoma.

CHELATION AND THE ESTABLISHMENT

Mainstream researchers are beginning to recognize the value of chelation therapy in treating heart disease. A group of Michigan State University researchers artificially induced heart attacks in dogs, and only those animals treated with an iron chelator named desferrioxamine, plus a calcium blocker, appeared to recover complete neurological function. Accordingly, the M.S.U. researchers proposed that therapy administered after a heart attack should be based on the chelation of iron, and advocate treating heart attack victims immediately with this chelating agent to prevent neurological damage.

Lancet, the prestigious British medical journal, has also recently noted the role of free radicals in disease-related tissue damage. *Lancet* stated that such damage could be curtailed with the use of chelating agents, and that limited doses of desferrioxamine may have beneficial effects on rheumatoid disease. "The need now," according to *Lancet*, "is for new iron chelating drugs that prevent radical reactions, can be administered orally, and are safer than desferrioxamine." (Desferrioxamine can cause cataracts and irreversible retinal damage.)

A growing body of scientific evidence indicates that chelation does inhibit free-radical activity. Since free radicals are implicated in so many degenerative illnesses, including cardiovascular disease, rheumatoid joint degeneration, and cancer, the many benefits claimed for chelation therapy in improving circulation, increasing enzyme efficiency, healing arthritis, and preventing cancer no longer appear to be farfetched.



"You're sure it's mine?"

THE CASE FOR EDTA'S SAFETY

That *Lancet* did not include EDTA in its discussion of chelation therapy is perhaps due to the often-repeated contention by medical authorities that chelation therapy is dangerous. Kidney damage is the danger most often cited by the AMA and FDA. They still distribute literature spotlighting two deaths that occurred due to kidney failure. What the AMA and FDA neglect to mention is that these unfortunate accidents happened before the safety procedures presently employed for administering EDTA were established. The procedures call for a very slow infusion of EDTA, at low concentrations, and with repeated laboratory evaluations of kidney function for patients at risk.

Dr. McDonagh, working with his associates C. J. Rudolph and Emmanuel Cheraskin, measured EDTA's effect on kidney function in 383 subjects with a variety of chronic degenerative disorders. In addition to the EDTA infusions, patients were given multivitamin trace-mineral supplements. Measurement of the level of serum creatinine in the blood—considered to be the most sophisticated clinical test for kidney function—showed that not only was there no worsening of creatinine levels following chelation, but patients whose creatinine levels were

above or below normal changed in the direction of the norm. The researchers concluded that chelation therapy might actually improve kidney function.

In a second study by this team, another measure of kidney function, blood urea nitrogen (BUN), was employed. There was no significant change in BUN after the initial ten infusions. However, after 20 and 30 infusions, those with the lowest initial BUN scores rose slightly while those with the highest values declined. The BUN test is regarded as a less sensitive measure of kidney function than serum creatinine, so it is interesting that even the cruder measure tended to confirm the results obtained by the more sensitive one in the earlier study, i.e., that chelation therapy, buffered by multivitamin trace-mineral supplements, tends to improve rather than endanger kidney function.

These studies are consistent with clinical observations of improved kidney function dating back to some of the first experiments with chelation as an alternative treatment for circulatory problems. Norman Clarke, M.D., was among the first to observe, in workers from a battery factory he was treating for lead poisoning, that improvement in cardiovascular conditions was a beneficial side effect of EDTA chelation. Now in his eighties and retired, Dr. Clarke recounts his early experiences with chelation therapy: "In the beginning, I blew hot and cold on it many times, but when I saw that kidneys that were calcified and practically nonfunctioning could be restored to normal, I made up my mind."

COMPARATIVE STUDIES NEEDED

The critics of chelation therapy use baseless insinuations and out-of-date information. They emphasize the few deaths that occurred a quarter-century ago and ignore a safety record surpassing traditional medicine's high-tech and drug approaches. They insist controlled studies are needed to prove chelation's efficacy, a demand never made of high-risk coronary-bypass surgery, and they steadfastly refuse to acknowledge the impressive research data supporting chelation's efficacy, safety, and rationale.

Clearly, what is needed is nonpartisan research measuring chelation against the best of traditional medicine's approaches, in order to establish which therapies are most effective for which patients. What is not needed is the repetition of stale allegations disguised as up-to-date analysis, which continue to appear in much of the media.

Editor's note: Reprints of Gary Null's articles on America's health crisis are available to readers free of cost. Please send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Editorial Department, Penthouse *Magazine, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Expect up to two months for delivery.*

DON'T MAKE A MOVE WITHOUT US.

MOVING?
We need 4-6 weeks notice of a change of address. Fill in the attached form.

NEW SUBSCRIPTION OR RENEWAL?
One year of Penthouse is $36 in the U.S. $46 in Canada and overseas (U.S. currency). Please enclose a check or money order for the appropriate amount. 6-8 weeks for delivery.

LISTING/UNLISTING SERVICE?
Penthouse makes the names and addresses of its subscribers available to other publications and outside companies. The publications and companies selected are carefully screened for their acceptability and quality of their offers. If you would like your name removed from this mailing list please check the appropriate box.

PENTHOUSE P.O. Box 3021, Harlan, Ia. 51593
Please check the appropriate box below. Payment must accompany order.
☐ New Subscription ☐ Renewal ☐ Please remove my name from your mailing list.
☐ This is a change of address; my new address is below.
Name _____
Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____
HPBC9

CALIGULA
NOW ON VIDEO

THE MOST CONTROVERSIAL FILM IN HISTORY
THE ORIGINAL, UNCUT, X-RATED VERSION FOR ONLY $89.95

PENTHOUSE PRODUCTS
P.O. BOX 6500, ENGLEWOOD, NJ 07631
Please rush me the original X version of Caligula (156 minutes) for only $89.95 plus $3.00 postage and handling per tape.
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Please indicate: ☐ VHS (CFV) ☐ BETA (CFB)
☐ Check enclosed ☐ Money order enclosed
☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard ☐ American Express
Acct. #: _____ Exp. date: _____
Interbank # for MasterCard: _____
CREDIT CARD HOLDERS CALL TOLL-FREE 1-800-526-4797 157
Payment must accompany order. Rates for U.S. only. Canada add $5.00 for postage and handling. Allow 6-8 weeks for delivery. No foreign orders.

ORGY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 138

can find a dark corner in which to escape the hustling crowd. A combo plays snippets of Billy Joel hits from an elevated bandstand while, all around it, Bloomie's children swirl cheerfully in a social convention known throughout Western civilization as "mingling."

Random sections of the lengthy S-shaped bar are packed with amaretto-sodden singles in the process of mingling themselves into submission. I'm more than a bit intimidated by the crowd's enviable finesse, the small talk, and the seductive stares. Instead of sticking around, I pad off to a relatively secluded section of the lounge, away from the bumper-to-bumper social traffic, in order to spend a few minutes looking over the "Weekend Activities Guide" provided by the hotel's social staff.

From the look of things, the three days promise to be—according to the program—*fantastic*. For starters, there's the *fantastic* "shim swim" clinic at the indoor pool; a *fantastic* art auction; a *fantastic* five-course dinner, followed by *fantastic* line and square dancing with Miriam ("She's *fantastic!*" I hear someone say); *fantastic* under-the-stars ice skating; the *fantastic* Singles Champagne Dance; *fan*disco*tastic* dancing; and, of course, the ever-*fantastic* Catskills staple: SHOWTIME IN THE IMPERIAL ROOM starring the *fantastic* Dick Capri. All, I might add, scheduled for the express purpose of introducing single guests to one another. And that only covers the next six *fantastic* hours or so.

I'm about to move on to Saturday's events when I feel a steamy amaretto-scented draft waft frothily along the nape of my neck. I silently curse the hotel's feeble ventilation system, then reconsider when a faint snurfling sound coming from the same general vicinity prompts me to swivel around on my seat. There, looming not more than three inches from my ear, is the face of an incredible-looking creature burdened with waxy skin and rheumy eyes. The face, I discover, belongs to Judy, a registered nurse in need of a little first aid of her own, who claims there's nothing like a Singles Weekend to cure one's primary social ills.

"The weekend sounds pretty . . . *fantastic,*" I begin lamely, realizing by now that I'd rather be anywhere else. "Especially the Get-Acquainted Bash on the tennis courts."

"I think it sucks," Judy says, inhaling a handful of cocktail peanuts like a hypersonic Hoover. "Mind answering a question for me?"

Uh-oh, here it comes, I think—one more career interview to hurdle. Only this time I decide to head it off at the pass.

"I'm an attorney," I say, extending my chest with lawyerly pomp.

Judy looks at me like a bewildered owl, then laughs contemptuously. "Yeah? Well, who gives a shit?"

"I just thought . . ."

"Look, you can save that crap for the Cabbage Patch dolls," she says, jerking her head in the direction of a few single women working the other side of the bar. "I just want to know how many times you can come."

My best De Niro expression says, "You talkin' to me?"—only there's no one else standing within reasonable earshot.

"Is this a toughie?" she asks, indicating my obvious hesitation.

I promise her that it's not. It's just that I've never stopped to take inventory of my various orgasmic performances before and need a few seconds to reflect on the facts. A moment later I come up with the only workable approach to a particularly ludicrous situation. "Do you want it in quarts or liters?" I ask.

"Times-per-night will do," Judy grins, obviously delighted that I'm getting into the spirit of things.

> "Hope we didn't keep you waiting too long," the naked girl says, curling up on the bed. "Gary, here, has one hell of an imagination when it comes to taking showers."

I finally give her a ballpark figure, to which she shows neither disappointment nor surprise. Instead, her eyes drift down toward my lap, where the proof of the pudding lies tucked securely behind a well-fortified pair of jeans. "Think you might want to go for a new record?" she asks coquettishly. "Word has it I can inspire the impossible."

Judy embarks on an abbreviated sexual résumé of her ability to make men come, as though she were talking about offshore drilling. "I hit a guy here last spring who got off a good nine loads," she says.

Stunned by her immodesty, I'm nevertheless impressed by the startling statistic. "Nine?" I gulp, experiencing a steady evaporation of what little confidence I had.

"Then there was the stockbroker at Grossinger's over the July Fourth weekend who hooked up a little gizmo to the Magic Fingers and it was look-out-Charlie. We might've been at Yellowstone the way Old Faithful kept coming off every hour." Judy throws out her arms and sighs in a kind of contented grizzly-bear yowl that alarms half the bar. "I don't know, I think it has something or other to do with the mountain air. So—whaddya say?"

Everyone's got their approach, I imagine. Debbie's was "Whaddya do"; Judy works with "Whaddya say." Of equal desperation, they might be equally interchangeable. Only, soon I am going to have to accept a challenge or settle for being a spectator for the duration of the weekend festivities. Which means it is time to tender a commitment. *Why not try the impossible?* I think. Better to go down coming than not to come at all.

I let my hand play lightly along the small (if there is such a place) of Judy's back, too dejected over what I am about to do to gaze once again into her eyes.

"I say, let's go for broke," I mutter, pulling her closer. But there seems to be a bit of resistance on her part. She doesn't answer, nor does she acknowledge the willingness of my hand, which has moved resolutely to her waist.

"Judy—whaddya say?" I ask, resorting to the native tongue. When I finally look up, however, her eyes are engaged in torrid flirtation with two sides of beef in matching Sassons, who seem to have materialized out of the smokey miasma obfuscating the Nightcap. A moment later they've pulled up chairs and are discussing the possibility of combining resources in an effort toward establishing a new record for sexual longevity. A tag team, going over the moves.

"Just think of it," one of them says, "when one of us has to stop and refuel, the other takes over. You got nonstop action here, Judy. We can try for 30 times—15 apiece. Whaddya say?"

"Whaddya say!" Judy echoes, wriggling free of my hold in a move that would impress Mark Gastineau.

I can't believe what's going on. "Judy, Judy—whaddya say?" I plead. "Whaddya say?"

She stops and turns back in my direction. "Excuse me? What was that?"

"Wha . . . whaddya say?" I whisper.

"What do I say? About what?"

"About going for a new record. About the mountain air."

"Oh, right—those," she says, seemingly mystified by my interest. She looks over her shoulder at the two guys whispering madly to each other, then checks her watch. "Tell you what—I should be down before nine. Then we'll talk about it. Whaddya say?"

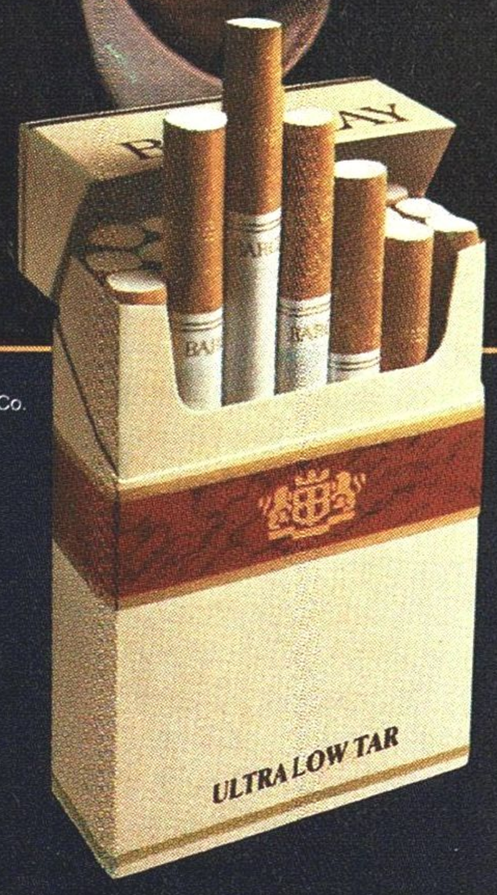
"Whaddya say!" I reply meekly.

"Whaddya say, Judy!" I hear from behind, and turn to find the bartender pointing to eight on the clock on the wall. "Whaddya say?"

Indeed.

6:45 P.M.—IN THE HALLWAY

With less than 15 minutes until dinner, I take the elevator to the sixth floor in order to shower and dress for the occasion. But getting back to my room is like running interference patterns through a live mine field. Everywhere I turn, a singles guest



© 1984 B&W T Co.

99% tar free.™

The pleasure is back.

BARCLAY

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.

swings blindly into my path on his or her way to a neighboring room. Doors have been routinely left ajar, and if one is clever enough, a resourceful eye can glimpse images of shapely young women in various stages of undress.

Across the hall, I notice a gorgeous young thing, hardly into her twenties, as she removes a football jersey she's wearing, then stares at her naked reflection in the bedroom mirror. I inch toward her door to get a better look at what appears to be the makings of an incredible body. She has that lean, leggy look, finely sculpted and enhanced by small, upturned breasts, with strawberry-blond hair that matches the finespun tuft nestled snugly between her legs. Slowly, she begins to knead her shoulders, then lets her hand languish over her breasts until the nipples are erect. While one hand continues to tease a nipple, the other traces a line to a magical place between her legs that causes her to rock back and forth in a slow, steady rhythm.

This must be the *fantastic* fuckfest, I think, preparing to make some kind of an entry. After all, she's left the door ajar. Anyone walking by might stumble into the wrong room. Hell, it's an honest mistake. I figure I've got nothing to lose. What's more, I can't help feeling this whole thing has been staged for my benefit. I'm convinced she saw me in the hall and is playing to a happily captive audience.

Just as I'm about to cross the threshold, however, a door opens to the adjoining bathroom and another young, naked couple emerges. The man is on the rugged side, with overly developed muscles that seem almost comical in contrast to his puny cock. But his partner is a different story altogether. Tall and shapely, she has one of the most remarkable asses I've ever seen, and I stop dead in my tracks lest I break up this promising scene. "Hope we didn't keep you waiting too long," she says, curling up on the unmade bed. "Gary, here, has one hell of an imagination when it comes to taking a shower."

"Actually, it looks like we got here just in time," Gary says, shuffling up behind the girl in the mirror. "Looks like your roomie worked herself into a lather while we were gone." He nuzzles up against the nymphet and replaces her hand with his without breaking the rhythm.

This is too much for me to bear. I back up a few steps, preparing to leave, when I realize I am not watching the action alone.

"They weren't kidding when they promised us 'a room with a view,' " someone says. Behind me, languishing in an open doorway, is a tousle-haired man grinning with a panoramic show of teeth. "I'm Joey," he says, coming at me with an outstretched hand. "Looks like we're gonna be neighbors this weekend. This your first time here?"

I admit that it is, only to learn that Joey and his roommate, Stanley, haven't missed a Singles Weekend in over two years. "It's the only sensible place to unwind when you find yourself in a slump. Just ask Stanley—there's nothing like it to raise the ol' batting average, if you get my drift," he says, grabbing a handful of gabardine at his crotch.

Joey is a self-confessed "garmento" from New Jersey who deals in better-quality children's wear; Stanley's a pharmacist from New Rochelle. And together they're the incarnation of Dan Aykroyd and Steve Martin's wild-and-crazy guys: grotesquely patterned shirts, polyester suits, Naugahyde ankle boots—all the accoutrements necessary to woo the "foxy chicks."

"You gotta remember that style is *everything* to these women," Joey advises me, fondling his open shirt collar. "You gotta look sharp to get results," he adds, with a bit of a swagger. "There's too much action around, but if you're not head and shoulders above the competition, you won't make points."

> "The idea is not to leave here alone," says a veteran named Beverly, who admits that she's "paired off" with a different man each night of the last four Singles Weekends.

"Get a load of this," Stanley says, leading me to an adjoining bedroom door. Dropping to one knee, he jams his eye up against the keyhold and grins appreciatively. "Here, see for yourself."

There, on the other side of the door, is a couple rehearsing what looks like a scene from the X-rated version of *The Pirates of Penzance*. The woman, a thin-waisted wastrel with great tits, is struggling to get out from under her boyfriend—but not too hard, especially since his mouth, buried in the dark folds of her cunt, is making a good argument to convince her otherwise. Moments later, she comes in great bucking jolts that shake the walls of our room.

"Those two just met a half hour ago," Stanley sighs, helping me to my feet.

"Yeah," Joey concurs. "I was the schmuck who gave her directions to the ice-skating rink. My good neighbor said he'd take her there personally. Guess they sorta took a detour. It just goes to show that you've got to capitalize on every opportunity, or learn to go without."

Stanley informs me that sex in every variation is the unwritten rule of the weekend. "Every man and woman comes with an open mind," he says, then snickers roguishly, pleased by his unintentional joke. "Most are willing to try anything new. As a matter of fact, I already bumped into a woman at the bar who presented me with an interesting physiological challenge."

"Was her name, by any chance, Judy?" I ask.

Stanley looks at me with deadpan surprise. "Yeah. How did you know?"

"Lucky guess."

"The trouble with you," Joey advises me, "is you gotta unwind—y'know, loosen up a bit. No matter how you look at it, you're gonna get laid—it's a fait accompli. So take the pressure off. Relax. Think of the next few hours as taking a stroll down Fifth Avenue, window-shopping. You see something you like, you take it home with you."

"Yeah," Stanley says, "and if you're not happy with the merchandise, you can always return it in the morning. No questions asked."

Still, there's a measure of finesse involved in the process, and both men fall back on their own respective strategies. Joey has his best success in the dining room, where it's relatively easy to have yourself seated next to the woman of your choice.

"I try to take my time about it," he says, checking his pasty reflection in the mirror. "I work my way around the dining room, noting the location of where the quality chicks are seated. [The last thing you want to do is wind up stuck at a table full of dogs; that's the ultimate shame.] Then I slip the maitre d' five bucks to scratch some other guy's name off that table reservation and put me there in his place. If everything goes as planned, I can have my hand in her mashed potatoes by the end of the second course."

Stanley tags along for the ride but usually has a difficult time striking up a conversation in the midst of other people. His prescription for love is filled instead by wandering the halls after midnight.

Traditionally, Singles Weekend women who "get lucky" invite men back to *their* rooms for part of the night—or at least until they're finished with (as the schedule might say) the *fantastic* bedroom festivities. More often than not, however, they forget about the clock, and their roommate has to wait it out on the floor in the hall until the door is unlocked.

"So I cruise the corridors looking for the best of what's left," Stanley grins sheepishly. He figures that any woman locked out of her room is depressed and more than willing to sleep with anyone . . . even including Stanley. "And, anyway—I don't mind rejected women," he says. "I even identify with them."

Occasionally, Joey strikes out at the dinner table and takes to the hallways too. "But only as a last resort," he says. The night's usually filled with possibilities and places to pick up single women. And if

all else fails, they both agree there's no place for scoring like—*the disco.*

10:30 P.M.—AT THE DISCO

By ten o'clock, the flock of young birds in their off-the-shoulder dresses flit noisily around the entrance to the no-frills disco that resembles a shadowy Romper Room for emotionally arrested adults. Eight hundred predominantly suburban, predominantly upscale singles lurch about to electronically simulated jungle rhythms, thoroughly convinced that this is the most effective way to impress someone of the opposite sex. And rest assured that everyone is pulling out all the stops to do exactly that. This is the weekend's main event before bedtime—the "final heat," so to speak—and to the discerning eye, the anticipation is almost palpable.

I take up a position just inside the door to facilitate a bird's-eye appraisal of late arrivals. Within seconds, the ground rules pertaining to this style of singles courtship are made strikingly clear, with partners-that-be doing their best to prove the old adage that love, indeed, hath no pride. From where I stand, a steady flow of gussied-up men and women file past a makeshift reception line, where they get a shameless once-over before making their way to the floor. I watch with mounting fascination as Phil, a 36-year-old dentist from Connecticut, corners a woman standing alone at the bar and asks her to dance.

"With *you*?" she laughs, crunching on a chunk of crushed ice. "Honey, it's too early in the night to make that kind of concession. But who knows? See if I'm still here in an hour."

He stumbles pathetically away, only to be intercepted by a chesty discophile trussed up in a see-through party dress. "Wanna dance?" she asks.

Phil leers at her truculently. "*Get lost!*"

"Wanna fuck?"

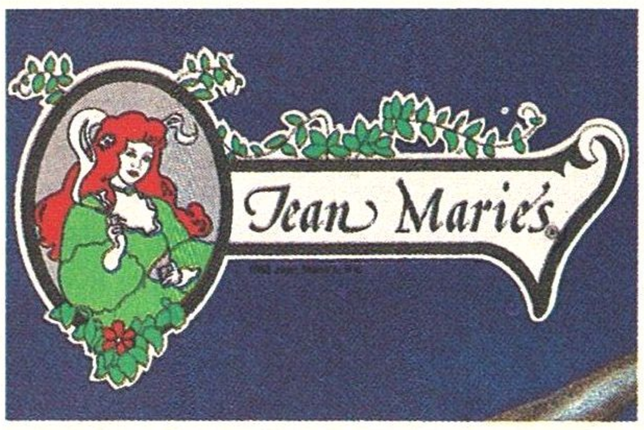
"I guess so," he shrugs, looking her up and down as if she were a late-blooming geranium. "Just give me five minutes." Whereupon Phil retreats to a balcony overlooking the floor to see if it's worth, as he puts it, "holding out for a more promising-looking partner."

I feel increasingly like a visitor to some parasexual stockmarket where humiliation is the current medium of exchange. The time-honored negotiations of two partners similarly attracted to each other are nonexistent here. There's none of the usual smiling, flirting, having a drink, chatting, getting a phone number, or, if you're really lucky, lining up a date. That brand of leisurely romantic pas de deux might be better likened at a Singles Weekend to a toreador harassing the bull.

Speaking of which, there's plenty of that stuff around, too. In a span of 20 minutes, I manage to overhear the same guy introduce himself to five or six women, each time embellishing his apprenticeship at Merrill Lynch, until finally he's just a heartbeat away from a company directorship.

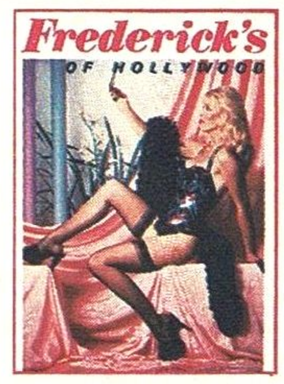
LEISURE EMPORIUM©

TO ORDER MAIL DIRECTLY TO THE NAME & ADDRESS OF THE ADVERTISER



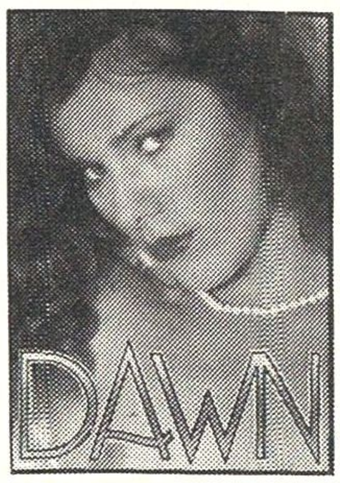
From today's contemporary water pipes to the fine hand-crafted meerschaum pipes of Turkey, this catalog is designed to provide the adult smoker with a wide assortment of contemporary smoking and snuff articles. Also featured are tobaccos, natural tobaccos, snuffs and contemporary lifestyle gifts from the international marketplace including many unique t-shirts. You'll enjoy browsing through thousands of hard-to-find smoking and snuff accessories in this full color catalog. **$1.00**

MAIL TO: JEAN MARIE'S PRODUCTS
P.O. BOX 111509
NASHVILLE, TN 37222



Share a fantasy with your lover. Give her the Frederick's of Hollywood fashion catalog. It's filled with hundreds of exotic styles and accessories designed to provoke your imagination and hers. Sexy lingerie and fantasy garments, fascinating foundations and accessories, tempting sports and evening wear, plus some fun fashions for you men, too. **Send $3** for **6**-Issues and receive a **FREE $5**-Discount Certificate with your subscription.

MAIL TO: FREDERICK'S OF HOLLYWOOD
6610 HOLLYWOOD BLVD.,
DEPT. 771
HOLLYWOOD, CA 90028



FIVE ADULT VIDEOS FOR $25

Approx. 60 Mins. each–Five hours of explicit, **SEX.** Featuring Super Hot Penthouse models Tracy Lords, Christy Canyon also featuring Kay Parker, Ron Jeremy, Eric Edwards, Tiffany Clark and more ... Five assorted volumes, available. To order **send $25 plus $3 P&H.** Specify VHS or BETA.

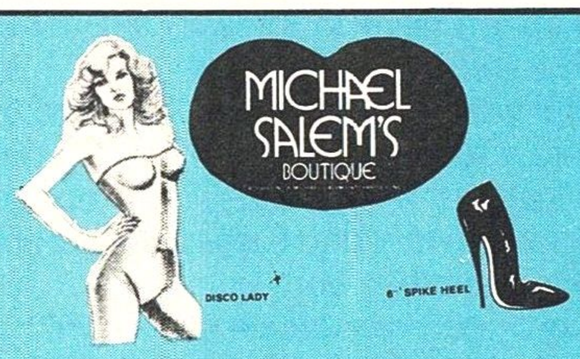
MAIL TO: VIDEO SHOWCASE
DEPT. E16
P.O. BOX M-827
GARY, IN 46401

HOW TO BE SUCCESSFUL WITH WOMEN

50 Beautiful Women Interviewed. See & hear the most popular of 2,200 answers compiled in a one hour video tape. You don't have to be anybody but yourself. Knowing what women think will give you confidence and improve your success rate. **$49.99 U.S. ($69.95 CAN.) LEARN THROUGH VIDEO, P.O. BOX 70746 FT. LAUDERDALE, FL 33307.** VHS/BETA. VISA/MASTERCARD State Expiry Date. Call free in U.S. **1-800-437-4400 Ext. 803.**

YOUR FANTASY IS REALITY!

Our Catalogs feature Sensuous Lingerie, Corsets, Leather & Rubber, Wigs, Stilletto Heeled Shoes, Stockings, Bras & Breast Prostheses plus unusual related items. Sizes Reg. to Super Large & tall for Women & Cross-Dressers. (OUR NAME DOES NOT APPEAR ON RETURN ADDRESS) To Order send $5 for our Exotic Boutique Subscription, or $19.75 for Full Color Lingerie, Hosiery, & Related Items Catalog for Women & Cross-Dressers Sizes Petite to Super Large. Send Cash, Check, or Money Order To: **MICHAEL SALEM ENTERPRISES, INC. P.O. BOX 1781 DEPT. PH-186, FDR STA., N.Y. N.Y. 10150.** For Credit Card Orders, Retail Purchases, & information about our other catalogs Call: **(212)-986-1777** or **(212)-371-6877.** Above Catalogs are Deductible from 1st Merchandise Order!



Michael Salem Ent., Inc. offers a fine line of Stockings, Garterbelts, & Shoes at incredible prices! We are now offering the following items at Special Holiday Prices! Seamed Stockings #122 $6.99pr 2pr $10, "Disco Lady–full length sheer open-crotch Body Stocking $12ea 2 for $20, 6" Black Patent Spikes–$20Opr, Red Garter belt #110B $6.99, Black Fishnet Stockings #110C $6.99pr $10 for the set! Satin Cincher #105 Gives you that "Hour Glass" Figure! Only $39.99. Please state Size & Color where applicable! Send Check or M.O. **TO: MICHAEL SALEM ENT, INC. P.O. BOX 1781 DEPT. PH-186M, FDR STA. N.Y. N.Y. 10150.** Phone Orders **Call (212)-986-1777** or **(212)-371-6877.** Please send **$5** for P&H and applicable sales tax.

ADVERTISERS: If you would like information on advertising in future Leisure Emporium™ pages, contact SLG, Inc. 800 Second Ave, New York, NY 10017, (212) 986-6642. © 1985 SLG, Inc. Leisure Emporium ©.

Not that lies of that sort do much damage: The illusion of big money, even if it's just a faint, fleeting whiff, is aphrodisiac enough to make most Singles Weekend women believe they are one step closer to their dream of marrying into that secure wonderland best characterized by its swell of food processors, VCRs, ultrasonic humidifiers, and two-Subaru garages. The symbols of upwardly mobile respectability loom just over the next breakfast biscuit—if only you can find someone equally as desperate and willing to spend the night with you.

"The idea is not to leave here alone," says a veteran named Beverly, who admits she has successfully "paired off" with a different man each night of the last four Singles Weekends she's attended. "It's all right to be on your own when you check in, or around the pool, and even at dinner. But here, you're in a do-or-die situation. You've got to hook up with a guy or face spending the night—and maybe the rest of your life—by yourself. Or worse: having to make that long walk to the elevators without a man, only to wind up sitting alone outside your room for a couple of hours. Just walk down a few hallways after midnight and see what I mean. Thanks, but no thanks. My philosophy is 'every girl for herself,' and, take it from me, it gets pretty hostile in here as the night grows older."

I see what Beverly means when she spots her roommate leaving with a guy who looks smug enough to actually have a couple bucks. "Who's the lucky man, Jackie?"

"None of your business," Jackie says, hooking her arm through one belonging to her prize catch. "C'mon, let's get out of here."

Beverly snickers contemptuously. "Okay, be that way. But I refuse to spend another night suffering while some guy hangs around trying unsuccessfully to get into your pants. One of these days, dearie, you're gonna have to throw in the towel and give sex a try."

Jackie yanks her arm free. It occurs to me she's about to pop Beverly one in the snout. Instead, she stomps fitfully on the floor with both feet and rushes away from us without another word.

The guy watches Jackie depart with a sense of dumbfounded humiliation. "Don't look so crestfallen," Beverly says, brushing his shoulder with the back of her hand. "I just saved you from five or six hours of fruitless begging. Which, as I see it, puts you soundly in my debt."

"How can I ever repay you?" he asks, sliding an arm around Beverly's waist.

"I'm not sure. But come on up to the room and let's talk it over."

A few minutes later, I decide I've had enough. I choose to turn in early, buoyed by the inexplicable feeling that I'm much better off right now than any of my fellow participants. Going upstairs alone seems to me like a triumph of the spirit, a victory for self-esteem. Equally incongruous, I realize it's the first (and last) time I've ever flirted with the concept of celibacy and didn't seriously question my emotional outlook.

AND LATER THAT NIGHT . . .

The corridor outside my room looks like a Catskills branch of the Center for Displaced Refugees. So many women sit spread-eagled on the floor outside their rooms, cradling their heads in their hands, that for a moment I imagine they're sconces that have been placed there in another display of the resort's garish architecture. A few have fallen mercifully asleep; others wince periodically, reacting in part to the muffled noises emanating from behind the locked doors, in part to the procession of eager couples who step over them (sometimes *on* them!) on their way to other rendezvous.

I prefer to feign blindness. For any number of reasons, it seems easier not to look directly into the eyes of the vanquished multitude, especially when I realize that under less favorable circumstances I might be sitting there among them. My objective is to simply get to my room without incident and close the door on this decidedly unfortunate chapter in the ongoing saga of courtship hysteria.

> Think of the next few hours as taking a stroll, window-shopping. You see something you like, you take it home with you.

It occurs to me that I'm the only single man negotiating his way through a mass of wounded women when an arm lashes out and, in one swift action reminiscent of something I saw on "Wild Kingdom," snares me by the ankle.

"What's the hurry, tiger?" my captor inquires, uncoiling from her former striking position. Standing up, she introduces herself as Eileen, a physical therapist from Yonkers, and assures me that her professional dexterity carries over into other areas of her life. Eileen, I learn, considers herself a victim of circumstance. She and her roommate both brought men back to their room at the same time earlier in the evening. When the situation of who-is-going-to-do-what-and-where became a bit awkward, it was decided that something had to give. Both men hopped into bed with the roommate, while Eileen was shown the door. Still exasperated by the unfairness of it, Eileen bristles, "They wouldn't even let me stay and watch!"

"Well, when do they intend to let you back in?" I wonder aloud.

"Never. They're in for the night—maybe even for the whole weekend."

"That's not fair. Where do they expect you to stay while all this is going on?"

Eileen looks up at me and smiles sweetly. "Got any ideas?"

Once we reach my room, Eileen hangs the "Do Not Disturb" sign on the door. "The maids have a habit of entering without knocking," she says, expertly drawing the chain across the inside latch.

"I'll bet they do," I say, wondering if this serendipitous arrangement doesn't smack of a little too much advanced planning. It's impossible to broach the subject, however. The walls on either side of my room are banging with a kind of wanton animal ferocity. "Stereo," I joke feebly.

Eileen stops her various chores to listen to the racket. "Why does that woman keep moaning 'Golda Meir, Golda Meir'?" she asks, though I haven't the heart to tell her the phrase she's mistaken for the name of the beloved Israeli prime minister is actually "good in my ear, good in my ear."

"C'mon, let's get some sleep," I suggest, suddenly livened by the prospect of engaging in some *fantastic* sex at the hands of Eileen, physical therapist *extraordinaire*. After all, wasn't that why I had traveled all the way up here in the first place? Hadn't I fantasized for weeks about a nightlong Catskills bacchanal (even if the object of my desire *had* been more on the order of Rachel Ward than—well, Eileen)? Didn't I owe it to myself to partake in the festivities along with the rest of the singles crowd?

You bet I did.

I strip down to my Jockeys. Eileen steps out of her dress in one perfect motion and displays a voluptuous side of her that I'd barely had time to notice in the hall. Her breasts are full and firm, and the see-through bikini panties she has on reveal one of the *fantastic* night spots for which the hotel's become duly famous. What's more, the wet spot forming on the flimsy cloth lets me know she feels the same way about the remainder of the evening as I do. My cock is about to rip through my underpants, so I discard them and am about to slip into the bed when I notice Eileen rearranging the pillows on the couch. That's when it dawns on me that, somewhere along the way, something got lost in the translation. "Well, let's go," I say, holding up the covers in a gesture that translates to: "There's plenty of room here for the both of us."

Instead, Eileen collapses on the couch. "You mean, you thought this was leading to casual sex? Here? And with someone I don't even know?" Her voice rises in pitch with each successive syllable until it's a whiny shriek. "What kind of girl do you think I am?"

GAMES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 208

"West and wewaxation at wong wast."

—ELMER FUDD

William C. King, Cranford, N.J.

"Can you say 'putrefying flesh,' boys and girls?"

—MR. ROGERS

Dianne Farison, Inglewood, Calif.

"It's over."

—YOGI BERRA

Richard L. Deady, Norwich, N.Y.

"I wonder if the government can bail me out of this one."

—LEE IACOCCA

David E. Nauman II, Riverton, Wyo.

"You can't take it with you."

—CLARA BOW

"Five easy pieces."

—THE GO-GO'S

Bob Polakas, Margate, Fla.

"Just talkin' 'bout my de-de-de-de-generation."

—THE WHO

Glenn V. Marshalek, Austin, Tex.

"Nine—already?"

—SYLVESTER THE CAT

Gino A. Ruta, Alexandria, Va.

"Smells pleasant . . . kind of like . . . *Raid!*"

—GREGOR SAMSA

Mike Prodsom, Sturgeon Bay, Wis.

"Easier dead than son."

—REVEREND WILLIAM SPOONER

"*Requies*cat *in pace.*"

—ELLA FITZGERALD

Andy Staff, Plymouth, Mass.

"With grave reservations. No vacancy."

—CONRAD HILTON

Wayne Dow, Sterling, Va.

"The road to hell is paved with good inventions."

—JOHN MACADAM

"Hr Is Evln Wd."

—EVELYN WOOD

James Bell, Alexandria, Va.

Answers:

1-L (Keith Da Lima, Philadelphia, Pa.); 2-G (Jan Blakeney, Greeneville, Tenn.); 3-B (Tony Reeder, Silver Spring, Md.); 4-A (James Bell, Alexandria, Va.); 5-H (Glenn V. Marshalek, Austin, Tex.); 6-J (A. Kent, Seagoville, Tex.); 7-N (Henry Moy, Chicago, Ill.); 8-M (Bob Temple, Wyoming, Mich.); 9-E (Jacqulyn Makler, Tucson, Ariz.); 10-K (J. Finnell, White Hall, Ill.); 11-D (Marion Heide, Brooklyn, N.Y.); 12-F (G. L. Shook, Lamesa, Tex.); 13-O (Ken Duncan, Austin, Tex.); 14-I (David Titus, Chelsea, Mass.); 15-C (James R. Wolfe, Toledo, Ohio).

Sexual Aids:

How to order them without embarrassment.
How to use them without disappointment.

If you've been reluctant to purchase sexual aids through the mail, the Xandria Collection would like to offer you two things that may change your mind:

1. A guarantee
2. Another guarantee

First, we guarantee your privacy. Should you decide to order our catalogue or products, your transaction will be held in the strictest confidence.

Your name will never (never) be sold or given to any other company. No unwanted, embarrassing mailings. And everything we ship to you is plainly packaged, securely wrapped, without the slightest indication of its contents on the outside.

Second, we guarantee your satisfaction. Everything offered in the Xandria Collection is the result of extensive research and real-life testing. We are so certain that the risk of disappointment has been eliminated from our products, that we can actually guarantee your satisfaction - or your money promptly, unquestioningly refunded.

What is the Xandria Collection?

It is a very, very special collection of sexual aids. It includes the finest and most effective products available from around the world. Products that can open new doors to sexual gratification (perhaps many doors you never knew existed!).

Our products range from the simple to the delightfully complex. They are designed for both the timid and the bold. For anyone who's ever wished there could be something more to their sex life.

If you're prepared to intensify your own sexual pleasure, then by all means send for the Xandria Collection catalogue. It is priced at just three dollars which is applied in full to your first order.

Write today. You have absolutely nothing to lose. And an entirely new world of enjoyment to gain.

The Xandria Collection, P186
P.O. Box 31039, San Francisco, CA 94131

Please send me, by first class mail, my copy of the Xandria Collection catalogue. Enclosed is my check or money order for three dollars which will be applied towards my first purchase. (U.S. Residents only).

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

I am an adult over 21 years of age:

_____
(signature required)

Xandria, 1245 16th St., San Francisco. Void where prohibited by law.

The Girls of
PENTHOUSE

NOW ON VIDEO

Penthouse Products Video Dept. 11
P.O. Box 6500, Englewood, N.J. 07631

Please rush me The Girls of Penthouse video (58 minutes) for only $59.95 plus $3.50 postage and handling per tape.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Please indicate: ☐ VHS (GOP1V) ☐ BETA (GOP1B)
☐ Check enclosed ☐ Money order enclosed
☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard ☐ American Express

Acct. # _____ Exp. date _____

Interbank # for MasterCard _____

Signature _____

Credit card holders call toll-free: 1-800-526-4797

Payment must accompany order. Rates for U.S. only. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. No Canadian or foreign orders.

HOLY WAR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79

"No, no," shout the mujtahideen, as we film hundreds of citizens devotedly crowding about Haji Latif. "On that side of the road you get shot." On another occasion, we creep up to a low wall, 300 yards from a Soviet post to film a convoy of tanks and APCs. Sighting us, the Soviets shell and machine-gun our position.

But such acceptable risks pale in comparison to those experienced our sixth day in Kandahar. At 7 A.M., we wake up to shell explosions and mujtahideen shouts of "*Shuravi! Shuravi!* [Russians!]" Seven hundred tanks and APCs have surrounded Malajat and are shelling the district. Burying most of our equipment, we quickly abandon the house, running past narrow streets into a field of grass. Three hundred fifty yards away, gray smoke billows from two tanks just rocketed by a band of cheering mujtahideen. But joy suddenly turns to panic as Soviet tanks and mortars unleash a massive barrage of shell fire.

Unable to fire back with their inferior weapons, Haji Latif's Pai Luch are pinned down as shells explode helter-skelter about the field. One shell explodes 20 yards away, the concussion knocking off my headphones and seriously wounding two mujtahideen. They lie moaning on the ground, bleeding profusely from the arms and head.

Another mujtahid, a short distance behind me, is killed instantly by an exploding tank shell. Trapped for nearly two hours, the group of us make a break for it during a brief lull in the shelling. The wounded are carried piggyback through the streets under heavy automatic-weapons fire. The dead mujtahid is wrapped in a blanket. Several mujtahideen run with their heavy loads, blood and debris trailing behind them.

Splattered with mud, our unit returns to the house. Shells exploding near the courtyard, the mujtahideen lay their dead companion on the floor of a dank room, the whites of his eyes staring blankly at the ceiling. "*Ghazi* [conqueror of death]," says a mujtahid, offering a quick prayer and closing the half-open lids. With HIND MI-24s flying overhead, we evacuate the neighborhood.

For three days and nights, the Soviets and Ismatullah Muslim's militia mercilessly shell Malajat. Through the night, BM-21s rocket the sixth municipal district, orange flashes from the explosions lighting up the mujtahideen stronghold.

According to a mujtahid spy at the Soviet garrison, Ismatullah Muslim has promised the Soviets and the Karmal government that he would capture Haji Latif and the two foreign journalists. Two days into the fighting, the spy's report is suddenly confirmed.

Mounted on a Jares tank, Ismatullah Muslim approaches within 30 yards of Haji Latif's headquarters. Speaking through a bullhorn, he falsely announces: "Sufi Jaffar [my nom de guerre], Scandar [Alex Lindsay, my cameraman], and Haji Abdul Latif have been captured. They are in chains, on their way to Pol-i-Charki prison. Mujtahideen, your leader is gone. Come out with your hands up!"

This wishful thinking is answered by a volley of bullets, one of which grazes Ismatullah Muslim's neck. "Just one more centimeter," groans Haji Latif, and he races off to check on his men—proving he is still in command.

After three days of fighting, the Soviet and Karmal government troops retreat from Malajat, as they have been forced to do countless times in the past six years. Twenty-seven mujtahideen lie dead, 35 wounded. The mujtahideen claim to have killed several hundred Russian and Afghan army soldiers.

Haji Latif roars with laughter at a report from the mujtahid spy at the Soviet garrison. "Major Abdul Shahoor [of the Afghan Army] is furious," he tells his battle-weary troops. "He told his colonel, 'Ismatullah not only didn't capture those journalists, he couldn't even fuck our wives and mothers.'"

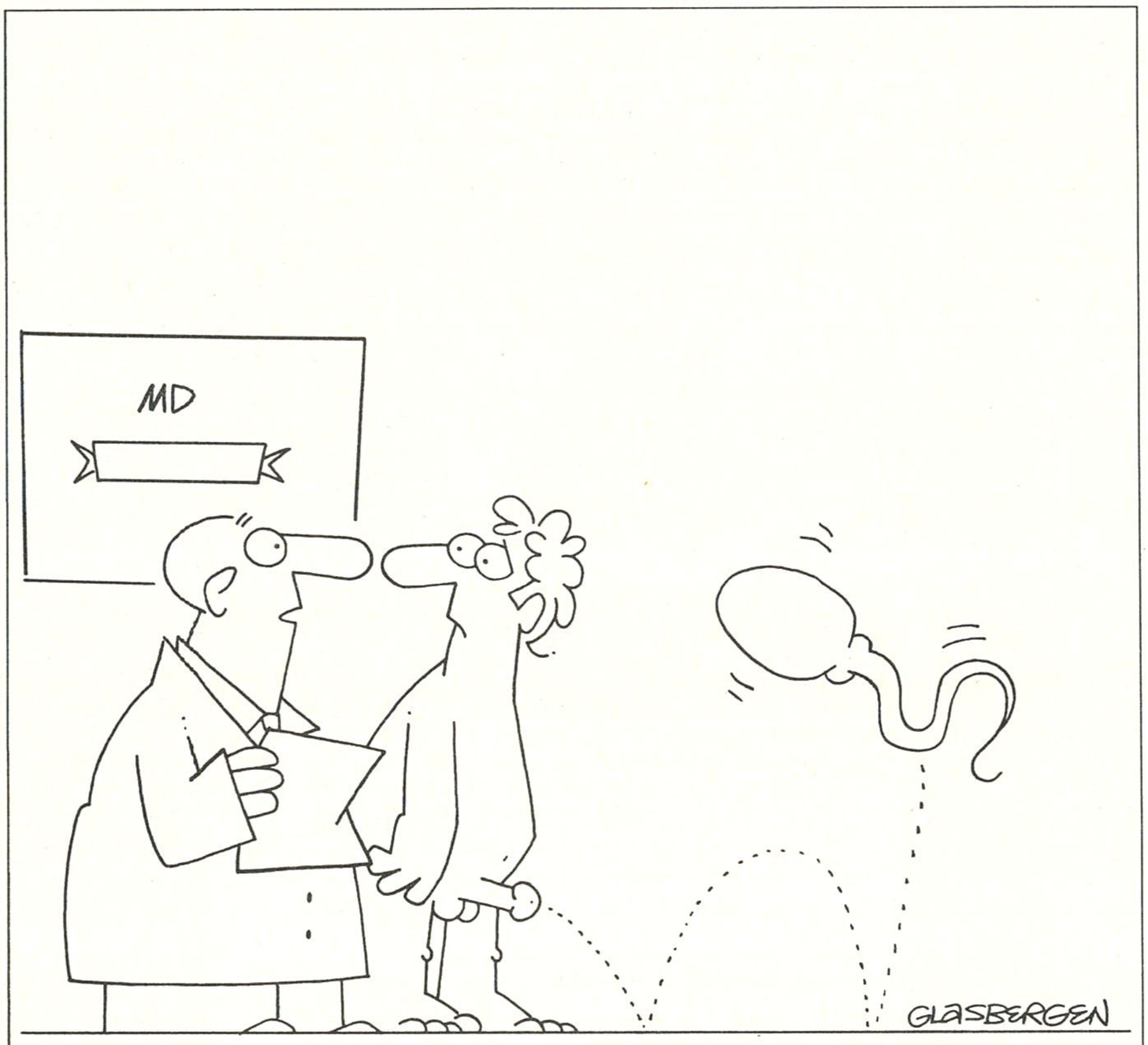
But the laughter is short-lived, as several mujtahideen succumb to their wounds. I speak to one young man groaning with pain from a shrapnel wound in the stomach. Describing his wound, he suddenly excuses himself to lie down. Twenty minutes later, he is dead. There is not a single doctor in Kandahar to tend the mujtahideen wounded. Lacking basic medical supplies, this mujtahid, like many others, dies unnecessarily.

"This is jihad," replies Ibrahim, a 22-year-old mujtahid, in response to the death of his friend. "This is holy war"—the answer to all questions regarding the gravity of fighting and dying in Kandahar.

In Kandahar, as in the rest of Afghanistan, the Soviets seem content with the status quo. With Afghan Army troops bearing the brunt of the fighting, Soviet losses are tolerable. While half the pre-war population of Kandahar has fled to Pakistan, an equal number of Afghans from the province's villages have come to take their place. After six years of jihad, war has become an acceptable way of life for the mujtahideen also, who refuse to become refugees.

"Have you ever thought about going to Pakistan?" I ask Ibrahim. "What for?" he replies. "There's no war in Pakistan." Strange words from a young man who wears black eye shadow and does not fit the conventional stereotype of an Afghan Muslim warrior. But Ibrahim has just shot to death three Russian soldiers and has killed 20 men in the five years he has been a Pai Luch.

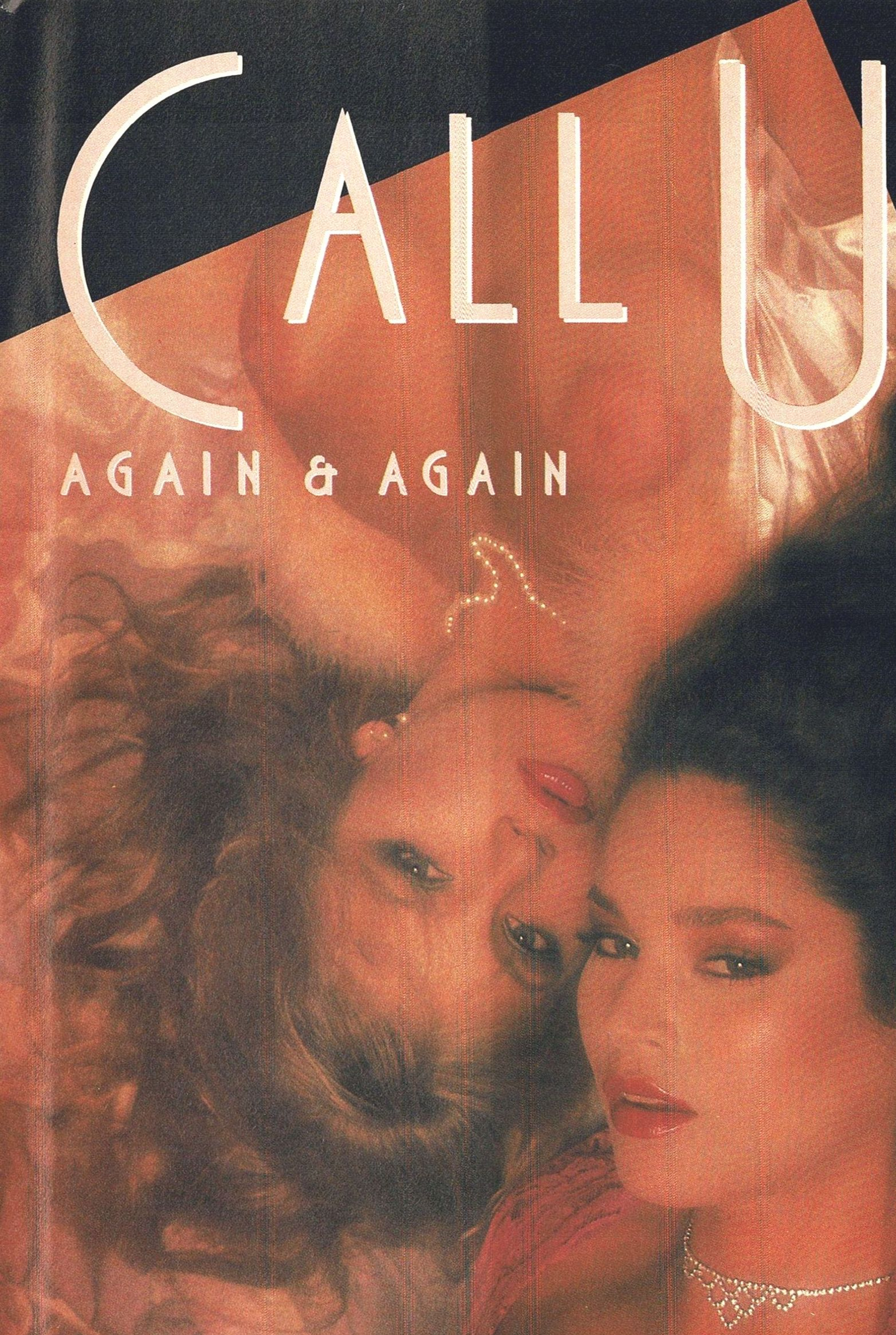
"There's no war in America," continues Ibrahim. "Not even with all your planes and helicopters. Haji Latif doesn't have planes and helicopters—but still we fight. I like Kandahar. In Kandahar, there's war."



"Better cut back on the fertility drugs."

CALL US....

AGAIN & AGAIN



EXPERIENCE
A NEW KIND
OF PLEASURE

1-900
410-1000
Sensual Adventures of Scarlet O...an Erotic Soap Opera

1-900
410-2000
Sexcapades of Two Lusty Ladies

1-900
410-3000
Forbidden Fetishes of a Seductive Nymph

Fantasies
Change Daily

24 Hours
A Day

AEC™
ADULT ENTERTAINMENT
CHANNEL

Minimum Charge
50¢ First Minute
35¢ Each
Additional Minute

Must be 18 Years

Sweet chastity

the Night of the LONG KNIVES!

AS WE ALL KNOW, THERE ARE MANY MAGGOTS IN THE APPLE OF VINCENT VON FRANKENSTEIN'S DREAMS. NOW ONE OF THEM HAS EMERGED WITH A VENGEANCE! THE FRUSTRATED EGOTISM OF JOHN VAIN HAS BEEN FLATTERED AND MANIPULATED BY THE RUSSIAN AGENT, KATRINA ROMANOFF, AND IN THE HEADY CLOUDS OF HIS DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR, JOHN VAIN MAKES HIS BID FOR POWER.....

WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON. HERE?

AT LAST! MY MOMENT HAS COME!

NOW I TAKE MY PLACE IN HISTORY— ALONGSIDE GEORGE WASHINGTON, SIMON BOLIVAR, TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE, AND ALL THOSE OTHER GREAT HEROES OF THE STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM AND THE RIGHTS OF MAN!

SORRY, KID— FORTUNES OF WAR! YOU'RE NOW CLASSIFIED AS "BOOTY"!

IN THE NAME OF LIBERTY, SEIZE THE DESPOT AND TRAITOR!

by RON EMBLETON and BOB GUCCIONE

YOU'RE FINISHED, FRANKENSTEIN. I'VE LET YOU TAKE CREDIT FOR MY GENIUS FOR TOO LONG!

HAVE YOU GONE MAD?

TELL THESE OAFS TO TAKE THEIR HANDS OFF ME!

WELL, IT'S ALL OVER.....

...I AM THE NEW PRESIDENT OF TRANSYLVANIA!

YOU..YOU NAUSEATING LITTLE TOAD SPAWN!

TAKE HIM TO THE WATER DUNGEONS!

AND THINK YOURSELF LUCKY I DON'T HAVE YOU SHOT!

AND IN THE BARONESS ELEKTRA VON FRANKENSTEIN'S APARTMENTS...

WHAT'S THIS— INNOVATIVE FOREPLAY?

LUCKY FOR YOU I'M IN THE MOOD —OR I'D HAVE YOU BOTH WHIPPED!

YOU! YOU RUSSIAN TROLLOP! YOU'VE MANIPULATED THAT LITTLE CREEP, JOHN VAIN! I KNEW YOU WERE UP TO NO GOOD!

TAKE HER TO THE WATER DUNGEONS!

DOWN ON YOUR KNEES, SERF — AND PAY HOMAGE!

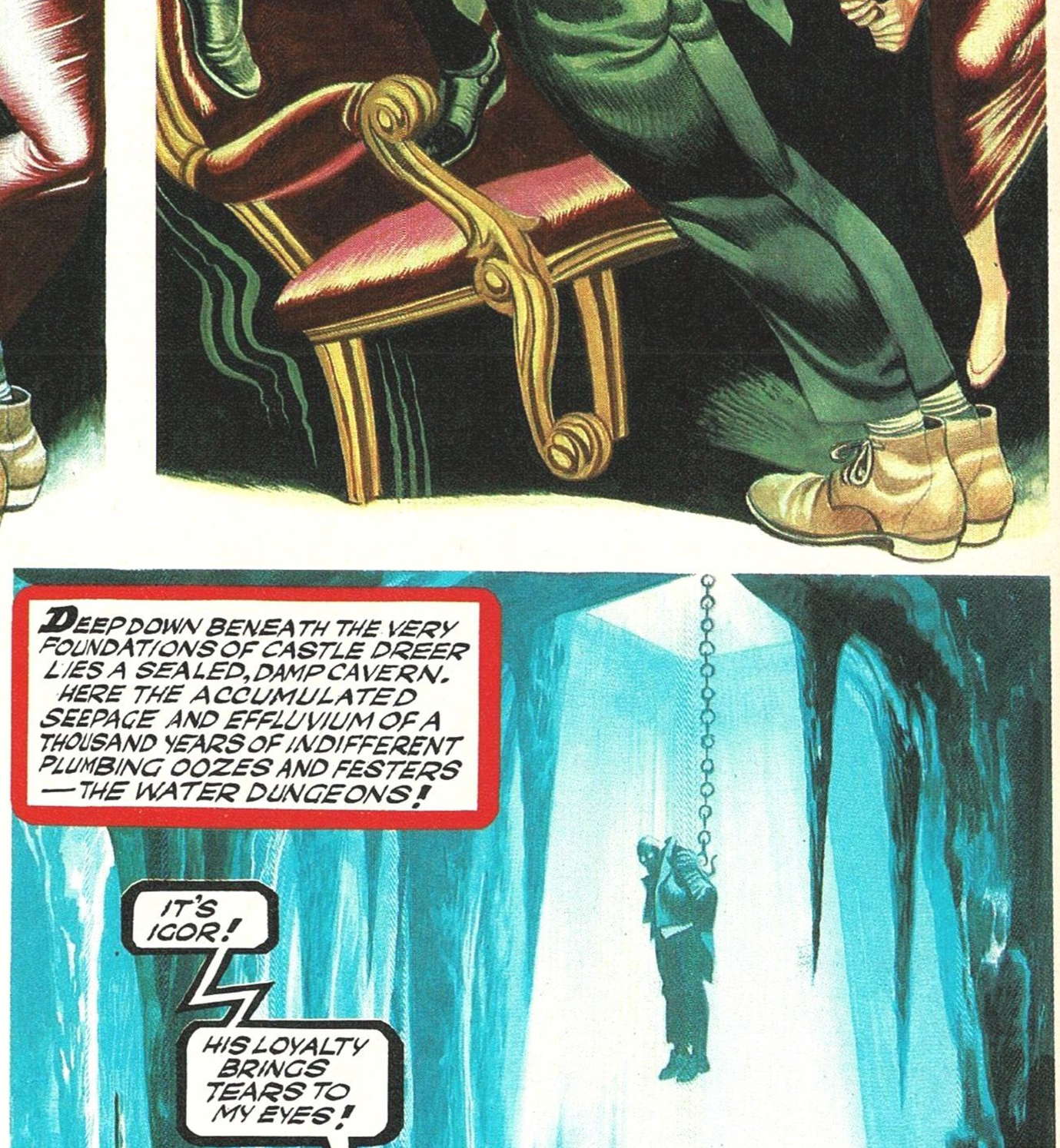
WHAT'S GOING ON? THE CASTLE'S IN AN UPROAR! WHERE'S THE PRESIDENT?

YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT BARON FRANKENSTEIN ANYMORE — HE HAS ABDICATED! YOU ARE LOOKING AT THE NEW PRESIDENT!

YOU?

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH THE BARON?
IF YOU'VE HARMED ONE HAIR ON HIS HEAD I'LL PULL YOUR ARMS AND LEGS OFF!

MY HERO! YOU WERE SO BRAVE!
AT T-TIMES LIKE THIS THE Q-QUALITIES OF LEADERSHIP SH-SHOW!
I J-JUST HELD HIM S-SO THAT YOU C-COULD HIT HIM!
T-TAKE HIM T-TO THE W-WATER DUNGEONS!


DEEP DOWN BENEATH THE VERY FOUNDATIONS OF CASTLE DREER LIES A SEALED, DAMP CAVERN. HERE THE ACCUMULATED SEEPAGE AND EFFLUVIUM OF A THOUSAND YEARS OF INDIFFERENT PLUMBING OOZES AND FESTERS —THE WATER DUNGEONS!
IT'S IGOR!
HIS LOYALTY BRINGS TEARS TO MY EYES!
THE THOUGHT OF BEING STUCK DOWN HERE WITH YOU TWO FOR COMPANY BRINGS TEARS TO MINE!
IN THE NAME OF MERCY! AT LEAST LET ME HAVE MY VIBRATOR CASE!

FOR THE STAFF OF CASTLE DREER, IT IS A SIMPLE DEMOCRATIC CHOICE —SWEAR ALLEGIANCE TO THE NEW PRESIDENT— OR JOIN THE FRANKENSTEINS IN THE WATER DUNGEONS.

I'VE SEEN OFF 4 EMPERORS, 2 ROYAL KINGS AND 3 CROWN PRINCES, SINCE I BEGAN MY DOMESTIC SERVICE! I'M TOO OLD TO GET EMOTIONAL OVER CHANGE!

I NEED A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF MOBILITY— ESPECIALLY AT NIGHT!

I THANK YOU FOR THIS VOTE OF CONFIDENCE IN THE NEW ADMINISTRATION.

ALL I KNOW IS NOUVELLE CUISINE— I SHOULD CARE WHO EATS IT?

≡SOB≡ I CAN'T STAND THE DAMP!

I'LL JOIN— IF I CAN BRING YOU YOUR MORNING COFFEE!

APART FROM A SMALL POLITICAL LEVY DEDUCTED MONTHLY FROM YOUR SALARIES, HERE IN CASTLE DREER, ROUTINE WILL CONTINUE AS NORMAL.

IT'S ALL OVER, FRANKENSTEIN. I'M GETTING TELEGRAMS FROM YOUR PUPPET OFFICIALS SWEARING ALLEGIANCE!

THOSE WHO ARE MISGUIDED ENOUGH TO OFFER ANY OBJECTIONS ARE BEING QUIETLY REMOVED!

JUST TO SHOW THERE'S NO HARD FEELINGS...

IF YOU BEHAVE YOURSELF I MIGHT LOWER IT ALL THE WAY! HEE-HEE!

YOU'D BETTER HAVE THIS, BARONESS, I WOULDN'T LIKE YOU TO CATCH A CHILL!

YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS, VAIN!

I'LL GET OUT OF HERE AND WHEN I DO I'LL HAVE YOU CUT INTO SMALL PIECES WITH A BLUNT SAW!

I'LL PERSONALLY FEED YOU TO THE VULTURES!

POWER, FAME, MONEY! IT'S ALWAYS THE SAME —IT TRICKLES THROUGH HIS FINGERS LIKE QUICKSILVER! VINCENT IS **THE** ALL-TIME NUMBER ONE LOSER!

AND AT GULAG NO. 934 HOLIDAY REHABILITATION CENTER FOR SOCIAL DEVIANTS JUST ACROSS THE BORDER IN RUSSIA, OUR OLD FRIEND, COLONEL ALEXEI SADISTINOV, RELAXES FROM THE TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS OF HIS ROLE AS GRAND MASTER OF THE K.G.B. SPECIAL SERVICES BUREAU AS HE POLISHES HIS GOLF HANDICAP.

IT'S KATRINA ROMANOFF, OUR AGENT IN TRANSYLVANIA. THE COUP HAS BEEN A GREAT SUCCESS.....

..... THE DESPOT, FRANKENSTEIN, HAS BEEN OVERTHROWN AND REPLACED WITH OUR "PUPPET" JOHN VAIN!

LET ME HAVE THAT PHONE, BOLOKOV— I'LL SPEAK TO HER!

I'LL SHOW THOSE GERIATRICS IN THE POLIT BUREAU HOW TO STAGE-MANAGE WORLD EVENTS!

PUTTING AIN'T SO BAD — IT'S THE LONG DRIVE THAT CAN BE HARD ON THE TEETH!

I SEE OUR OLD FRIEND, FEODOR, HAS SOLD OUT FOR THE PRIVILEGES OF A TRUSTY!

AGENT ROMANOFF — LET ME BE THE FIRST TO CONGRATULATE YOU!

ER — THANK YOU, COMRADE COLONEL!

YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO?

YES, COMRADE COLONEL — THE RED REVOLUTIONARY'S HANDBOOK, RULE ONE — "GET RID OF THE INTELLECTUALS AND EXTERMINATE THE EXISTING INTELLIGENTSIA."

RULE TWO — "STRIVE FOR THE LOWEST COMMON DENOMINATOR IN ALL THINGS."

RULE THREE — "MAKE THE WORKING MASSES THINK THEY ARE IMPORTANT AND THAT THE REVOLUTION IS SOLELY FOR THE PURPOSE OF ELEVATING THEIR LIVING STANDARDS."

RULE FOUR — "SET UP A NETWORK OF INFORMERS TO FERRET OUT DEVIATIONISTS AND COUNTER-REVOLUTIONARIES."

EXCELLENT! WE WILL MOVE TANKS INTO POSITION ALONG THE BORDER AND MAKE IT PLAIN THAT IF THE WEST INTERFERES IN THE GLORIOUS TRANSYLVANIAN SOCIALIST REVOLUTION YOU MAY CALL UPON US FOR HELP!

AS FOR THE NEW PRESIDENT — KEEP HIM SWEET FOR THE MOMENT. WE'LL DISPOSE OF HIM IN OUR OWN GOOD TIME!

WHO IS THAT?

THE RUSSIANS -OUR ALLIES, JOHNSY-WONSY!

THE RUSSIANS?

OUR ALLIES?

YES-THEY'RE MOVING THEIR TANKS UP TO THE FRONTIER. IF THE WEST TRIES TO INTERFERE IN OUR INTERNAL AFFAIRS — THEY'LL MOVE IN!

THE RUSSIANS?

TANKS?

YOU'RE NOT WORRIED, ARE YOU? SILLY BOY —YOU CAN HANDLE THE SITUATION! AFTER ALL, YOU ARE ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREAT STATESMEN!

OHMYGOD! WHAT HAVE I DONE?!

WE'LL TELL YOU WHAT YOU'VE DONE, YOU POWER-MAD LITTLE CREEP! YOU'VE PROBABLY STARTED WORLD WAR III!

HOW DO YOU THINK THEY'RE GOING TO REACT TO THIS IN WASHINGTON?

AND AS NEWS REACHES THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

I'LL TELL YA HOW WE'RE GONNA REACT TO THIS IN WASHINGTON!

SEND OUR TANKS UP TO THE BORDER!

OH, NO!

AUNTIE ELEKTRA! UNCLE VINCENT!

CAN A MERE WOMAN—OKAY! OKAY! SORRY! A FEMALE PERSON AVERT WORLD WAR III? WILL SWEET CHASTITY STAND BY AND SEE HER COUNTRY GO DOWN THE PLUG? WILL SHE? HELL!

Here Lie the Winners
of Competition No. 6: Epitaphs

GAMES

BY SCOT MORRIS

He could have given us a lot more laughs, but nooooooo.
—Anonymous sign on John Belushi's grave, Martha's Vineyard (according to *Wired,* by Bob Woodward)

An epitaph, Ambrose Bierce wrote in *The Devil's Dictionary,* is "an inscription on a tomb, showing that virtues acquired by death have a retroactive effect." No one ever reads his own epitaph, but a few try to write them—or at least suggest what they would like their memorials to be. Thus, Dorothy Parker penned, "Pardon my dust"; W. C. Fields suggested, "I'd rather be in Philadelphia"; and Johnny Carson has offered, "I'll be right back."

Announced last August, Penthouse Competition No. 6 asked for funny, original epitaphs, along the lines of those suggested. (Porky Pig: "That's all, folks!"; Richard Nixon: "I lie"; Ronald Reagan: "I dye"; R2D2: "Rust in peace.") Readers could submit up to two entries. We promised that the grand-prize winner would receive a Selectavision VKT275 VCR, that nine runners-up would get $25 each, and that all ten would receive a one-year subscription to *Penthouse.*

First, the inevitable duplications. We saw more of these than we care to remember, may they rest in peace: "Heeere's Johnny!"—Johnny Carson; "I have finally met my 'roots.' "—Alex Haley; "Decomposing."—Ludwig van Beethoven; "Pumping daisies."—Arnold Schwarzenegger; "Beam me up."—Captain James T. Kirk; "Kicked the bucket."—Colonel Sanders; "No mas."—Roberto Duran; "The rabbit died."—Hugh Hefner; "Toot-Toot-Tootsie good-bye."—Dustin Hoffman; "I tawt I taw a puddy-tat!"—Tweety Bird; "And that's the way it was. . . ."—Walter Cronkite; "Died in the U.S.A."—Bruce Springsteen; "And away we go. . . ."—Jackie Gleason; "Everything's coming up roses."—Ethel Merman; "Rest in peas."—The Jolly Green Giant; "I called the front office, and bingo! Now I'm in the front row."—Bob Uecker; "Going . . . going . . . gone!"—Mel Allen; "Croak!"—Kermit the Frog; " "—Marcel Marceau; "I'm late, I'm late."—The White Rabbit; "The defense rests."—F. Lee Bailey; "Turn out the lights, the party's over."—Don Meredith; "Thanks for the Memories."—Bob Hope; "Rest in pieces."—Jimmy Hoffa; "Going down for the last time."—Linda Lovelace; "Here's another fine grave you've gotten me into."—Oliver Hardy; "Bedtime for Bonzo."—Ronald Reagan; "I said take my *wife,* please!"—Henny Youngman.

(Left to right) Inscription for Chevy's "bone house" submitted by Tom Szydel, Cody, Wyo.; many of you thought Sting's swan song should be brief; Pete Rose's message, on the mound, submitted by Ron Anoia, Virginia Beach, Va.

GRAND-PRIZE WINNER:
SELECTAVISION VCR AND
PENTHOUSE SUBSCRIPTION
"Why did it have to happen to us? We were too young! It's not fair! We had so much to live for! Why us? Why us!!"
—THE GRATEFUL DEAD

"It's better to look good than to feel good. And I look *marvelous.*"
—BILLY CRYSTAL
Lynn Rogovin, Port Washington, N.Y.

RUNNERS-UP: $25 EACH
AND SUBSCRIPTION
"This better be real Italian marble."
—RALPH NADER

"Epitaph continued in the next plot."
—WILT CHAMBERLAIN
Carey Lauder, Winnipeg, Manitoba

"What do you mean, 'dead'?!!"
—JOHN McENROE
Doris Otte, Hawthorne, N.J.

"Lashes to ashes, bust to dust."
—CHRISTIE BRINKLEY
Peter Lee, Honolulu, Hawaii

"Dead ringer."
—QUASIMODO
Kyle Nault, Port Orchard, Wash.

"Good to the last drop."
—CARL WALLENDA
Ron Petrilla, Hazleton, Pa.

"This is my final settlement."
—JOHNNY CARSON
Glenn V. Marshalek, Austin, Tex.

"I took two tablets and He called me in the morning."
—MOSES
M. C. Reed, Carrolltown, Pa.

"Veep no more."
—GEORGE BUSH
C. Doyle, Burke, Va.

"Gathering moss."
—MICK JAGGER
Dianne S. Hoskinson, Madisonville, Ky.

EPITAPH MATCH-UP QUIZ
Several suggestions in the honorable-mention category seemed inevitable—the inscription and the name went together naturally. It shouldn't be too dif-

THE MATCHBOX ON THE RIGHT IS THE ONE THAT DETECTS RADAR.

Actual size photo.

INTRODUCING THE FOX MATCHBOX REMOTE.

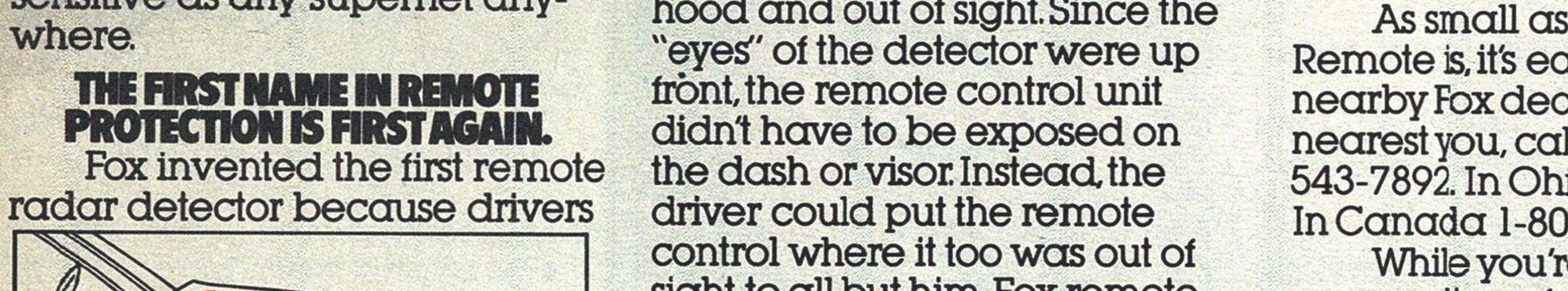
Now you can get a remote superhet radar detector the size of a matchbox, a remote as sensitive as any superhet anywhere.

THE FIRST NAME IN REMOTE PROTECTION IS FIRST AGAIN.

Fox invented the first remote radar detector because drivers needed protection from more than radar.

They needed protection from theft and harassment, too.

So we developed remote radar technology, mounting the receiver up front under the hood and out of sight. Since the "eyes" of the detector were up front, the remote control unit didn't have to be exposed on the dash or visor. Instead, the driver could put the remote control where it too was out of sight, to all but him. Fox remote radar detectors have given over a quarter million drivers the double protection they need. And now we can offer you still greater protection with the smallest remote radar detector made today. The Fox Matchbox Remote.



Fox Radar Detectors are legal in all states except Connecticut and Virginia.

IT TOOK THE BIGGEST NAME IN REMOTES TO MAKE A REMOTE CONTROL THIS SMALL.

It took Fox's advanced technology to make a remote this small. A remote so flexible, you can mount it from its top, bottom or back. A remote so light,

The Matchbox Remote vs. the leading radar detector. Fox takes about 30% as much space.

a piece of velcro can hold it anywhere. A remote with a quick disconnect feature, so you can easily unplug it and put it in your glove compartment or even your pocket.

Yet the Fox Matchbox Remote has all the features you've come to expect from a Fox remote. There's a green power light to tell you that all is working well, a volume control to regulate the Geiger-counter type alert signal, and an accompanying red alarm light that advises you of the presence of radar.

THE MATCHBOX IS SUPER, TOO.

It offers true superheterodyne protection—state of the art protection in a shockproof and weatherproof receiver that can be mounted in just 4 inches of space under the hood, behind the grille. The Matchbox Remote's receiver comes preset for both city and highway driving, ready to pick up all radar, even when it's weak and deflected, around corners or over hills.

TO FIND A MATCHBOX TOLL FREE.

As small as the Matchbox Remote is, it's easy to find. At your nearby Fox dealer. For the dealer nearest you, call toll free 1-800-543-7892. In Ohio, 1-800-621-2513. In Canada 1-800-663-0295.

While you're there, look over our new line of 40-channel CBs. With their black, high-tech look and front-mount mike, they're a perfect match for your Matchbox Remote.

FOX®

FOXMARKETING, INC.

GAMES

MATCH THE EPITAPH TO THE RESPECTIVE INTERRED:

1. "This is the end."	A. Paul Anka
2. "The buck stops here."	B. Pat Boone
3. "The white buck stops here."	C. Rodney Dangerfield
4. "Anka's away."	D. Jeanne Dixon
5. "Stone dead."	E. Gary Gilmore
6. "Dear God: only kidding!"	F. Patty Hearst
7. "This is a logical conclusion."	G. Buck Henry
8. "I dropped the ball on this one."	H. Mick Jagger
9. "Hit me with your best shot."	I. Joan of Arc
10. "What a terrible lie."	J. Madalyn Murray O'Hair
11. "If I'd only known. . . ."	K. Arnold Palmer
12. "Underground again."	L. Jim Morrison
13. "Great plot, huh Buddy?"	M. Renee Richards
14. "She met her match."	N. Mr. Spock
15. "I didn't get no last respects."	O. Bob Uecker

ficult, therefore, to take this quiz and match the numbered "last writes" above left with the lettered celebs at right. A score of 12 or more correct means you could moonlight as a tombstone-inscription writer. The answers appear on page 196, along with the names of the honorable-mention entrants who inspired this quiz.

HONORABLE MENTION

"Come on down!"

—JOHNNY OLSON

James M. Bowers, Mt. Carmel, Tenn.

"Rasta in peace."

—BOB MARLEY

Michael Hillman, Neosho, Mo.

"Life's a beach and then you die."

—BRIAN WILSON

Gary Sather, Moorhead, Minn.

"Now it's sedimentary, my dear Watson!"

—SHERLOCK HOLMES

Anne Johnson, San Diego, Calif.

"One more time . . ."

—COUNT BASIE

Louis Cassese, Freehold, N.J.

"Herein the ashes of Keith Richards. Leave no Stone unurned."

Wayne Dow, Sterling, Va.

"Well done!"

—JOAN OF ARC

Lisa DeGruy, Ponchatoula, La.

"No Moore."

—DUDLEY MOORE

Robert Malina, New Rochelle, N.Y.

"Chaste makes waste."

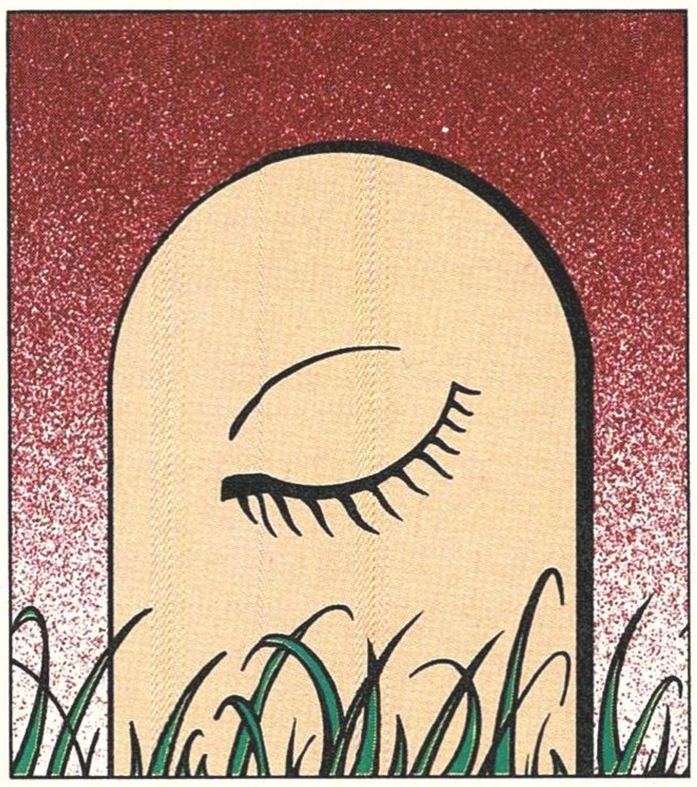
—BROOKE SHIELDS

John L. Sullivan, Chamblee, Ga.

"Gonged but not forgotten."

—CHUCK BARRIS

Mark E. Parks, Madisonville, Ky.



Stone for William S. Paley, CBS president, by Thomas F. Withrich, Royal Oak, Mich.

"Thanks for the mammaries."

—DOLLY PARTON

M. W. Klein, Huntsville, Ala.

"Here's something I'd like to get off my chest."

—RAQUEL WELCH

John Fain, Phoenix, Ariz.

"All dressed up and no place to go."

—MADALYN MURRAY O'HAIR

Ralph Tropf, New York, N.Y.

"One little, two little, three little Indians."

—GEORGE ARMSTRONG CUSTER

Donald Davis, South San Francisco, Calif.

"Okay, help me out with this. . . ."

—PHIL DONAHUE

Daniel F. Merry, Randolph AFB, Tex.

"Good-bye, girl."

—MARSHA MASON

Ken Balzer, Pittsburgh, Pa.

"The bus stops here."

—MARILYN MONROE

David A. Webber, Cincinnati, Ohio

"Good buy."

—RALPH NADER

Mrs. K. A. Beal, Key Largo, Fla.

"Reports of my death were not exaggerated."

—MARK TWAIN

Trish Crissman, Caledonia, Mich.

"Cut!"

—STEVEN SPIELBERG

Scott Gudes, Arlington, Va.

"George burns."

—GEORGE BURNS

Pat Giberson, Courtright, Ontario

"I enjoyed the funeral. It had pathos, and the sense of impending doom kept me on the edge of my coffin."

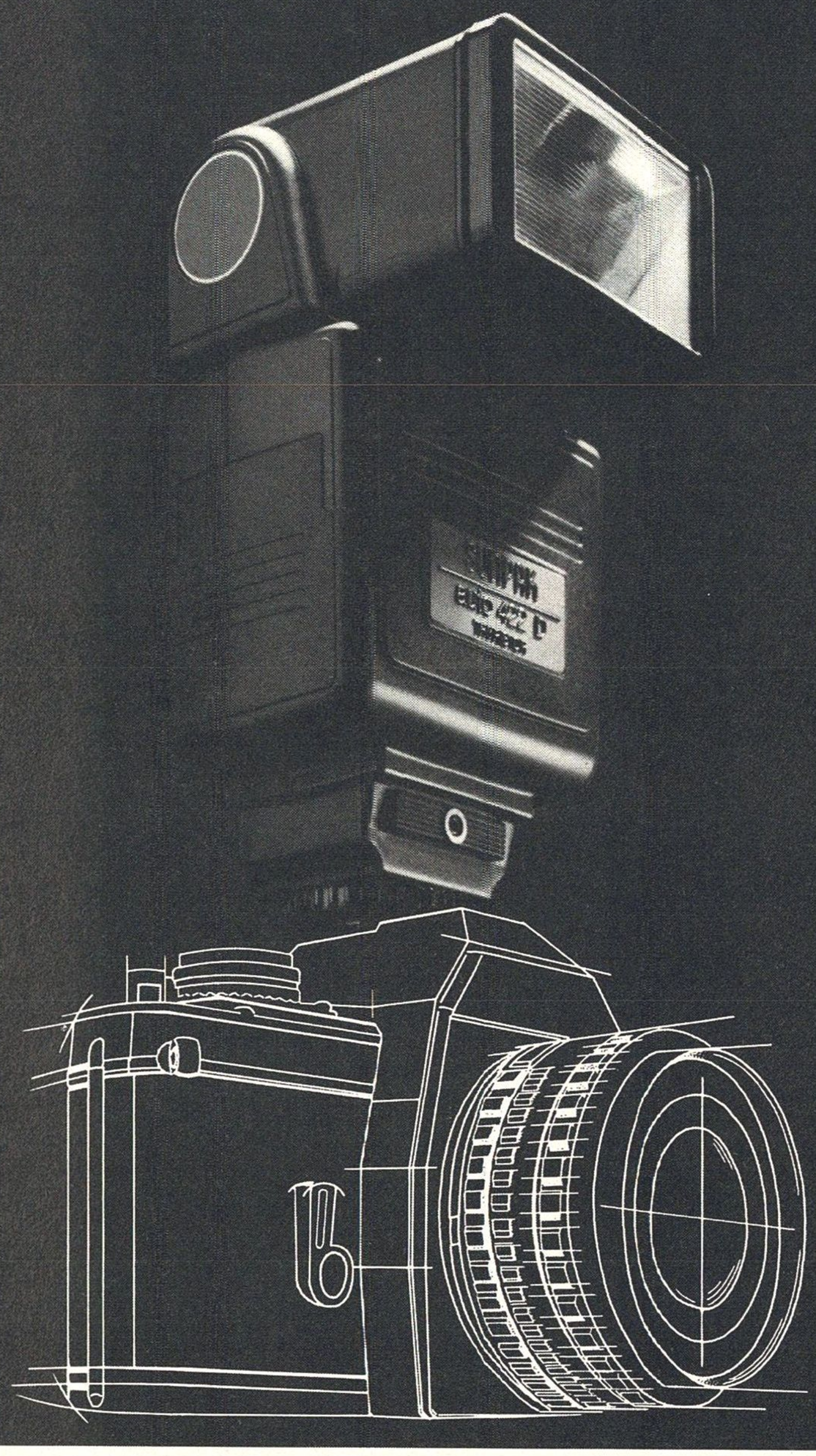
"I have to disagree. It lacked suspense and had a predictable ending."

—GENE SISKEL AND ROGER EBERT

Cary Antebi, New York, N.Y.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 197

We think the flash is more important than the camera.



FREE WITH PURCHASE:
5 FUNCTION LCD WATCH
Nothing to fill out or mail. Buy selected Sunpak models and your participating dealer will give you this $14.95 value absolutely free.

Today, most 35mm SLRs offer equally good, high quality performance. The crucial variable is in your choice of accessories. And a vital accessory is the flash unit you select. Because no matter which camera you use, it's lighting that lets you create—or bungle—the perfect shot.

And as with cameras, so too with flash. In short there are lots of good ones to choose from. However, to always get the light you want, you need more than just a flash *unit*...you need a flash *system*.

The difference is, a system has the capacity to use a wide variety of accessories and adaptors that modify or extend the capacity of the basic flash unit.

And with regard to flash systems, Sunpak stands alone. The fact is, no single flash manufacturer offers the variety and quality of Sunpak's line of flash-extending accessories. This means that when you buy a Sunpak flash, you're buying the heart of a system. As your photographic needs and sophistication grow, you'll have access to the accessories you need to more fully utilize your camera. Filters that add color or neutral density for greater exposure control. A rechargeable portable power pack that provides rapid fire shooting of up to 950 full power flashes with one second recycling time. Or our bounce lighting kit that lets you create the soft, gentle light so critical in studio portraiture and indoor night photography.

Those are just a few examples of the creative lighting tools that separate Sunpak from anyone else making flash. And that's because flash is our business. Not our sideline. We make flash and only flash. The result is Sunpak customers more often get the light they want. And we get to be the largest manufacturer and seller of flash systems in the world.

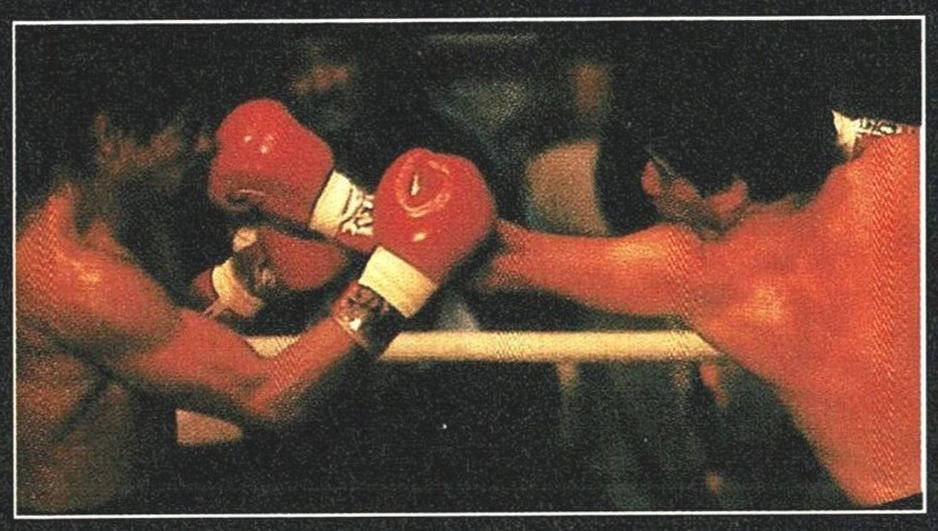
SUNPAK®
Dedicated to Flash.

BMC Sunpak Division, Berkey Marketing Companies, 25-20 Brooklyn-Queens Expressway West, Woodside, NY 11377
©1985 BMC, Div. of Berkey Photo Inc.

COMING IN THE FEBRUARY PENTHOUSE

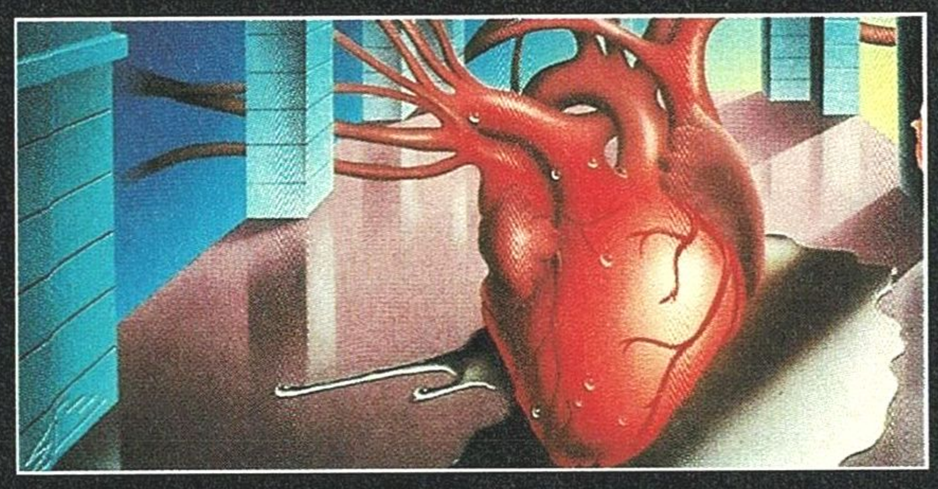
AND NOW—THE RUNNER-UP!

The race was the closest we've ever had, but the results are finally all in and tabulated, and we've crowned lovely Cody Carmack as our all-new Pet of the Year, as you've already no doubt noticed earlier in this issue. But in fairness to the nubile beauty who gave Cody such a run for her money (to say nothing of her other sensational prizes)—and in fairness to all of you who voted for her—we've decided to present our sensational Pet of the Year Runner-Up, Antonia Larsen, in a stunning all-new pictorial in next month's issue. Even coming in second can have its rewards—as you'll find out when you avidly review our final election returns!



IS BOXING HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH?

The American Medical Association thinks professional boxing should be abolished. So do a host of other concerned commentators. But New York State Athletic Commission Chairman José Torres, a former world-champion boxer himself, says that none of these people know what they're talking about. In a stinging "Advise & Dissent," Torres presents the facts about injuries in the ring, as opposed to other sports like football and auto racing. "I, for one," writes Torres, "would take these doctors more seriously if they would put together an in-depth, unbiased study comparing boxing and medicine to see which of the two is truly more harmful to society. The result, I'm sure, would surprise no one!"

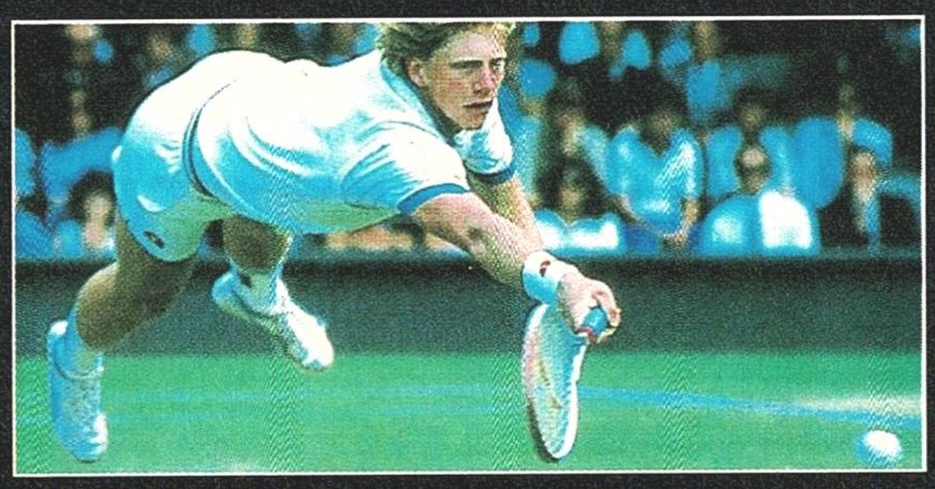


ARE DOCTORS HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH?

The AMA is very concerned about boxing, but—as you know by having read Gary Null's "Profits and Politics of Heart Disease" in this issue—many doctors are not too unhappy with the expensive, and often useless, treatments for the nation's No. 1 killer. Next month, in the sixth article in his series on "Medical Genocide," Null shows how chelation therapy, an inexpensive and effective treatment for heart disease, has been swept under the rug by established medicine. Why? Well, for one thing, there's no money to be made in practicing chelation. And, unfortunately—as we've seen all too often—money is at the heart of American medicine.

THE NUCLEAR WINTER FUNNIES

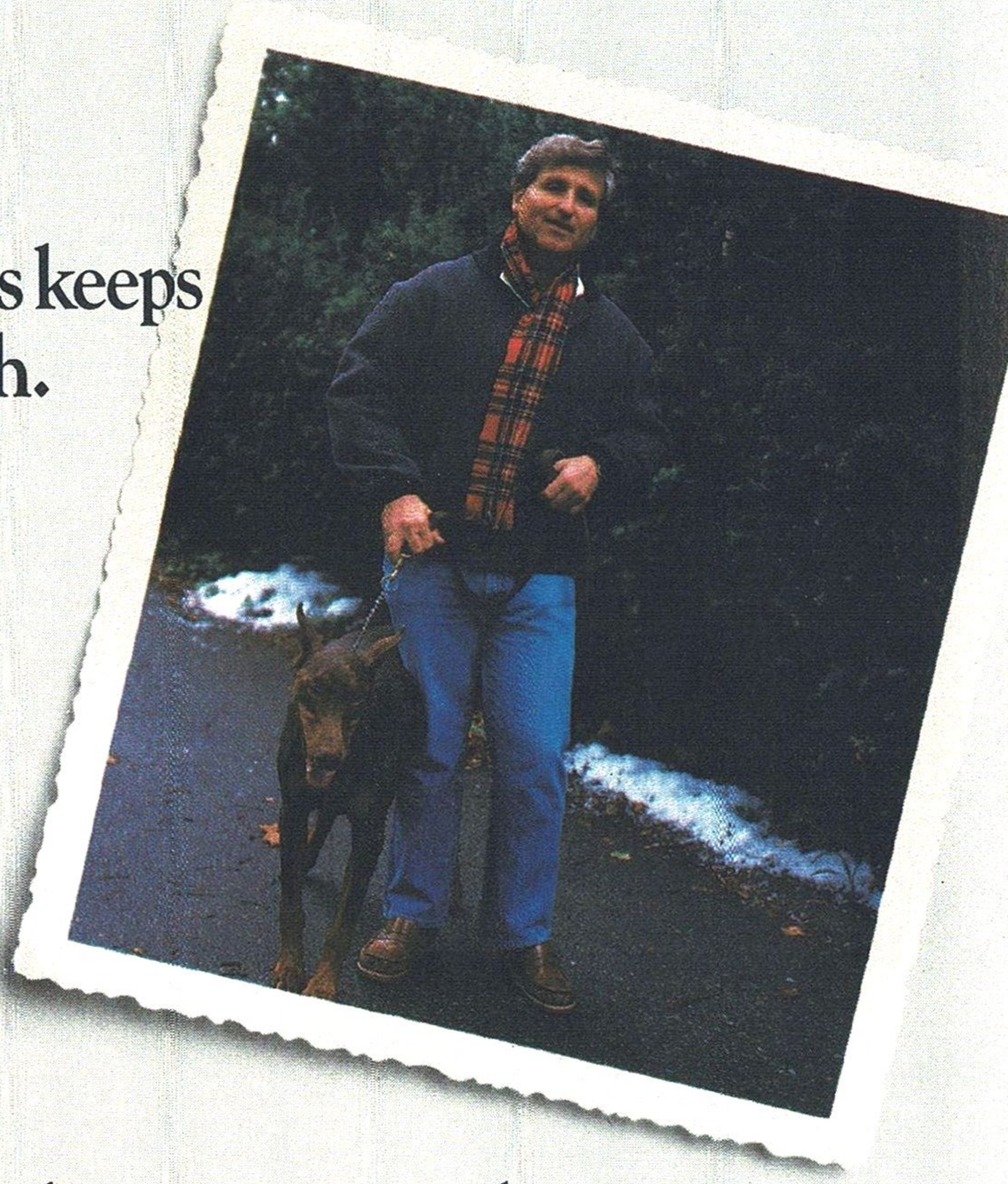
Carl Sagan and other doom-and-gloomers have gotten a lot of press recently by predicting that the worst thing about a nuclear war won't be the bomb or the radiation. Rather, they say, the earth will be covered by a huge black dust cloud that will freeze out the sun and doom humanity to an endless "nuclear winter" of slow death and destruction. Never one to follow scientific follies, our local humor editor, Bill Lee, takes a bright look at the whole subject next month and shows how there is a silver lining even on a mushroom cloud. If you think this is a sick idea, you're probably right—but we guarantee that it's a lot more fun than *The Day After* or *On the Beach*.



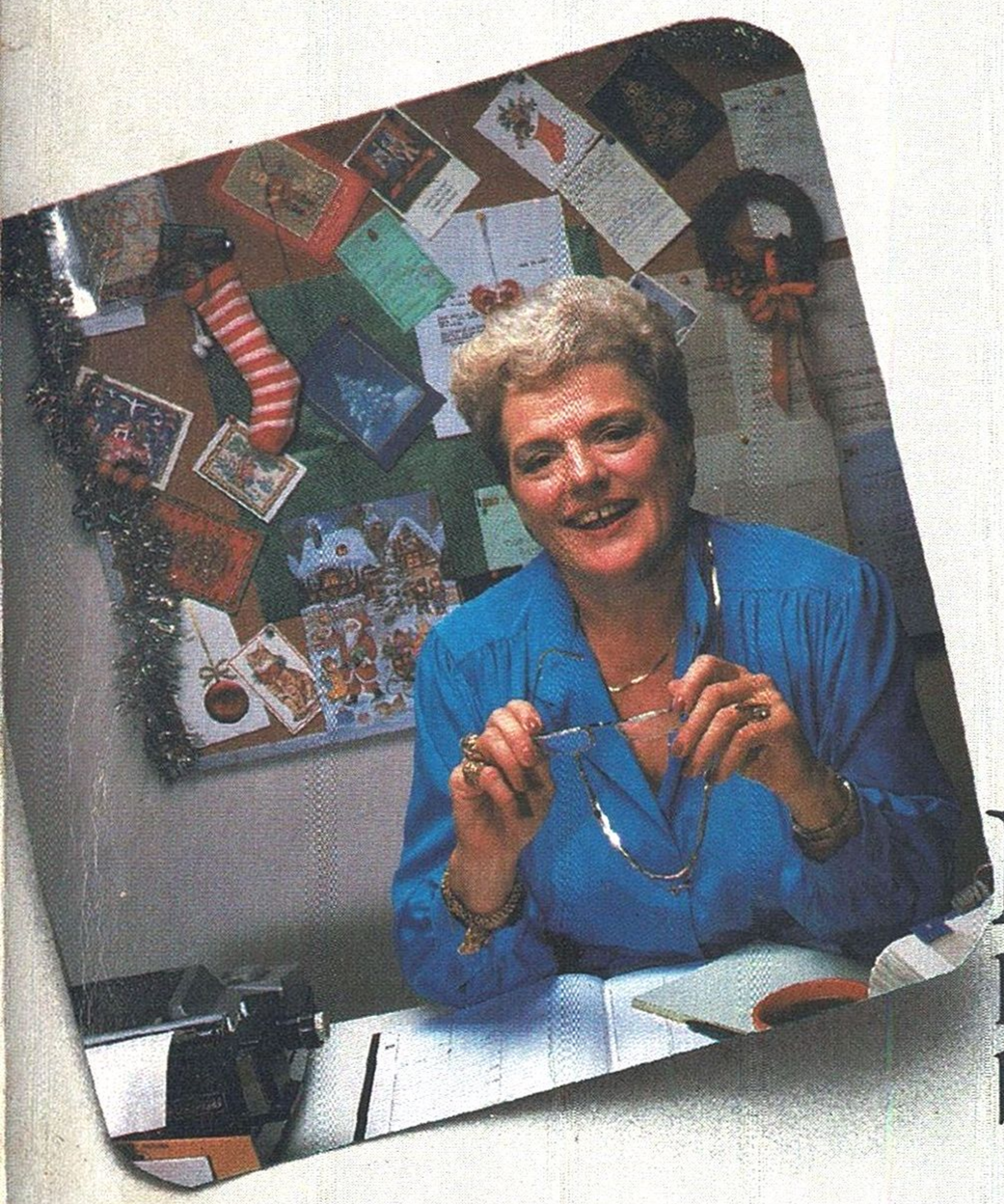
THE RED BARON

Not very long ago, Boris Becker could walk through tennis clubs unnoticed, wrapped inside a Walkman blasting the Police into his brain just like any other red-blooded teen. Then last year, in 198 thrilling minutes, the exuberant 17-year-old West German made sports history by winning Wimbledon in a spectacular victory that captured the most coveted tennis championship in the world—as well as capturing the world's imagination. Roy S. Johnson of *The New York Times* profiles the kid who has the tennis world by its balls in an insightful essay that shows how he got to the top, and predicts whether he has the real greatness to stay there.

Here's to the younger brother who never teases you about your receding hairline.

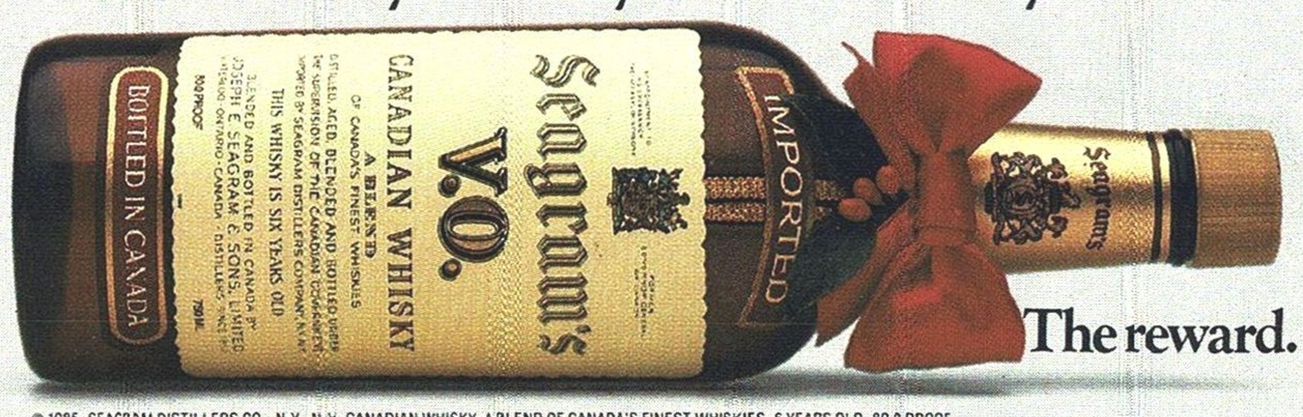


Here's to the neighbor who always keeps his Doberman Pinscher on its leash.



Here's to the secretary who never lets you forget your meetings. Your briefcase. Or your sense of humor.

Here's to all those who deserve a very merry reward. If you can't deliver a bottle of Seagram's V.O. in person, call 1-800-238-4373 and we'll deliver for you.*



The reward.

*Any place in the U.S. Void where prohibited.

© 1985. SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y., N.Y. CANADIAN WHISKY. A BLEND OF CANADA'S FINEST WHISKIES. 6 YEARS OLD. 80.0 PROOF.

"Light my Lucky."

LUCKY STRIKE
LIGHTS
ONLY 8mg. TAR

L.S./M.F.T.

Lights: 8 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.